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Ivory at Home.

THE TALE OF A TUSK OF IVORY.

By Herbert Ward.

COULD we faithfully follow an ordinary tusk of ivory from the time it bows the head of its ponderous owner as he crashes his way through the wild primeval regions of the upper Congo, until it is sold in an English ivory auction room, to be carved into billiard balls, toilet-sets and so forth, we should obtain a wonderful insight into savage nature, and an ample record of the many phases of African barbarism.

From time immemorial, the smooth shining tusks of elephants have been acknowledged as currency by the savage tribes of the far interior of Equatorial Africa ; and even in these days countless numbers of human lives are sacrificed in the bloody fights which are constantly waged, both between the tribes themselves, and the armed bands of half-caste Arab freebooters, solely for the sake of gaining possession of these tusks of ivory, which by a series of novel exchange and bartering transactions, gradually reach the little stations of the white trader on the surf-bound coast.

It is the story of such a tusk, based upon facts that either came to my knowledge or were part of my own observation during my experience in Africa, that I have brought together here.

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One morning at sunrise, during the rainy season, of the year 1872, some five years before the advent of the white man in the interior of western Equatorial Africa, there was an unusual commotion in the populous village of Yabuli, situated on the banks of the Aruwimi River, which flows into the Congo, about fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. As a rule, the villages in these districts were always in a more or less disturbed condition owing to the wild, unrestrained savagery of the inhabitants whose tastes had a decided tendency to blood-thirstiness; but upon this particular occasion, the angry voices of the men, and the plaintive wailing of the women, were caused by a domestic affliction which appealed to young and old alike.

The Elephant Trap—Death of Litoi Linene.

Their plantations had been destroyed during the night by a herd of elephants, such a heavy rain had fallen that even the old women, whose vigilance is proverbial, had neglected their watchful duties, and all, with one accord, had thought of nothing else but gaining shelter in their grass-roofed huts from the inclement weather.

As is so frequently the case in these tropical latitudes, the night's rain was followed by a radiant sunrise, and there was not a semblance of a cloud in the clear blue sky. Nature seemed all smiling and bright, and the foliage looked refreshed after the rain. Numbers of brilliantly plumed little sun-birds flew from the dark, dripping forests to the trees in the open village streets, where they flitted from bough to bough and plumed themselves, while large zephyr-winged butterflies soared silently and gracefully over the village in the early morning sunshine. The village scene presented a striking contrast to the beauties of Nature around it, for the huts were sodden and bowed down by the weight of the wet grass roofs. There were large puddles of dirty water in the paths, littered here and there with palm-fronds, sticks, and grass-stalks, which had been blown, during the storm, from the dilapidated huts.

In the midst of an angry throng of naked savages, who were all talking at once in excited tones, sat one of the village headmen. He was powerfully built, his countenance bore the impress of every form of brutal indulgence, and indicated plainly an unrestrained and evil disposition. His arms and legs were ornamented with highly-polished iron and copper rings; around his neck he wore a string of human teeth. His name was Ioko, and his position as headman had been gained by individual prowess and domineering character.

He sat upon a small, carved stool, listening for some time to the uproar, until losing patience, he arose, and with a wave of his arm commanded comparative silence.

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"You men of Yabuli! Listen! Last night in the darkness the elephants robbed us of our food. Two moons ago we were treated in the same way by hippopotami who, like big pigs that they are, not only trampled our cassava and sugar-cane, but ate the roots. This is an unhappy time for us, for not only are our gardens ruined, but our goats and fowls, our only live-stock, are always being stolen by leopards. Men of Yabuli, the evil spirit is at work against us."

Village Attacked by Arab Traders.

"You speak good words, Ioko," chimed in another voice, "but we ought to be glad that neither the elephants, nor the hippopotami, nor the leopards eat our fish, for if they robbed us of our fish we should be hungry, indeed."

"Yes, yes, that is true," was yelled in chorus.

Then for several minutes a general hubbub followed, until interrupted by a shrill female voice from a group of huts, some distance off.

"I know why the elephants came to us last night. You remember that old

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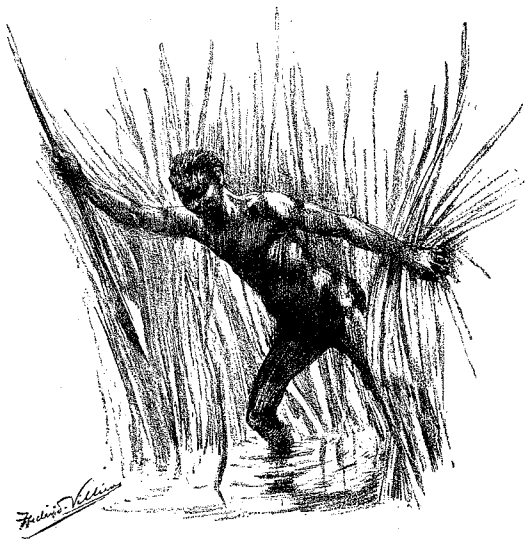
monster elephant with big ears and only one tusk, the one we all call Litoi Linene —it was he that led the others to the



The Search for the Hidden Tusk.

plantation, for the evil spirit is in his heart, and it has been there ever since Ioko tried to spear him in the forest. We shall never enjoy quietness until Litoi Linene is killed."

Several voices shouted in favor of this last speech, and after about an hour's excited talk it was agreed that several traps should be arranged forthwith in order, if possible, to put an end to the evil-spirited elephant Litoi Linene, who was credited with having worked so much ill to the tribe.

Soon after this village conclave, most of the men started off in different directions far into the forest, which surrounded the village, to set snares with keen-bladed spears which they firmly fastened in heavy spars of wood and deftly suspended from branches overhead by an ingenious arrangement of small creepers, so that when an unsuspecting elephant wandered beneath and unwittingly broke the light creepers which held the trap in its place, the weighted spear would fall and inflict a wound in the back or shoulder, that would often prove fatal.

All the male portion of the tribe were busy at this task until the sun went down, arranging the elephant snares in all the most likely places in the forest. The women were also absent, endeavoring to repair their damaged plantations.

The village was deserted until sunset, when everybody returned to eat their evening meal of boiled cassava and plantains, after which they soon settled down to sleep.

The night was very dark, and there was every evidence of the near approach of another storm of wind and rain equal to that of the previous night. The only persons who were not comfortably sleeping in their grass huts were two or three women who were sitting with crying babies in their arms, outside their doors, in front of the log-fires upon which their supper had been cooked. Soon even they retired for the night, and gusts of wind blew sparks from the fires that were burning low. Sometimes a gaunt and bony pariah dog sneaked from one fire to another in a vain search for food, but soon even they were overcome with sleep and curled themselves up in the hot ashes of the fires. In the depths of the forest the only sounds were the hoarse croaking of frogs and the occasional fluttering of horn-bills and other large birds, roosting in the tree-tops. As the night advanced and the darkness became more dense, the air grew hot and heavy, and fierce gusts of wind whistled through the branches overhead, snapping off dead twigs which fell to the ground already bestrewn with decaying vegetation.

Here silent, and almost motionless, quite hidden in the darkness, stood the huge form of an old bull elephant, one of whose tusks had been damaged in his youth and had become totally decayed. His head was bent forward in order to rest his one monster tusk upon the ground, his trunk loosely coiled between his fore-legs, was also resting on the ground, and his great ragged ears flapped spasmodically in vain endeavors to shake off the myriads of mosquitoes that persistently hovered around his head. Suddenly the forest was lit up by a most vivid flash of lightning, followed an in-

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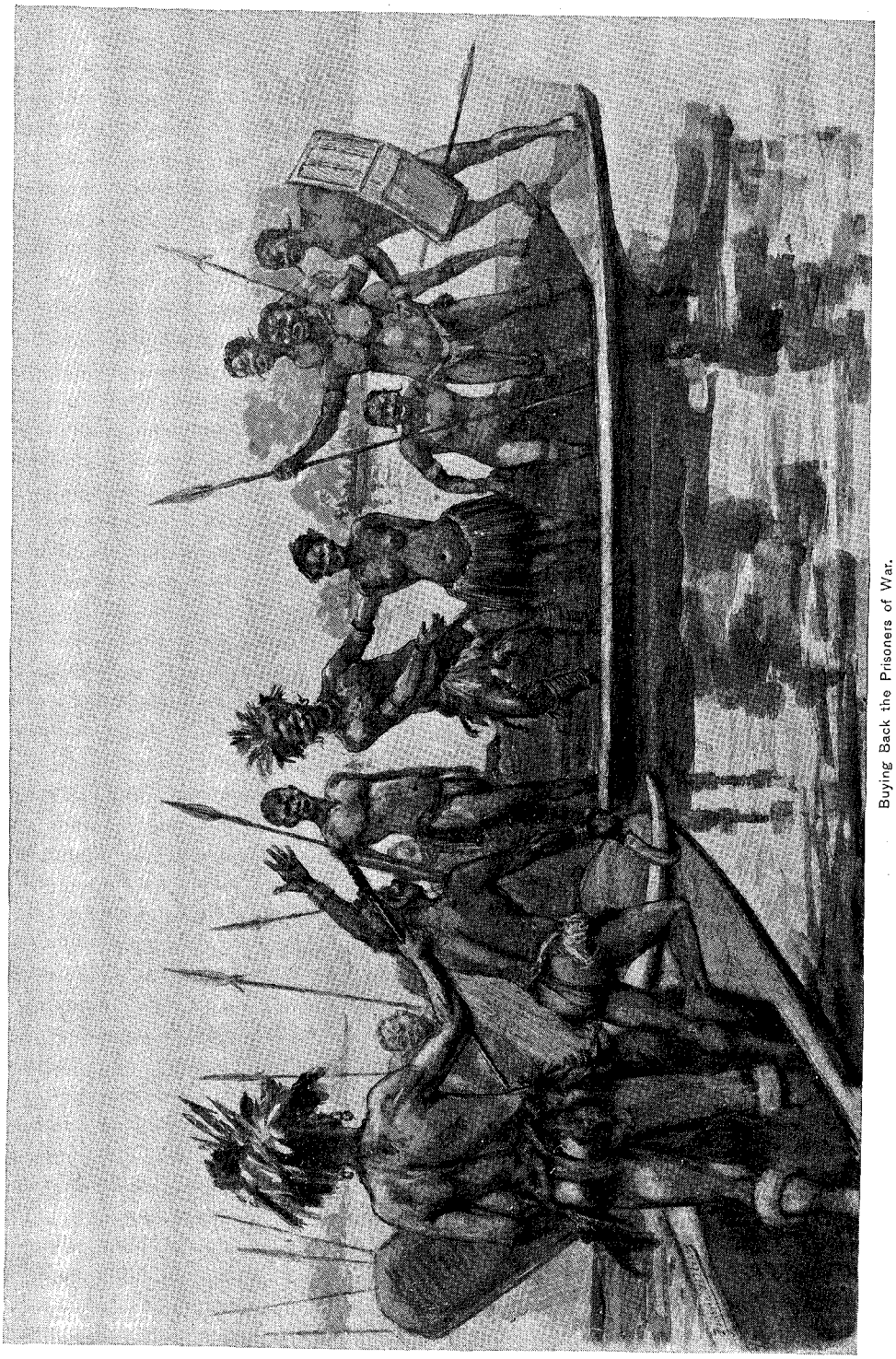

Buying Back the Prisoners of War.

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stant afterward by a crashing peal of thunder. The elephant raised his head with a startled jerk, his huge limbs shaking with fear.

Almost before the rumbling echoes of the thunder had died away, the rain, that had been threatening for so many hours, fell in torrents. Flashes of lightning succeeded each other so rapidly that the attendant peals of thunder were converted into one continuous roar, and the violence of the wind soon increased to a veritable tornado—a tropical hurricane.

Release of the Headman's Wife and Child.

Trees were blown down and uprooted on all sides of the terrified elephant, who remained for some time motionless with fear, but as the tempest continued, the monster became suddenly panic-stricken, and charged madly through the dense forest, stumbling and falling over the trunks of uprooted trees in his endeavors to gain some open patch where there would be no danger of being crushed by the falling timber.

The lurid flashes of lightning revealed the frightened animal with coiled trunk and head bent low, blindly smashing a way through the dense woods.

Suddenly, in the midst of a mad rush, the elephant sank to the ground with a sharp squeal of pain. The poor brute had severed the vines that supported one of the traps that had been arranged the previous day, and a heavily weighted spear was plunged between his shoulders. For some moments the wounded animal remained motionless, then the great body rolled slowly from side to side in vain endeavor to free himself from the spear, but the weapon was barbed and the points had penetrated too deeply to be shaken off.

After many efforts the animal at last got on his legs again and staggered a short distance through the forest until, growing rapidly weaker from loss of blood, he stopped to rest and leaned the weight of his body against a large ant-hill, breathing heavily and groaning deeply in agony. Here he remained, exhausted, until daybreak, his hide covered with patches of mud and deep red smears of blood. Gradually the rain ceased, and the wind died away. With the first glimpse of dawn in the village, there was creaking from the small square cane doors of the huts, as they were removed one by one, and dark, manly figures, with long spears in their hands, stepped forth and stretched themselves, after their night's heavy sleep.

After hastily arranging their scanty loin-cloths of beaten bark, the men all started into the dark woods to see if any elephant had been wounded by the traps.

The party entered the forest in single file, but soon divided into small companies and set off in different directions. Ioko took an entirely different route from the others, and when about two miles from the village he halted suddenly, snapped his fingers, and placed his hand over his open mouth, saying to himself in a low tone:

"Look at this elephant track! See what a path is here!" He followed the trail for some time, until within view

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of the trap he had set the previous day, when his excitement became intense, for he found the spear was gone, and the grass and leaves beneath the snare were covered with blood. Without hesitation, he followed the blood-stained tracks, until he approached the great ant-hill, near which he stopped a moment to extract a thorn from his foot. He was startled by a deep groan, and, cautiously stepping forward, he saw his prey leaning its unwieldy form against the mound.

"Lo-o-o! It is the evil one, Litoi Linene!" (Big Ears) gasped Ioko to himself, excitedly.

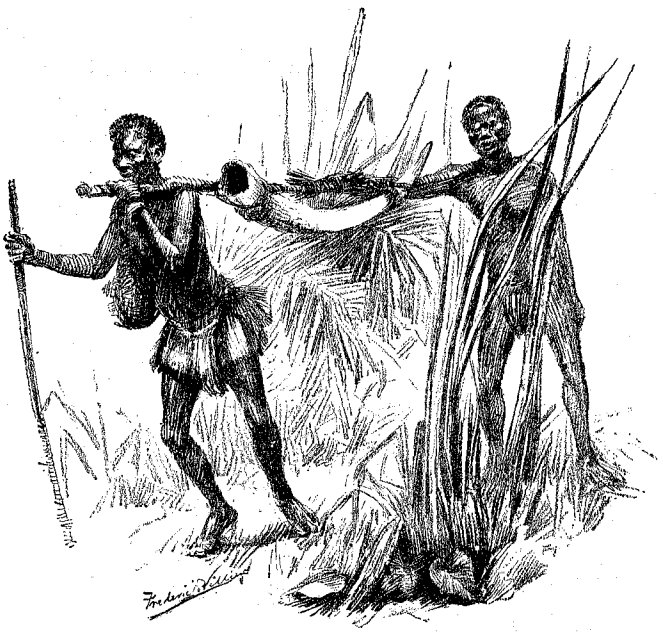
Silently watching the animal, to decide in his own mind upon the best mode of spearing him in a vital part, he firmly gripped his heavy spear, the haft of which was fully eight feet long, and stepped softly forward until within reach of the left shoulder of the unconscious animal. With steady nerve he poised his weapon, and with a mighty plunge drove the keen-bladed spear deep into the elephant's heart, and sprang away among the trees. With a shrill, trumpeting cry of pain, Litoi Linene staggered to his feet, swayed forward, quivered, and fell to the ground lifeless.

Ioko, after waiting a few moments to satisfy himself that the animal was dead, calmly stepped forth and raised a cry that echoed through the woods, and which soon brought several of his companions to the spot. Without any further sign of excitement he quietly busied himself in cutting his barbed spear from the carcass. He then examined the one large tusk and the decayed stump of its fellow, remarking to his companions, who were now arriving:

"Now the evil spirit is dead. Litoi Linene will lead no more devilish elephants to our plantations."

In a very short time the scene became indescribable. Excited men with sharp knives commenced cutting lumps of meat from the still warm carcass, and throwing them to the eager women and children, who crowded around with baskets, quarrelling like wild animals over the possession of each piece of flesh that was thrown among them. The savages' hearts were filled with joy at the prospect of a huge feast.

That night, under cover of the darkness, Ioko, all alone, buried the one heavy tusk of Litoi Linene in a swamp far from the village, so that only he himself knew of the place of concealment. He hid the tusk according to the tribal custom, for in the Aruwimi districts the people of neighboring villages are seldom good friends, and they all have a habit of attacking each other at odd times in order to capture men, women, and children for cannibal purposes. As tusks of ivory have an acknowledged value, equal to that of a human being, it is customary for the members of each village to conceal in the forests as many tusks as they can obtain, so that they may be in a position to redeem, if permitted, any of their companions who may be unfortunate enough



Carrying Ivory Down Country.

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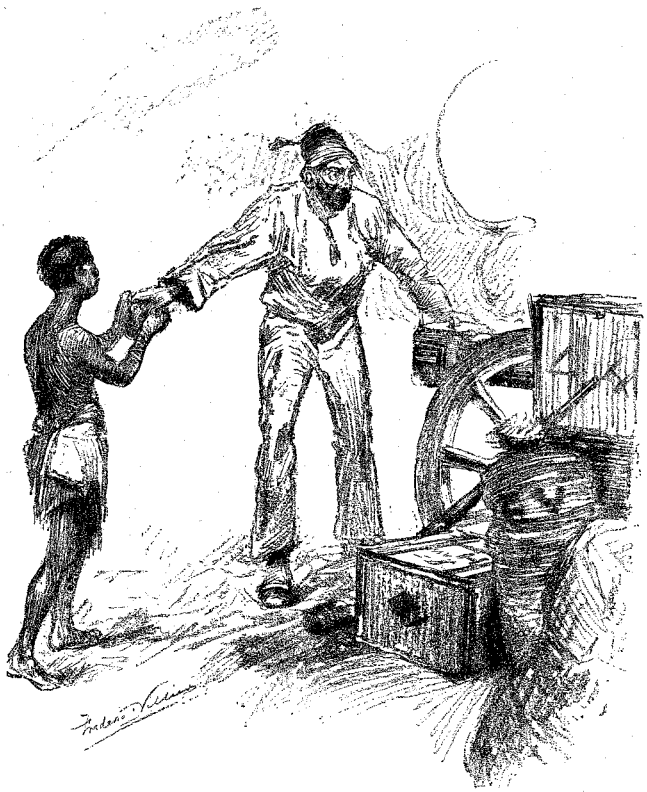
to fall into the hands of their hostile neighbors.

For five years the tusk lay hidden beneath the foul mud and long grass in the dismal swamp. No human foot ever ventured into the treacherous quagmire, and only at rare intervals small parties of natives, darting among the forest trees in search of wild honey, or in an exciting chase of bush-buck, broke the silence.

In the oppressive heat at midday a solitary buffalo, in search of a cool bath, would sometimes flounder in the mud, or a small herd of elephants, strolling idly through the forest in single file, led by the father of the party, an irritable old bull elephant, would occasionally wade clumsily through the deepest part, splashing the black mud over each other, and flapping their great ears to drive away the swarms of flies that hovered around their heads.

A dense, white, miasmatic fog enveloped the swamp every evening after sunset, and hung over the tall reeds like a silken canopy, until long after sunrise.



Captain Deane Defending the Stanley Falls Station.

During the five years that the tusk lay hidden in the swamp, but little change had taken place in the village of Yabuli. The direction of the paths had been somewhat altered, as many of the huts had been rebuilt; for, being composed of light materials, such as fine grass and leaves, with the lighter framework of cornstalks, they soon become rotten, and it is necessary to repair them after every rainy season, and to rebuild the huts every few years.

It is a noteworthy feature that throughout central Africa, the savages erect no permanent buildings. Stones are never used except to support their earthenware cooking-pots over the fire. Nothing is lasting, and when a village is deserted, either on account of an epidemic of small-pox, or perhaps by a defeat in warfare, the only evidences of

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its ever having existed a few years afterward, are a few tall palm-trees, and a few cassava plants, which, from neglect, have grown into small trees. There are no mounds of earth to mark any event in their history. They have no tribal records, like the New Zealand Maoris, for instance. They live in complete ignorance of the outside world, not even understanding the language of the tribe in the very adjoining country. Their doctrine is the survival of the fittest. Strength and cunning are qualities that command the most respect among these poor, heathenish creatures. Every man's hand is against his neighbor, and throughout the country man's worst enemy is man.

It happened one day that the occupants of a fishing canoe returned to Yabuli in a great state of excitement. They had been down the river fishing, near the village of Basoko, which is situated at the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Congo, and they had heard wonderful accounts of a fight that had taken place a few days before, between the fierce men of Basoko and a party of strangers, who were drifting down the Congo River in war canoes. The story of this remarkable adventure had been greatly embellished, according to African custom, by the friendly Basoko, who related it to the Yabuli fishermen, and they, in their turn, quite naturally, rendered the recital still more grotesque, when they repeated it to the crowd of eager listeners who thronged the river bank, attracted by the cries of

"Uku-uku-u, uku-uku-u, u-u" (come! come!) which the fishermen called out long before their canoe reached the bank.

"The chief of the strangers was covered with cloth, and his face was white, and it shone like sun-light on the river," said they.

"Ekh! what strange things," the crowd exclaimed.

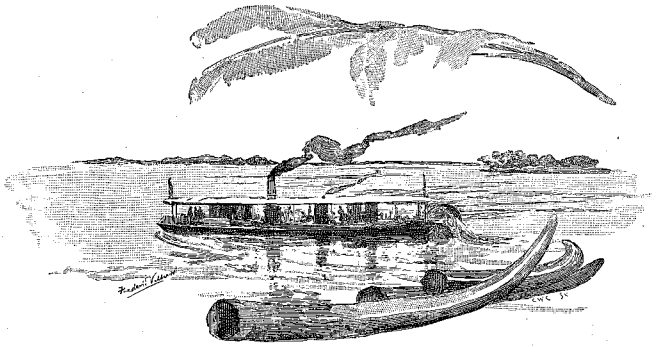
"The stranger-chief had only one eye."

"Lo-o-o!"

"It was in the middle of his forehead."

"A-yah! a-yah," roared the crowd, clapping their hands. "When the Basoko went out on the river in their war canoes to fight and capture the strangers, they cried "Meat! meat!" for they intended eating their bodies, but they were not to be captured, and they killed many of the Basoko with sticks, which sent forth thunder and lightning. They spoke words in a strange tongue. They wore red cloth, and blue cloth, and their heads were covered with white cloth. They have drifted on down the river and passed the brave Basoko with jeers."

At the end of each of the fishermen's sentences, the crowd uttered exclamations of wonder. The old women, always superstitious, raised their voices and said that the evil spirit was at the bottom of it all, and that a day of trouble was coming to all the country. Whole days were spent in excited talk about the strangers, for never in their recollection had they heard of such people before.



Down the Congo to the Coast.

Now this man, this chief of the strangers, whose white face they said shone

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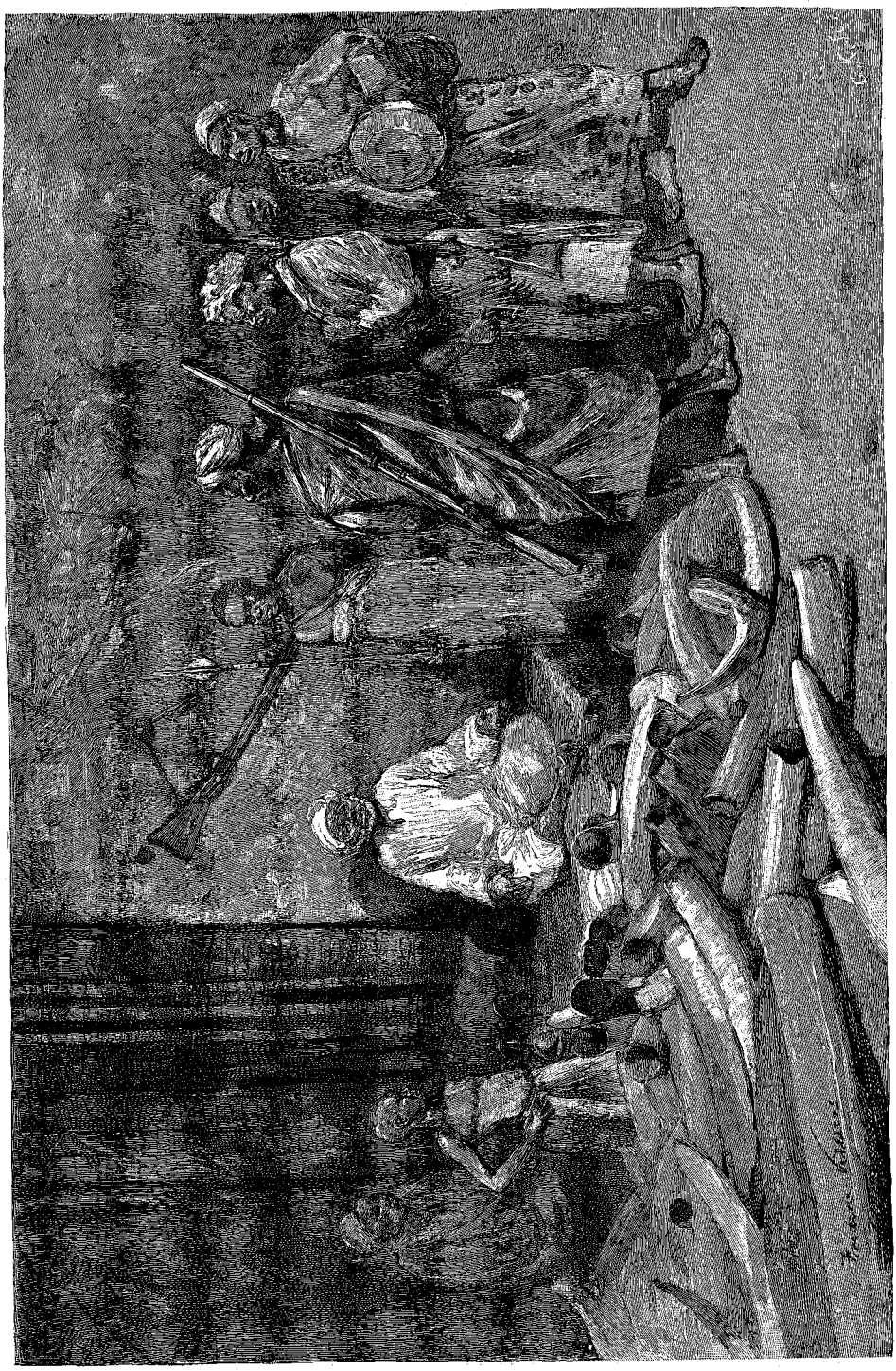

Tippo Tib and Manyema with Ivory.

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like "sunlight on the river" was none other than Stanley, with his gallant little band of Zanzibar men. At the time of his passing Basoko, he had spent upward of two years travelling in central Africa, engaged in solving the great geographical problems which had hitherto puzzled the world, and to which the brave-hearted Livingstone had devoted so many years of his valuable life, dying in harness when upon the threshold of success.

At this time there was established at Nyangwé the advance post of the Arab slave raiders from the East Coast, under the leadership of the famous Tippo Tib, who, soon after Stanley's departure down the Congo, persuaded his companions to set out on the same journey. They recruited a large number of fighting men from different parts of the Manyema country, and fought their way down the river as far as the cataract, which is now familiarly known as Stanley Falls, where Tippo Tib established himself as chief of the Arabs. Large bands of these Manyema were despatched from Stanley Falls in different directions, after the fashion of blood-hounds, to obtain tusks of ivory from the natives by whatever means they chose.

Bands of marauders are still carrying on their barbarous business, armed with old "Tower" muskets purchased by their Arab chiefs at Zanzibar in exchange for ivory, before measures were taken by England to prevent the traffic in arms and gunpowder. These bandit parties usually consist of two or three hundred armed men under the leadership of Waswahili cutthroats from Zanzibar. As a rule, each of these parties is divided into sections, different Arabs contributing ten or twenty armed men, each with one man of higher caste elected as leader. Tippo Tib usually contributes the largest number of men and appoints the leader himself.

After an absence of many months, when one of these companies returns to headquarters with slaves and ivory, the booty is divided among the Arabs according to the number of men contributed by each. The ivory was, until quite recently, sent up-river to Nyangwé in canoes, and thence it was carried overland to the East Coast by large slave caravans, the journey occupying between six months and a year.

During all these eventful days in the history of central Africa, Litoi Linene's tusk lay unheeded in the swamp. With the new generation all recollection of the elephant Litoi Linene had died away, and his massive bones had long since become hidden in the long grass and brushwood that had rapidly grown up from the soil that his carcass had enriched. Even the existence of his tusk, the only substantial relic of his former greatness, had almost been forgotten by everybody except Ioko.

While the chief topic of conversation with the large majority of the villagers was still about the powerful whiteman's daring journey past the dreaded Basoko, yet a few men, including Ioko, often spoke of the evil elephant. Although since its death several elephants had been killed by means of spear-snares and pit-falls cunningly concealed with light brushwood, yet no one had ever obtained such a large tusk of ivory from any of the other elephants as from Litoi Linene, and another reason for attaching such importance to the death of this animal was the belief that Ioko had exterminated the power to effect evil that Litoi Linene had been credited with possessing. Since his death their plantations had been comparatively undisturbed by big game, and this fact alone went far to encourage the belief that they had disposed of an evil spirit.

Soon after Tippo Tib's occupation of Stanley Falls in 1879, rumors reached Yabuli and the neighboring villages of oppression and persecution by the Manyema. Chiefs met together to enquire of each other the reason of this invasion. Less than three years after Stanley's fight with the Basoko at the mouth of the Aruwimi, the Manyema mercenaries of the Arabs attacked and destroyed several villages higher up the same river, having travelled overland from the Congo through the dense forests below Stanley Falls; and descending the Aruwimi River in canoes they laid waste all the villages by the way, capturing men and women and imposing fines of ivory for their redemption upon those of the natives who were fortunate

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enough to escape to the woods. Although every precaution was taken by the people of Yabuli to guard against surprise, they instinctively felt impending evil and a gloom settled over the village affecting young and old alike. They all appeared to realize their isolated position, escape being impossible as their neighbors were at enmity with them and with each other, and the poor wretches lived in a condition of fear bordering upon panic.

At last the evil day arrived. Early one morning, just before daybreak, they were suddenly startled by the loud reports of the Manyema guns. The forest around the village appeared alive with armed men who rushed among their dwellings from all sides, firing recklessly, sometimes in the air, into the doors of the huts, and at the panic-stricken savages, who rushed toward the woods for shelter. A few of the braver natives stood their ground, and hurled spears and knives at their assailants, but one by one they dropped, shot by their brutal enemy. After firing their muzzle-loading muskets many of the Manyema rushed upon the natives and clubbed them with the butt end of their guns. The women encumbered with their children, whom they were bravely trying to carry off to the shelter of the woods, were soon overtaken by the Manyema, who roughly threw them to the ground and bound their arms and legs. Nearly two-thirds of the women and children were captured, including the favorite wife of Ioko; but many of the men and a few women managed to escape to the woods. Ioko, although wounded by a slug of copper from a Manyema musket, had escaped. During the day the fugitives in the forest gradually congregated, and by nightfall they had formed a few rough huts with light brushwood and broad leaves which, when fastened together in rows by the stalks, each row overlapping the other, formed a sufficient shelter from the rain and the heavy dews which fall at night. This primitive encampment in the forest was a considerable distance from their village, now completely in the possession of the Manyema.

The leader of the Arab buccaneers, Muini Khamici, had taken up his quarters in the largest hut, which happened to be the property of poor Ioko; and a rough stockade of brushwood was placed around the huts, in order to guard against a night attack from the natives who had escaped.

The bodies of the slain had been thrown into the river, and the captured women, naked, and trembling with fear, many of them with their arms tied behind them, were grouped together, and placed in charge of Manyema head men. Others of the marauding band proceeded from hut to hut collecting the trifles of domestic furniture used by the natives, consisting chiefly of small wooden stools, mats, cooking-pots, and ivory pestles, used for pounding cassava.

A few days after the Manyema had attacked Yabuli, they released two of the captive women to convey a message to the fugitives in the forest. These women were selected as being of little value, for they were old and feeble. Women are very lightly esteemed by the natives, and are mere slaves, whose duty is to bear children, cultivate the soil, and prepare food for their masters.

"Go to your men, who have sought refuge in the forest," said Muini Khamici, the bandit leader. "Tell them their women are alive, and that we will set them free when they bring us the tusks of ivory that they have hidden in the woods; we will surrender a woman for each tusk. If they do not come to us with ivory before the fifth day from now, we shall take the women to another country and sell them to people who will kill and eat them. Kwenda!"

When the two poor old women fully realized they were free, they darted into the woods, one after the other, displaying wonderful agility in picking their way through the dense undergrowth, and they finally halted, breathless, and trembling with excitement.

"Oh, ma-ma—ma-a-a!" they cried, in a wailing monotone, as they cowered on the ground, until, recovering strength and courage, they resumed their way, now calling loudly, now listening for a response from their friends, who were camped in the forest. At last, hearing an answer in the distance to their echoing calls, they started off in that direction, and were soon in the midst of an

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eager crowd. It was a pitiful picture, the meeting of these poor women with the fugitives, who were all excited, and fearful of every sound in the woods around them.

The women were too bewildered to answer all their questions at first; but they finally managed to explain their message; and then the men, in anger, snapped their fingers and ground their teeth. Ioko sat apart from his noisy companions, in moody silence, for his favorite wife, Kaolenge (the Strong One), with her baby, had been captured by the Manyema; and his heart ached at being separated from the only being for whom he had ever felt the slightest sentiment. The African savage is apparently incapable of any constant affection, but occasionally he does possess a tender, though rugged, regard for a favorite wife. Ioko had almost given up hope of recovering his Strong One; but now, that he knew by what means he could redeem her, his spirits revived, and he determined to offer the Manyema his most valuable possession, the tusk of Litoi Linene.

In the dead of night, with a fire-brand to light him through the forest, Ioko wended his way to the swamp, where the tusk had been so long buried. After prodding the soft mud with his spear, until striking a hard substance, he discovered the object of his search; and with considerable labor he succeeded in unearthing his tusk. Lifting the burden upon his powerful shoulders, and picking up his spear and fire-brand, which he blew into a glow, he returned to the camp and lay for the remainder of the night by the side of his treasure, his heart beating fast with excitement at the prospect of dealing with the treacherous Manyema on the morrow.

At the first ray of dawn he wakened his companions to tell them of his intention of testing the truth of the Manyema's message by offering the tusk of Litoi Linene in exchange for his wife and child; and they all agreed, if Ioko's undertaking proved successful, they would unearth their hidden tusks to redeem their own women and children. When Ioko drew near the Manyema stockade, his companions, who had followed to see the result of his errand, hid themselves behind the trees at the edge of the forest, in order to escape, if necessary. It was daylight by this time, and the Manyema were moving about among the huts.

"Naonga!" (I say) called Ioko from the woods. "Is it true that our women are alive?"

"It is indeed true," replied Muini Khamici, who was well acquainted with the Aruwimi dialects.

Ioko called again from the woods: "I bring an elephant's tusk for Kaolenge and her child; but first let me hear her voice, that I may know you speak truly." After a short consultation a woman's voice called from the village:

"I am Kaolenge. Oh, Ioko, I am your Kaolenge."

Ioko then stepped boldly forward, and laying the tusk upon the ground, he retreated again behind the trees. Several of the Manyema pointed their guns to the forest to protect themselves from any treachery on the part of the natives, whilst others rushed for the tusk, which they carried to Muini Khamici, who stood by the entrance to the stockade.

Orders were then given to free Kaolenge, and when the bonds were cut from the poor woman's arms, she caught up her baby, fled like a deer to the forest, crying piteously. Ioko seized her by the wrist and led her farther into the forest, when she fell cowering upon the ground at his feet, sobbing deeply, as she clasped her baby tightly to her breast.

During the next few days, many other women were ransomed by their masters, and when there was no longer any prospect of obtaining more ivory from Yabuli, Muini Khamici and his gang evacuated the village, taking with them the remaining slaves — men, women, and children. They were now bound for Stanley Falls, having obtained the amount of ivory expected of them by the Arabs.

Crossing the Aruwimi River in native canoes, the caravan, which now numbered about three hundred people, two-thirds of whom were slaves, started on an overland march to the Congo River, which was reached at a place called Yangambi. This journey occupied five days, and the forests through which they traversed were dark and gloomy, the undergrowth being so thick in some

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places that they frequently had to follow the beds of small streams, and elephant paths whenever they found them leading in a south easterly direction.

The tusk of Litoi Linene, being too heavy for one man to carry, was lashed to a pole and borne by two slaves. The captive women carried the lighter tusks and a large collection of native utensils, consisting principally of small wooden stools, ivory pestles, cooking pots and grass mats, all of which were the recognized perquisites of the Manyema, who themselves carried only their guns and ammunition, and acted as guards to the caravan, while their wives, who were also from the Manyema country, carried fowls, baskets of maize, long stalks of sugar-cane, and other provisions, all stolen from the native villages.

When they reached Yangambi, the whole company embarked in native canoes and were paddled up to Stanley Falls, four days' journey, by natives who were on friendly terms with the Arabs. At Stanley Falls the slaves were distributed among certain Arabs' plantations, and the ivory was piled up in a hut where Tippo Tib divided the spoil between the Arabs who had a share in the expedition. Tippo Tib selected his own share with his customary shrewdness, and included the tusk of Litoi Linene, which he presented to a favorite wife of his harem, who concealed it in one of the dark rooms of his mud tembe, where for nearly six years it lay, covered with mats and rubbish, and was apparently forgotten.

During these years many memorable events took place, the most noteworthy being the fight of Captain Deane, the representative of the Congo Free State and his little garrison against the Arabs. Tippo Tib, was at that time absent from Stanley Falls, and Rachid bin Mohammed, the son of Bwana Nzige, Tippo Tib's partner, took this opportunity to declare open hostilities against Captain Deane, who had plainly manifested his intention of doing all in his power to prevent their brutul treatment of slaves there, and a four-days' battle was the consequence. Deane, himself, fired his Krupp guns, and had it not been for the defective cartridges for the Snyder rifles of his men, which caused them to desert down the Congo in canoes, Deane and his brave companion, Lieutenant Dubois, would have held the position, but on the fourth days' fighting they, with five faithfuls, were forced to fire the station and escape to the forests. Dubois was drowned in wading across a branch of the Congo, and Deane, with his five faithful followers suffered terrible privations in the forests, until gallantly rescued by Captain Coquilhart.

A few months after Deane's fight with the Arabs, Tippo Tib was appointed Governor of Stanley Falls district in the service of the Congo Free State, and in 1888, a year afterward, European traders from the lower Congo first visited Stanley Falls in their steam launches, and with cotton cloth, brass wire, and various other bartering goods, are still buying from the Arabs large quantities of ivory, every tusk of which is wrung from the unprotected savages by persecution, intimidation, and bloodshed.

Tippo Tib had in the meantime discarded his once-favorite wife, and Litoi Linene's tusk was confiscated and was among the first that were sold to the white trader, and soon it was stowed away with the others in the hold of the little river steamer which travelled down the Congo to Stanley Pool at the rate of seventy miles a day, past the riverside villages of thousands upon thousands of savages, stopping each evening at sunset alongside the forest bank, where, by the flickering light of camp-fires, the crew of the steamer cut dry wood into short lengths to provide fuel for the engine's furnace, and all night long merry songs of men and sounds of axes echoed through the dark silent forest.

Five hundred miles separates Stanley Falls from Bangala, and although there are several very populous districts on either side of the river, yet there is no real trade carried on by the natives, except an occasional traffic in slaves and ivory. Below Bangala, however, for six hundred miles as far as Stanley Pool, there is quite an organized trade in ivory between the tribes living along the river banks and the Batéké middlemen of Stanley Pool, who sell the ivory to the lower Congo caravans that travel overland to the European trading-stations on the coast.

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After sixteen days' journey down the Congo, the little steamer dropped anchor in Stanley Pool, and the tusks of ivory that had been all that time stowed in the dark hold were taken ashore and placed under guard in a rude structure that served for a store-house; for up to the present the European traders have not been able to erect any permanent buildings for want of the necessary materials. The ivory did not remain here long, for as soon as natives could be engaged to carry it down country, the tusks were brought out, marked, and placed in a row. At a given signal the carriers, who had been keenly watching these proceedings, rushed wildly forward in order to select the lightest tusks, and soon all were appropriated, except the tusk of Litoi Linene, which no one volunteered to carry on account of its weight. The trader tried in vain to persuade different men to take it, but they emphatically shook their open hands and one man said:

"Ve, ve, yae wzito bene mundili, kulenda kwami ko, sea mona mpassi nyingi kuna ngila."

(No, no, it is very heavy, whiteman; I cannot carry it, I should see too much trouble on the path.)

Eventually it was arranged that this tusk should be lashed on a pole and carried by two men, each being paid the same amount of cotton cloth as if carrying a full load. The caravan consisted of fifty men and boys, all belonging to the Bakongo tribe, under a headman or Kapita.

From Stanley Pool the series of cataracts, which extend a distance of two hundred miles to Matadi, render it necessary to transport merchandise, ivory, and all other loads, overland, and small companies of men are recruited from different parts of the lower Congo country, under a responsible headman, to carry the burdens on their heads and shoulders. This journey is divided into stages of a hundred miles each, and a transfer is made at Manyanga, as the people above and below this place are not always on good terms with each other, although they are apparently of the same tribe and speak the same language. The first stage of this overland journey from Stanley Pool to Manyanga occupied six days, and the little caravan wended its way up and down hills which afford beautiful views of the distant country and the mighty Congo surging and eddying between its precipitous banks. But scenic magnificence is unnoticed and unappreciated by the Bakongo carrier, whose sensual tastes are more influenced by a gaudy colored loin cloth, or a feast of elephant beef.

At sunset each day, the little party halted by a stream, and after collecting a few dry sticks for their camp-fires, they sat around with the tusks of ivory beside them, roasting peanuts and cones of maize which, with a draught of water from the stream, constituted their supper. Then, as darkness crept on, they covered themselves with their flimsy loin cloths and wearily stretched out on the ground to sleep.

During the night, as gusts of cold wind or a shower of rain awakened them, they would stir up their fires and crouch beside them, shivering with chattering teeth. At dawn they awoke, stretched themselves, yawned, arranged their loin cloths, and shouldering their tusks of ivory and arranging under their arms their little bags containing provisions and tobacco pipe, they started on the march again.

At Manyanga the ivory was transferred to another caravan, which journeyed seven days over steep hills, through deep swamps, and across numerous small rivers, until Matadi was reached. The ivory was then placed on board a river steamer, which conveyed it in two days to Banana, the trading depot at the mouth of the Congo. Here Litoi Linene's tusk was stored away with hundreds of others that had previously been sent down from the far interior, until the arrival of an ocean steamer, which conveyed the whole accumulation to Liverpool, where it was shortly afterward sold by auction. Litoi Linene's tusk, which had passed through so many strange phases of life, was now consigned to an ivory carver and turner, who ingeniously converted its hard substance into billiard balls, paper-knives, and various articles for the toilet table. And when the turner's work was finished, a little mound of ivory dust beneath his lathe was all that remained there of the tusk of the evil-spirited elephant Litoi Linene.

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THE DEATH-DAY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By Aubrey de Vere.

THY ninety years on earth have passed away:
  At last thou restest 'mid that heavenly clime
  Where Act is Rest, and Age perpetual prime:
Thy noblest, holiest work begins this day,
Begins, not ends! Best Work is Prayer; and they
  Who plead, absolved from bonds of Space and Time,
  With lordliest labor work that work sublime,
Order our planet with benignest sway.
So work, great Spirit! Thy toils foregone each year
  Meantime bear fruit! Thousands but hymn thee now!
  Thy laureates soon will bend a brightening brow
O'er tomes of thine; on each may drop a tear
  For friends that o'er blind oceans pushed their prow
Self-cheated of a guiding light so clear.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By Inigo Deane.

LOUDER than roar her own reverberant seas
  Around the white sea-cliffs—more full than they
  Of tumult and harsh discord—night and day
Uprising, England's voice for centuries
Has smitten the ear of God; but melodies,
  Strong ones and true, have still not failed her; they
  Up through the din wind still their silvery way
And God for earth's marred harmonies appease.

Of such, sweet-springing from a blameless heart,
  And perfect grown with length of many days,
The music that we ceased but now to hear;
That fuller swelled and sweeter year on year
  Until it rose a marvellous hymn of praise
And with the nine-choired choral strain found part.

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DR. MATERIALISMUS.

By F. J. Stimson.

I WAS born and lived, until I came to this university, in a small town in Maine. My father was a graduate of —— College, and had never wholly dissolved his connection with that place; probably because he was there not unfavorably known to more acquaintances, and better people, than he elsewhere found. The town is one of those gentle-mannered, ferocious-minded, white wooden villages common to Maine; with two churches, a brick town-hall, a stucco lyceum, a narrow railway station, and a spacious burying-ground. It is divided into two classes of society: one which institutes church-sociables, church-dances, church-sleighing parties; which twice a week, and critically, listens to a long and ultra-Protestant, almost mundane, essay-sermon; and which comes to town with, and takes social position from, pastoral letters of introduction, that are dated in other places and exhibited like marriage certificates. I have known the husbands at times get their business employments on the strength of such encyclicals (but the ventures of these were not rarely attended with financial disaster, so passports only hinder honest travellers); the other class falling rather into Shakespeare clubs, intensely free-thinking, but calling Sabbath Sunday, and pretending to the slightly higher social position of the two. This is Maine, as I knew it; it may have changed since. Both classes were in general Prohibitionists, but the latter had wine to drink at home.

In this town were many girls with pretty faces; there, under that cold, concise sky of the North, they grew up; their intellects preternaturally acute, their nervous systems strung to breaking pitch, their physical growth so backward that at twenty their figures would be flat. We were intimate with them in a mental fellowship. Not that we boys of twenty did not have our preferences, but they were preferences of mere companionship; so that the magnanimous confidence of English America was justified; and anyone of us could be alone with her he preferred from morn to midnight, if he chose, and no one be the wiser or the worse. But there was one exceptional girl in B——, Althea Hardy. Her father was a rich ship-builder; and his father, a sea-captain, had married her grandmother in Catania, island of Sicily. With Althea Hardy, I think, I was in love.

In the winter of my second year at college there came to town a certain Dr. Materialismus—a German professor, scientist, socialist—ostensibly seeking employment as a German instructor at the college; practising hypnotism, magnetism, mesmerism, and mysticism; giving lectures on Hegel, believing in Hartmann, and in the indestructibility of matter and the destructibility of the soul; and his soul was a damned one, and he cared not for the loss of it.

Not that I knew this, then; I also was

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fascinated by him, I suppose. There was something so bold about his intellectuality, that excited my admiration. Althea and I used to dispute about it; she said she did not like the man. In my enthusiasm, I raved to her of him; and then, I suppose, I talked to him of her more than I should have done. Mind you, I had no thought of marriage then; nor, of course, of love. Althea was my most intimate friend—as a boy might have been. Sex differences were fused in the clear flame of the intellect. And B—— College itself was a co-educational institution.

The first time they met was at a coasting party; on a night of glittering cold, when the sky was dusty azure and the stars burned like blue fires. I had a double-runner, with Althea; and I asked the professor to come with us, as he was unused to the sport, and I feared lest he should be laughed at. I, of course, sat in front and steered the sled; then came Althea; then he; and it was his duty to steady her, his hands upon her waist.

We went down three times with no word spoken. The girls upon the other sleds would cry with exultation as they sped down the long hill; but Althea was silent. On the long walk up—it was nearly a mile—the professor and I talked; but I remember only one thing he said. Pointing to a singularly red star, he told us that two worlds were burning there, with people in them; they had lately rushed together, and, from planets, had become one burning sun. I asked him how he knew; it was all chemistry, he said. Althea said, how terrible it was to think of such a day of judgment on that quiet night; and he laughed a little, in his silent way, and said she was rather too late with her pity, for it had all happened some eighty years ago. "I don't see that you cry for Marie Antoinette," he said; "but that red ray you see left the star in 1789."

We left Althea at her home, and the professor asked me down to his. He lived in a strange place; the upper floor of a warehouse, upon a business street, low down in the town, above the Kennebec. He told me that he had hired it for the power; and I remembered to have noticed there a sign "To Let—One Floor, with Power." And sure enough, below the loud rush of the river, and the crushing noise made by the cakes of ice that passed over the falls, was a pulsing tremor in the house, more striking than a noise; and in the loft of his strange apartment rushed an endless band of leather, swift and silent. "It's furnished by the river," he said, "and not by steam. I thought it might be useful for some physical experiments."

The upper floor, which the doctor had rented, consisted mainly of a long loft for manufacturing, and a square room beyond it, formerly the counting-room. We had passed through the loft first (through which ran the spinning leather band), and I had noticed a forest of glass rods along the wall, but massed together like the pipes of an organ, and opposite them a row of steel bars like levers. "A mere physical experiment," said the doctor, as we sank into couches covered with white fur, in his inner apartment. Strangely disguised, the room in the old factory loft, hung with silk and furs, glittering with glass and gilding; there was no mirror, however, but, in front of me, one large picture. It represented a fainting anchorite, wan and yellow beneath his single sheepskin cloak, his eyes closing, the crucifix he was bearing just fallen in the desert sand; supporting him, the arms of a beautiful woman, roseate with perfect health, with laughing, clear eyes resting on his wearied lids. I never had seen such a room; it realized what I had fancied of those sensuous, evil Trianons of the older and corrupt world.

"You admire the picture?" said Materialismus. "I painted it; she was my model." I am conscious to-day that I looked at him with a jealous envy, like some hungry beast. I had never seen such a woman. He laughed silently, and going to the wall touched what I supposed to be a bell. Suddenly my feelings changed.

"Your Althea Hardy," went on the doctor, "who is she?"

"She is not my Althea Hardy," I replied, with an indignation that I then supposed unreasoning. "She is the daughter of a retired sea-captain, and I see her because she alone can rank me in the class. Our minds are sympathetic. And Miss Hardy has a noble soul."

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"She has a fair body," answered he; "of that much we are sure."

I cast a fierce look upon the man; my eye followed his to that picture on the wall; and some false shame kept me foolishly silent. I should have spoken then. . . . But many such fair carrion must strew the path of so lordly a vulture as this doctor was; unlucky if they thought (as he knew better) that aught of soul they bore entangled in their flesh.

"You do not strain a morbid consciousness about a chemical reaction," said he. "Two atoms rush together to make a world, or burn one, as we saw last night; it may be pleasure or it may be pain; conscious organs choose the former."

My distaste for the man was such that I hurried away, and went to sleep with a strange sadness, in the mood in which, as I suppose, believers pray; but that I was none. Dr. Materialismus had had a plum-colored velvet smoking-jacket on, with a red fez (he was a sort of beau), and I dreamed of it all night, and of the rushing leather band, and of the grinding of the ice in the river. Something made me keep my visit secret from Althea; an evil something, as I think it now.

The following day we had a lecture on light. It was one in a course in physics, or natural philosophy, as it was called in B—— College; just as they called Scotch psychology "Mental Philosophy," with capital letters: it was an archaic little place, and it was the first course that the German doctor had prevailed upon the college government to assign to him. The students sat at desks, ranged around the lecture platform, the floor of the hall being a concentric inclined plane; and Althea Hardy's desk was next to mine. Materialismus began with a brief sketch of the theory of sound; how it consisted in vibrations of the air, the coarsest medium of space, but could not dwell in ether; and how slow beats—blows of a hammer, for instance—had no more complex intellectual effect, but were mere consecutive noises; how the human organism ceased to detect these consecutive noises at about eight per second, until they reappeared at sixteen per second, the lowest tone which can be heard; and how, at something like thirty-two thousand per second these vibrations ceased to be heard, and were supposed unintelligible to humanity, being neither sound nor light—despite their rapid movement, dark and silent. But was all this energy wasted to mankind? Adverting one moment to the molecular, or rather mathematical, theory—first propounded by Democritus, re-established by Leibnitz, and never since denied—that the universe, both of mind and matter, body and soul, was made merely by innumerable, infinitesimal points of motion, endlessly gyrating among themselves—mere points, devoid of materiality, devoid also of soul, but each a centre of a certain force, which scientists entitle *gravitation*, philosophers deem *will*, and poets name *love*—he went on to Light. Light is a subtler emotion (he remarked here that he used the word *emotion* advisedly, as all emotions were, in substance, alike the subjective result of merely material motion). Light is a subtler emotion, dwelling in ether, but still nothing but a regular continuity of motion or molecular impact; to speak more plainly, successive beats or vibrations reappear intelligible to humanity as light, at something like 483,000,000,000 beats per second in the red ray. More exactly still, they appear first as *heat;* then as red, orange, yellow, all the colors of the spectrum, until they disappear again, through the violet ray, at something like 727,000,000,000 beats per second in the so-called chemical rays. "After that," he closed, "they are supposed unknown. The higher vibrations are supposed unintelligible to man, just as he fancies there is no more subtle medium than his (already hypothetical) ether. It is possible," said Materialismus, speaking in italics and looking at Althea, "*that these higher, almost infinitely rapid vibrations may be what are called the higher emotions or passions—like religion, love, and hate—dwelling in a still more subtle, but yet material, medium, that poets and churches have picturesquely termed heart, conscience, soul.*" As he said this I too looked at Althea. I saw her bosom heaving; her lips were parted, and a faint rose was in her face. How womanly she was growing!

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From that time I felt a certain fierceness against this German doctor. He had a way of patronizing me, of treating me as a man might treat some promising schoolboy, while his manner to Althea was that of an equal—or a man of the world's to a favored lady. It was customary for the professors in B—— College to give little entertainments to their classes once in the winter; these usually took the form of tea-parties; but when it came to the doctor's turn, he gave a sleighing party to the neighboring city of A——, where we had an elaborate banquet at the principal hotel, with champagne to drink; and returned driving down the frozen river, the ice of which Dr. Mismus (for so we called him for short) had had tested for the occasion. The probable expense of this entertainment was discussed in the little town for many weeks after, and was by some estimated as high as two hundred dollars. The professor had hired, besides the large boat-sleigh, many single sleighs, in one of which he had returned, leading the way, and driving with Althea Hardy. It was then I determined to speak to her about her growing intimacy with this man.

I had to wait many weeks for an opportunity. Our winter sports at B—— used to end with a grand evening skating party on the Kennebec. Bonfires were built on the river, the safe mile or two above the falls was roped in with lines of Chinese lanterns, and a supper of hot oysters and coffee was provided at the big central fire. It was the fixed law of the place that the companion invited by any boy was to remain indisputably his for the evening. No second man would ever venture to join himself to a couple who were skating together on that night. I had asked Althea many weeks ahead to skate with me, and she had consented. The Doctor Materialismus knew this.

I, too, saw him nearly every day. He seemed to be fond of my company; of playing chess with me, or discussing metaphysics. Sometimes Althea was present at these arguments, in which I always took the idealistic side. But the little college had only armed me with Bain and Locke and Mill; and it may be imagined what a poor defence I could make with these against the German doctor, with his volumes of metaphysical realism and his knowledge of what Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, and other defenders of us from the flesh could say. Nevertheless, I sometimes appeared to have my victories. Althea was judge; and one day I well remember, when we were discussing the localization of emotion or of volition in the brain:

"Prove to me, if you may, even that every thought and hope and feeling of mankind is accompanied always by the same change in the same part of the cerebral tissue!" cried I. "Yet that physical change *is* not the soul-passion, but the effect of it upon the body; the mere trace in the brain of its passage, like the furrow of a ship upon the sea." And I looked at Althea, who smiled upon me.

"But if," said the doctor, "by the physical movement I produce the psychical passion? by the change of the brain-atoms *cause* the act of will? by a mere bit of glass-and-iron mechanism set *first* in motion, I make the prayer, or thought, or love *follow,* in plain succession, to the machine's movement, on every soul that comes within its sphere, will you then say that the metaphor of ship and wake is a good one, when it is the wake that *precedes* the ship?"

"No," said I, smiling.

"Then come to my house to-night," said the doctor; "unless," he added with a sneer, "you are afraid to take such risks before your skating party." And then I saw Althea's lips grow bloodless, and my heart swelled within me.

"I will come," I muttered, without a smile.

"When?" said the professor.

"Now."

Althea suddenly ran between us. "You will not hurt him?" she said, appealingly to him. "Remember, oh, remember what he has before him!" And here Althea burst into a passion of weeping, and I looked in wild bewilderment from her to him.

"I vill go," said the doctor to me. "I vill leafe you to gonsole her." He spoke in his stronger German accent, and as he went out he beckoned me to the door. His sneer was now a leer, and he said:

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"I vould kiss her there, if I vere you."

I slammed the door in his face, and when I turned back to Althea her passion of tears had not ceased, and her beautiful bright hair lay in masses over the poor, shabby desk. I did kiss her, on her soft face where the tears were. I did not dare to kiss her lips, though I think I could have done it before I had known this doctor. She checked her tears at once.

"Now I must go to the doctor's," I said. "Don't be afraid; he can do me or my soul no harm; and remember to-morrow night." I saw Althea's lips blanch again at this; but she looked at me with dry eyes, and I left her.

The winter evening was already dark, and as I went down the streets toward the river I heard the crushing of the ice over the falls. The old street where the doctor lived was quite deserted. Trade had been there in the old days, but now was nothing. Yet in the silence, coming along, I heard the whirr of steam, or, at least, the clanking of machinery and whirling wheels.

I toiled up the crazy staircase. The doctor was already in his room—in the same purple velvet he had worn before. On his study table was a smoking supper.

"I hope," he said, "you have not supped on the way?"

"I have not," I said. Our supper at our college table consisted of tea and cold meat and pie. The doctor's was of oysters, sweetbreads, and wine. After it he gave me an imported cigar, and I sat in his reclining-chair and listened to him.

I remember that this chair reminded me, as I sat there, of a dentist's chair; and I good-naturedly wondered what operations he might perform on me—I helpless, passive with his tobacco and his wine.

"Now I am ready," said he. And he opened the door that led from his study into the old warehouse-room, and I saw him touch one of the steel levers opposite the rows of glass rods. "You see," he said, "my mechanism is a simple one. With all these rods, of different lengths, and the almost infinite speed of revolution that I am able to gife them with the power that comes from the river applied through a chain of belted wheels, is a rosined leather tongue, like that of a music-box or the bow of a violin, touching each one; and so I get any number of beats per second that I will." (He always said *will*, this man, and never *wish*.)

"Now, listen," he whispered; and I saw him bend down another lever in the laboratory, and there came a grand bass note—a tone I have heard since only in 32-foot organ pipes. "Now, you see, it is sound." And he placed his hand, as he spoke, upon a small crank or governor; and, as he turned it slowly, note by note the sound grew higher. In the other room I could see one immense wheel, revolving in an endless leather band, with the power that was furnished by the Kennebec, and as each sound rose clear, I saw the wheel turn faster.

Note by note the tones increased in pitch, clear and elemental. I listened, recumbent. There was a marvellous fascination in the strong production of those simple tones.

"You see I hafe no overtones," I heard the doctor say. "All is simple, because it is mechanism. It is the exact reproduction of the requisite mathematical number. I hafe many hundreds of rods of glass, and then the leather band can go so fast as I will, and the tongue acts upon them like the bow upon the violin."

I listened, I was still at peace; all this I could understand, though the notes came strangely clear. Undoubtedly, to get a definite finite number of beats per second was a mere question of mathematics. Empirically, we have always done it, with tuning-forks, organ-pipes, bells.

He was in the middle of the scale already; faster whirled that distant wheel, and the intense tone struck C in alt. I felt a yearning for some harmony, that terrible, simple, single tone was so elemental, so savage; it racked my nerves and strained them to unison, like the rosined bow drawn close against the violin-string itself. It grew intensely shrill; fearfully, piercingly shrill; shrill to the rending-point of the tympanum; and then came silence.

I looked. In the dusk of the adjoining warehouse the huge wheel was whirling more rapidly than ever.

The German professor gazed into my

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eyes, his own were bright with triumph, on his lips a curl of cynicism. "Now," he said, "you will have what you call emotions. But, first, I must bind you close."

I shrugged my shoulders amiably, smiling with what at the time I thought contempt, while he deftly took a soft white rope and bound me many times to his chair. But the rope was very strong, and I now saw that the framework of the chair was of iron. And even while he bound me, I started as if from a sleep, and became conscious of the dull whirring caused by the powerful machinery that abode within the house, and suddenly a great rage came over me.

I, fool, and this man! I swelled and strained at the soft white ropes that bound me, but in vain. . . . By God, I could have killed him then and there! And he looked at me and grinned, twisting his face to fit his crooked soul. I strained at the ropes, and I think one of them slipped a bit, for his face blanched; and then I saw him go into that other room and press the last lever back a little, and it seemed to me the wheel revolved more slowly.

Then, in a moment, all was peace again, and it was as if I heard a low, sweet sound, only that there was no sound, but something like what you might dream the music of the spheres to be. He came to my chair again and unbound me.

My momentary passion had vanished. "Light your cigar," he said, "it has gone out." I did so. I had a strange, restful feeling, as of being at one with the world, a sense of peace, between the peace of death and that of sleep.

"This," he said, "is the pulse of the world; and it is Sleep. You remember, in the Nibelung-saga, when Erda, the Earth spirit, is invoked, unwillingly she appears, and then she says, *Lass mich schlafen*—let me sleep on—to Wotan, king of the gods? Some of the old myths are true enough, though not the Christian ones, most always. . . . This pulse of the earth seems to you dead science, yet the beats are pulsing thousands a second faster than the highest sound. . . . For emotions are subtler things than sound, as you sentimental ones would say; you poets that talk of 'heart' and 'soul.' We men of science say it this way: That those bodily organs that answer to your myth of a soul are but more widely framed, more nicely textured, so as to respond to the impact of a greater number of movements in the second."

While he was speaking he had gone into the other room, and was bending the lever down once more; I flew at his throat. But even before I reached him my motive changed; seizing a Spanish knife that was on the table, I sought to plunge it in my breast. But, with a quick stroke of the elbow, as if he had been prepared for the attempt, he dashed the knife from my hand to the floor, and I sank in despair back into his arm-chair.

"Yes-s," said he, with a sort of hiss of content like a long-drawn sigh of relief. "Yes-s-s—I haf put my mechanik quickly through the Murder-motif without binding you again, after I had put it back to sleep."

"What do you mean?" I said, languidly. How could I ever hope to win Althea away from this man's wiles?

"When man's consciousness awakes from the sleep of the world, its first motive is Murder," said he; "you remember the Hebrew myth of Cain?" and he laughed silently. "Its next is Suicide; its third, Despair. This time I have put my mechanism quickly through the murder movement, so your wish to kill me was just now but momentary."

There was an evil gleam in his eye as he said this.

"I leafe a dagger on the table, because, if I left a pistol the subject would fire it, and that makes noise. Then, at the motion of Suicide you tried to kill yourself: the suicide is one grade higher than the murderer. And now, you are in Despair."

He bent the lever further down and touched a smaller glass rod.

"And now, I will gife to you—I alone—all the emotions of which humanity is capable."

How much time followed, I know not; nor whether it was not all a dream, only that a dream can hardly be more vivid—as this was—than my life itself. First, a nightmare came of evil passions; after

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murder and suicide and despair came revenge, envy, hatred, greed of money, greed of power, lust. I say "came," for each one came on me with all the force the worst of men can feel. Had I been free, in some other place, I should inexorably have committed the crimes these evil passions breed, and there was always some pretext of a cause. Now it was revenge on Materialismus himself for his winning of Althea Hardy; now it was envy of his powers, or greed of his possessions; and then my roving eye fell on that strange picture of his I mentioned before; the face of the woman now seemed to be Althea's. In a glance all the poetry, all the sympathy of my mind or soul that I thought bound me to her had vanished, and in their place I only knew desire. The doctor's leer seemed to read my thoughts; he let the lever stay long at this speed, and then he put it back again to that strange rhythm of Sleep.

"So—I must rest you a little between times," he said. "Is my fine poet convinced?"

But I was silent, and he turned another wheel.

"All these are only evil passions," said I, "there may well be something physical in them."

"Poh—I can gife you just so well the others," he sneered. "I tell you why I do not gife you all at once——"

"You can produce passion," I answered, "but not love."

"Poh—it takes but a little greater speed. What you call love is but the multiple of passion and cosmic love, that is, gravitation."

I stared at the man.

"It is quite as I say. About two hundred thousand vibrations make in man's cerebrum what you call passion; about four billion per second, that is gravitation, what the philosophers call will, the poets, cosmic love; this comes just after light, white light, which is the sum of all the lights. And their multiple again, of love and light, makes many sextillions, and that is love of God, what the priests name religion." . . . I think I grew faint, for he said, "You must hafe some refreshments, or you cannot bear it."

He broke some raw eggs in a glass, in some sherry, and placed it by my side, and I saw him bend the lever much farther.

"Perhaps," I spoke out, then, "you can create the emotion, or the mental existence—whatever you call it—of God himself." I spoke with scorn, for my mind was clearer than ever.

"I can—almost," he muttered. "Just now I have turned the rhythm to the thought millions, which lie above what you call evil passions, between them and what you call the good ones. It is all a mere question of degree. In the eye of science all are the same; morally, one is alike so good as the other. Only motion—that is life; and slower, slower, that is nearer death; and life is good, and death is evil."

"But I can have these thoughts without your machinery," said I.

"Yes," said he, "and I can cause them with it; that proves they are mechanical. Now, the rhythm is on the intellectual-process movement; hence you argue."

Millions of thoughts, fancies, inspirations, flashed through my brain as he left me to busy himself with other levers. How long this time lasted I again knew not; but it seemed that I passed through all the experience of human life. Then suddenly my thinking ceased, and I became conscious only of a bad odor by my side. This was followed in a moment by an intense scarlet light.

"Just so," he said, as if he had noted my expression; "it is the eggs in your glass, they altered when we passed through the chemical rays; they will now be rotten." And he took the glass and threw it out the window. "It was altered as we passed through the spectrum by no other process than the brain thinks."

He had darkened the room, but the light changed from red through orange, yellow, green, blue, violet; then, after a moment's darkness, it began again, more glorious than before. White, white it was now, most glorious; it flooded the old warehouse, and the shadows rolled from the dark places in my soul. And close on the light followed hope again; hope of life, of myself, of the world, of Althea.

"It is the first of the motions you

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call virtuous," came his sibilant voice, but I heeded him not. For even as he spoke my soul was lifted unto faith, and I knew that this man lied.

"I can do but one thing more," said he, "and that is—love."

"I thought," said I, "you could make communion with the Deity."

"And so I could," he cried, angrily, "so I could; but I must first give my glass rod an infinite rotation; the number of vibrations in a second must be a number which is a multiple of *all* other numbers, however great; for that even my great fly-wheel must have an infinite speed. Ah, your 'loft with power' does not give me that. . . . But it would be only an idea if I could do that too, nothing but a rhythmic motion in your brain." . . .

Then my faith rose well above this idle chatter. But I kept silence; for again my soul had passed out of the ken of this German doctor. Althea I saw; Althea in the dark room before me; Althea, and I had communion with her soul. Then I knew indeed that I did love her.

The ecstasy of that moment knew no time; it may have been a minute or an hour, as we mortals measure it; it was but an eternity of bliss to me. . . . Then followed again faith and hope, and then I awoke and saw the room all radiant with the calm of that white light—the light that Dante saw so near to God.

But it changed again to violet, like the glacier's cave, blue like the heavens, yellow like the day; then faded through the scarlet into night.

Again I was in a sea of thoughts and phantasies; the inspiration of a Shakespeare, the fancy of a Mozart or a Titian, the study of a Newton, all in turn were mine. And then my evil dreams began. Through lust to greed of power, then to avarice, hatred, envy, and revenge, my soul was driven like a leaf before the autumn wind.

Then I rose and flew at his throat once more. "Thou liest!" I cried. "Heed not the rabble's cry—God lies NOT in a rotting egg!"

I remember no more.

When I regained consciousness it was a winter twilight, and the room was cold. I was alone in the doctor's study and the machinery in the house was stilled. . . . I went to the eastern window and saw that the twilight was not the twilight of the dawn. I must have slept all day. . . . As I turned back I saw a folded paper on the table, and read, in the doctor's hand:

"In six hours you have passed through all the thoughts, all the wills, and all the passions known to devils, men, or angels. You must now sleep deeply or you die. I have put the lever on the rhythm of the world, which is Sleep.

"In twelve hours I shall stop it and you will wake.

"Then you had better go home and seek your finite sleep, or I have known men lose their mind."

I staggered out into the street and sought my room. My head was still dizzy, my brain felt tired, and my soul was sore. I felt like an old man; and yet my heart was still half-drunk with sleep, and enamoured with it, entranced with that profound slumber of the world to which all consciousness comes as a sorrow.

The night was intensely cold; the stars were like blue fires; a heavy ox-sledge went by me, creaking in the snow. It was a fine night for the river. I suddenly remembered that it must be the night for the skating party, and my engagement with Althea. And with her there came a memory of that love that I had felt for her, sublimated, as it had been, beyond all earthly love.

I hurried back to my room; and as I lit the lamp I saw a note addressed to me, in her handwriting, lying on my study table. I opened it; all it contained was in two phrases:

"Good-by; forgive me.

"ALTHEA."

I knew not what to think; but my heart worked quicker than my brain. It led me to Althea's house; the old lady with whom she lived told me that she had already started for the skating party. Already? I did not dare to ask with whom. It was a breach of custom that augured darkly, her not waiting for me, her escort.

On my way to the river I took the street by the house of Materialismus.

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They were not there. The old warehouse was dark in all its windows. I went in; the crazy wooden building was trembling with the Power; but all was dark and silent but the slow beating of the Power on the Murder pulse.

I snatched up the Spanish dagger where it still lay on the table, and rushed out of that devil's workshop and along the silent street to the river. Far up the stream I could already make out a rosy glow, the fires and lanterns of the skating party. I had no skates, but ran out upon the river in a straight line, just skirting the brink of the falls where the full flood maned itself and arched downward, steady, to its dissolution in the mist. I came to the place of pleasure, marked out by gay lines of paper lanterns; the people spoke to me, and some laughed, as I threaded my way through them; but I heeded not; they swerving and darting about me, like so many butterflies, I keeping to my line. By the time I had traversed the illuminated inclosure I had seen all who were in it. Althea was not among them.

I reached the farthest lantern, and looked out. The white river stretched broad away under the black sky, faintly mirroring large, solemn stars. It took a moment for my eyes, dazzled by the tawdry light, to get used to the quiet starlight; but then I fancied that I saw two figures, skating side by side, far up the river. They were well over to the eastern shore, skating up stream; a mile or more above them the road to A—— crossed the river, in a long, covered bridge.

I knew that they were making for that road, where the doctor doubtless had a sleigh in waiting. By crossing diagonally, I could, perhaps, cut them off.

"Lend me your skates," I said to a friend who had come up and stood looking at me curiously. Before he well understood, I had torn them off his feet and fitted them to my own; and I remember that to save time I cut his ankle-strap off with the Spanish knife. A moment more and I was speeding up the silent river, with no light but the stars, and no guide but the two figures that were slowly creeping up in the shadow of the shore. I laughed aloud; I knew this German beau was no match for me in speed or strength. I did not throw the knife away, for I meant more silent and more certain punishment than a naked blow could give. The murder motive still was in my brain.

I do not know when they first knew that I was coming. But I soon saw them hurrying, as if from fear; at least her strokes were feeble, and he seemed to be urging, or dragging, her on. By the side of the river, hitched to the last post of the bridge, I could see a single horse and sleigh.

But I shouted with delight, for I was already almost even with them, and could easily dash across to the shore while they were landing. I kept to my straight line; I was now below the last pier of the bridge; and then I heard a laugh from him, answering my shout. Between me and the bank was a long, open channel of rippling dark water, leading up and down, many miles, from beneath the last section of the bridge.

They had reached the shore, and he was dragging her, half reluctant, up the bank. In a minute, and he would have reached his horse.

I put the knife between my teeth and plunged in. In a few strokes of swimming I was across; but the ice was shelving on the other side, and brittle; and the strong stream had a tendency to drag me under. I got my elbows on the edge of ice, and it broke. Again I got my arms upon the shelving ice; it broke again. I heard a wild cry from Althea—I cursed him—and I knew no more.

. . . . . .

When I next knew life, it was spring; and I saw the lilac buds leafing by my window in the garden. I had been saved by the others—some of them had followed me up the river—unconscious, they told me, the dagger still clinched in my hand.

Althea I have never seen again. First I heard that she had married him; but then, after some years, came a rumor that she had not married him. Her father lost his fortune in a vain search for her, and died. After many years, she returned, alone. She lives, her beauty faded, in the old place.

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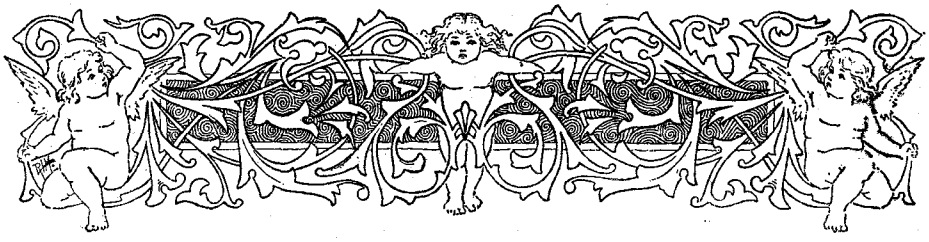

LIFE AND NATURE.

By Archibald Lampman.

I PASSED through the gates of the city,
The streets were strange and still,
Through the doors of the open churches
The organs were moaning shrill.

Through the doors and the great high windows
I heard the murmur of prayer,
And the sound of their solemn singing
Streamed out on the sunlit air.

A sound of some great burden
That lay on the world's dark breast,
Of the old, and the sick, and the lonely,
And the weary that cried for rest.

I strayed through the midst of the city
Like one distracted or mad.
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sad.

I passed through the gates of the city,
And I heard the small birds sing,
I laid me adown in the meadows
Afar from the bell-ringing.

In the depth and the bloom of the meadows
I lay on the earth's quiet breast,
The ilex fanned me with shadows,
And the cuckoo sang me to rest.

Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
And the earth green at my feet;
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sweet.

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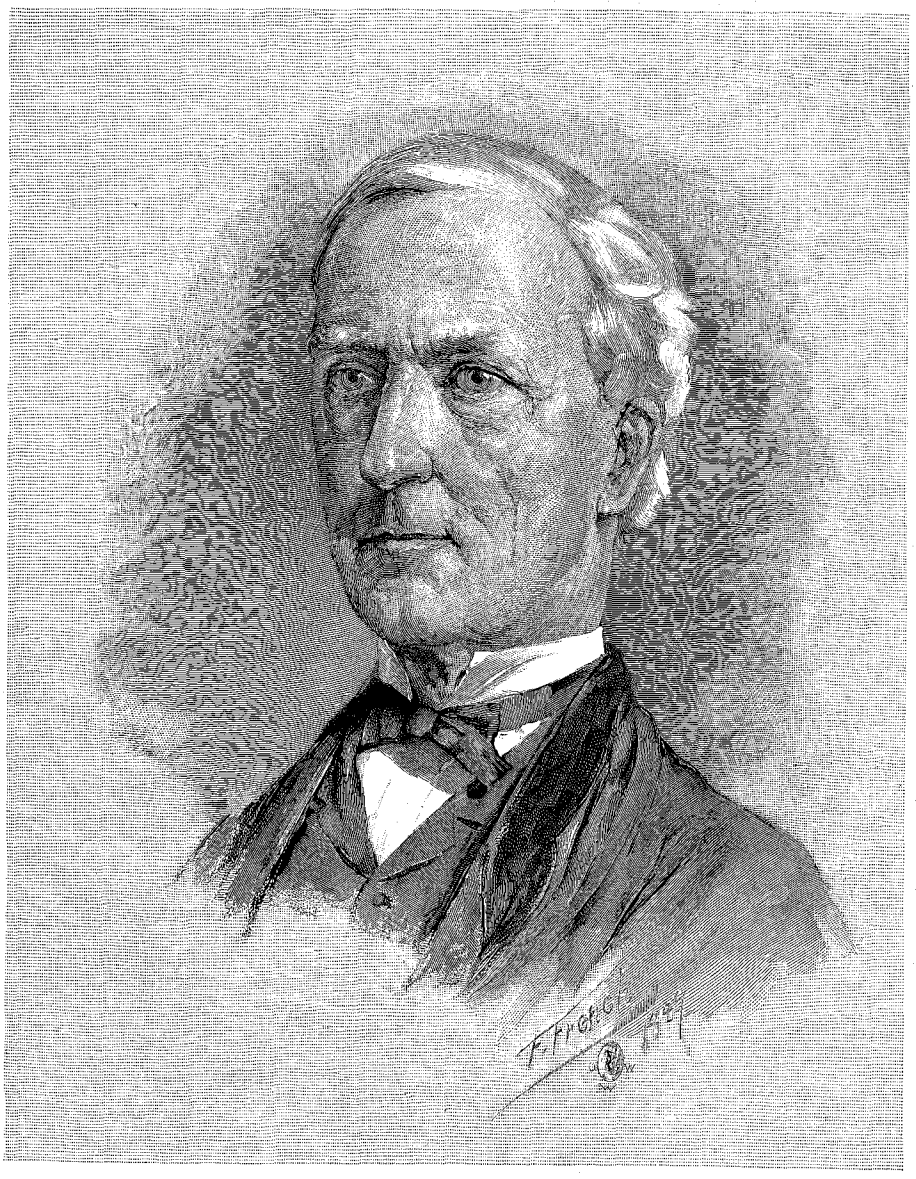

The Doctor.

A DAY WITH A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND ENGRAVED

By Frank French.

CLANG! clang! rang out the double stroke of the front-door gong, with that startling exaggeration of sound which the stillness of midnight lends to unexpected clamor. I was instantly aroused to complete wakefulness, and lay staring blindly into the velvety darkness which was distinctly palpable about me. The room was an unfamiliar one. I could not remember upon which side of the bed I had got in, and in the panicky condition which the harshness of my sudden awakening had induced, I lay longing to fix my eyes upon some familiar object which would aid me in locating myself. Meanwhile I strained

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my ears to hear what answer would be given to the midnight intrusion.

I had but an instant to wait. The sound of the raising of a window upon the floor below me was heard, and almost simultaneously the clear and decisive tones of a voice: "Well—who's there, and what do you want?"

The answer to this peremptory challenge came in earnest but subdued tones, the purport of which I could not make out.

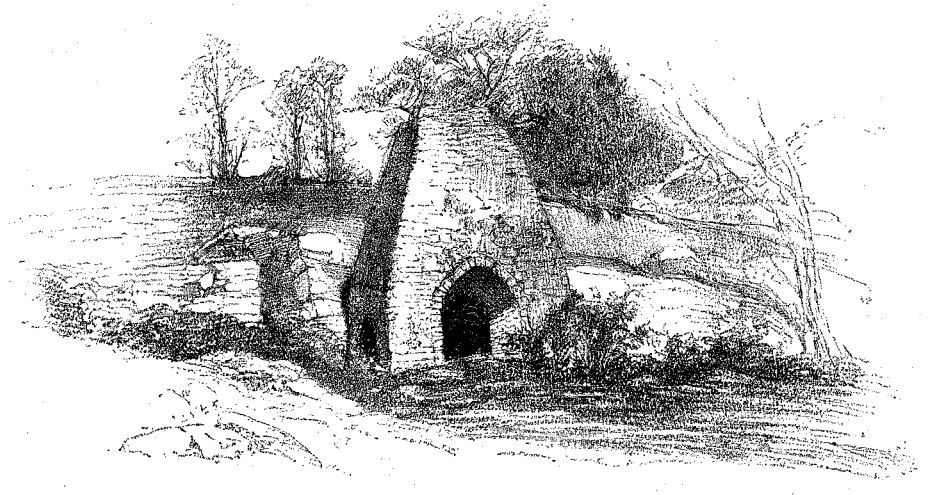
"I'll go," said the first voice, and the window fell abruptly.

The wind, which seemed to be rising, suddenly drove a volley of raindrops, rattling like hail, upon the tin roof of the piazza under my window, solving for me the problem of locality. I hastily rose, and groping my way to the window stood peering blindly out.

My host was a country doctor, and I now realized that all appeals for help in physical distress from the country round converged at that front door,

The Village Street.

and were liable to be heard at any moment. Heavens, what a night for one to venture out over those rough mountain-roads! The doctor must have got into his clothes very quickly, for it seemed but a few moments before his firm footstep was heard in the hall. The door opened and closed after him. His heels smote upon the stone walk confidently, as a circular spot of light from his lantern came in view, crossed and recrossed fantastically by black shadows from his legs, as he walked in the direction of the barn. Another short interval followed, and I caught, above the noise of the wind and rain, the sharp rattle of a wagon-wheel as it



The Old Furnace Chimney

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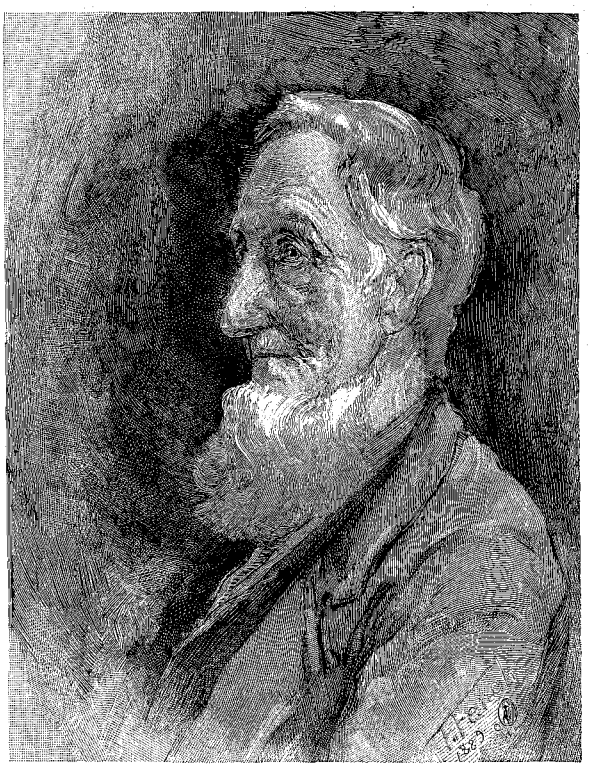
dashed against some ledge or bowlder; then all was oppressively quiet again, save the ticking of the clock and the noise of the elements without.

In a previous hasty visit to this mountain-country I had seen something of the dangerous character of the roads, which straggle, with many abrupt and unexpected turns, down precipitous hills, over bridges, and through dense, dark woods. Huge bowlders contract the wheel-way here and there to such narrow limits that good and careful horsemanship is needed, even in the light of day, to pass them without accident. Half-asleep and half-awake I lay filled with apprehension lest the good luck which had so long attended the doctor should desert him on that dark and dreary night, and that we should have the horror of finding him on the morrow, wounded and bleeding — perhaps dead—with the splintered wreck of his buggy strewn about him. Should he escape the dangers of the road, I thought, he will have to face the black-winged messenger on some mountain threshold, and wrestle with all the strength which forty years of training have given him, if happily he may vanquish the unwelcome guest, and so sprinkle the lintel of the cottage-door with potent drugs that even the relentless Angel of Death shall see the sign and pass over.



Uncle Amos.

When I woke a flood of rosy light enveloped me, and before I opened my eyes I could feel that the storm had passed. My room was charmingly pretty, in the white and pale-green enamelled furniture, ornamented with circular panels upon which were painted the most radiant little landscapes, flanked on either side by the gayest of flowers. At the windows, curtains of thin lace, with large floral designs, undulated gracefully as the morning air stole fresh and sweet through the half-open slats of the window-blind. Outside, the musical voice of a young girl called "Chick, chick, c-h-i-c-k, chick, chick, chick, c-h-i-c-k," and the chickens could be heard rushing madly, and with great squall and clatter, tumbling over each other in the race. The sheep-churn kept up an intermittent thumping as it went round—sometimes fast, sometimes slow—now stopping altogether till the lazy animal in the tread-mill was stirred to renewed activity by the little housemaid. The robins and the orioles sang gayly from above, and a mother-sparrow came at short intervals to feed her noisy little ones in the quince-tree just under my window.

Throwing open my window-blind, there was revealed a scene of dazzling beauty. Each wet and glistening leaf in the garden below was a mirror to reflect the sunlight, while a noble sugar-maple stretched her shapely arms above me.

At the breakfast-table the doctor, clad in an old green dressing-gown, appeared, looking as fresh and radiant as if his

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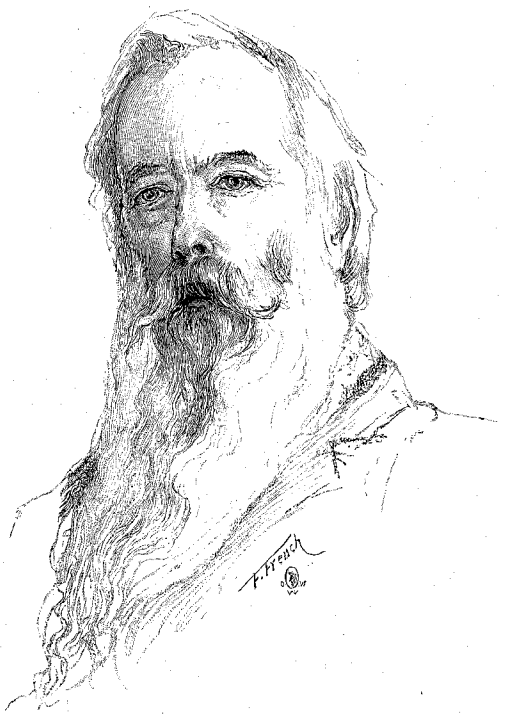
slumber had not been disturbed. He was upward of sixty years old, with thoroughly well-knit frame, his carriage as straight as an arrow; face florid, smooth-shaven, and furrowed with wrinkles,



The Dominie.

which gave wonderful firmness and sprightliness to the expression; clear, large, bright gray eyes; neatly brushed silvery hair; a voice clear, crisp, electric; all of him so compact, thoroughly well-seasoned, and active, that his very presence was a tonic.

The doctor was reared in the industrious out-of-door life of a country lad, and thus was laid the foundation of a vigorous and sturdy constitution. His active mind refused to be content with the simple cares and thoughts of a purely rural occupation. The voice of science had for him an alluring charm, and resulted in his choosing the healing art as a profession. At the close of a creditable career as a student in New York, he was rewarded with a "sheepskin," and immediately asked himself, "How shall I get to work?" Up among the hills of his native New Jersey was an opportunity to buy out a country practice. And with the good common-sense which was his birthright, he reasoned: "If I hang out my shingle here in the city, with no influential friends to aid me, I may have to sit and wait for my hair to turn gray before anyone will have confidence enough in me to send for me; on the other hand, if I go up there, they will *have* to send for me and take what I give them, or go without." Then, too, he loved the country life. Memories from childhood filled his heart with longing, and he left the city with its confining walls with but slight misgiving. He established himself in a little building, ten feet by twelve. The first floor had two rooms, one of which served as office and the other as dining-room and kitchen. Here, in solitude, he began his professional life. The first day of his practice found him in the saddle from sunrise to sunset; and in the middle of the night he was called out to travel an unfamiliar mountain-road, with no guide but the footprints of the messenger who had summoned him, in the otherwise trackless snow. In those days the spice of danger was not wanting to season his daily rounds, as savage beasts still roamed about those forests. As he was attending a patient late at night over by Green Pond, a big wild-cat was brought into the house by a man who said it was one of a pair which he had encountered in a tree down the road under which the doctor drove, unarmed, on his homeward way.

One night, after a hard day's ride, he came home through a blinding snow-storm, and as he passed the farm-houses with their cheerful lights, he longed to bury his chilled limbs beneath the warm comforters of his attic bed. With some trepidation he dismounted at his office-door, to find upon the slate an urgent call to a house back over the hills a half-mile beyond that from which he had just returned. Weary and cold, he retraced his way. The snow had been gaining steadily, and soon his horse's recent footprints were obliterated. The

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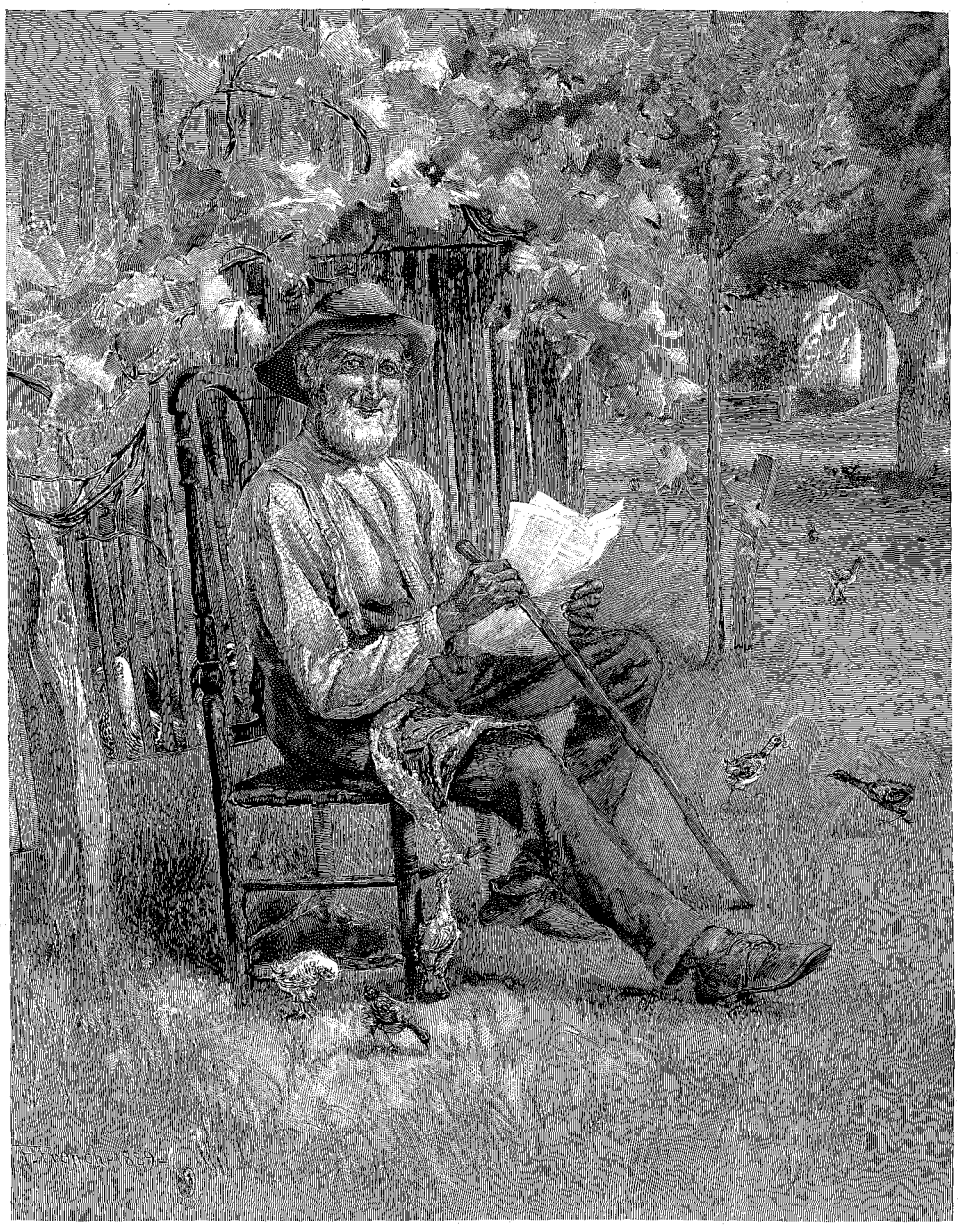

Mr. Cobb.

lights in the farm-houses had been extinguished, the snow was drifting badly, and he was often obliged to dismount and lead his unwilling horse through the snow-banks. What was his disgust on finding the house to which he had been summoned dark like the rest, and, after much ineffectual shouting and angry hammering with whipstock upon the door, he came to the conclusion that "they had got well and gone to sleep;" he had that long and painful journey to remember without even the consolation of charging a fee for it.

Some of the more intelligent of his neighbors encouraged him with helpful kindness, but many felt that a beardless boy could not fill the place of the wise

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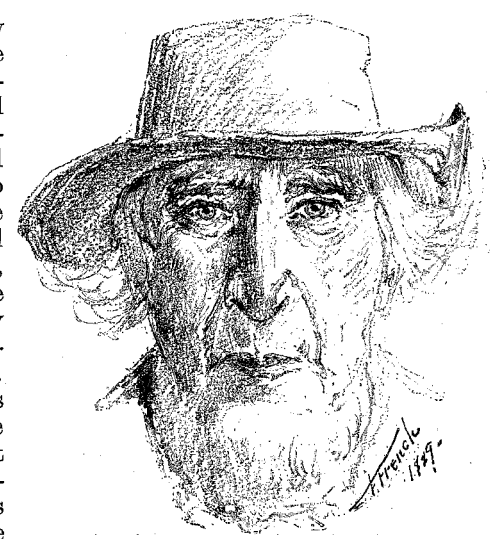
old physician who had left them; others still, openly said, "they would not have

George Kimball.

him to doctor a cat." The first of these he eagerly counted as friends, the second he hoped to win over in time; but with the last, the mischief-makers, who openly traduced him, he had no patience.

Alas for them, when compelled by necessity to send for the doctor. He treated them with the same conscientious skill which always characterized his professional work, but the mustard-plasters and the Spanish flies he used were not mixed "with relish suited to the sinner's taste." Isolated as he was from experienced physicians, and obliged to rely wholly upon himself, he suffered keenly. He found that the cases he was called on to treat scarcely ever proved to be the exact counterpart of those recorded in the books. Often he found himself at his wit's end to meet the symptoms with the proper drug; and yet conscious that he must not betray the slightest confusion or want of faith in himself or his remedies. After the death of a little child, whose case he had followed with the most patient care and the most determined effort to save it, he was told: "If old Dr. R—— [his predecessor] had been here, my child would not have died." He went back to his lonely office cut to the heart—and then he realized, as never before, that the life of a country doctor was one of profound self-sacrifice.

It was many years after the incidents here recorded that we sat down together to a tempting breakfast. The doctor ate sparingly, but to my astonishment his repast consisted largely of a cup of coffee and a cucumber, cut longitudinally in quarters and dipped in salt, which gave evidence of a digestion equal to any emergency. The little office, with its collections of bones, and its mysterious jars with their dreadful contents preserved in alcohol; its round, musty boxes, big and little; and its dusty bottles of all sizes, was long ago deserted for a comfortable and cheery home across the road, at whose hospitable board presides a refined and gentle-bred lady—no longer young, but bearing in her face and figure the unmistakable traces of youthful grace and beauty not yet faded away. Broad acres of farm and woodland have gradually been acquired; and, though the doctor takes no active part in the farm-work, he keeps thoroughly posted upon all mat-



The Snake-bite Doctor.

ters pertaining to it; and his life has a rural and agricultural, as well as a

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professional, side. After breakfast I strolled out into the dewy garden, and, passing the entrance to the cellar, caught a glimpse of the doctor's wife, with sleeves tucked up, taking golden-hued butter out of the churn; then wandered to the barn to take a look at the horses, and from Charlie, the stable-man, learned

Cobb's Meadow.

the history of the night, and was rejoiced to know that, instead of the Angel of Death, the Spirit of Life had been abroad in the storm, and had left a rosy baby in care of a rough cottager among the hills.

But it was evident that the poetic side of the affair did not appeal to Charlie. "The doctor spoils his horses for driving," said he, as he stood in the stable-door glancing over his shoulder at the animals as they munched their grain. "Sometimes he lets them jog along just as they like; then again he drives in quite some hurry. Now last night he drove that Frank horse out over the road toward the mountain as if the Old Harry was after him, and it was so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face. I hollered after him that he'd break his neck; but he only laughed at me, and said he could see all right, and I believe he could. I swan I think doctor can see in the night, like a cat. He's foolish, though, to risk himself that way, and he won't git no pay for it neither. Another mouth to feed, and them Paisleys as poor now as Job's turkey."

Presently the doctor appeared, walking with a quick, elastic step—puffing a cigar, and carrying in his hand his chest of medicines—equipped for the road in wide straw-hat and linen duster.

"Which way this morning?" On my assuring him that I had no especial programme, he said: "If you've nothing better to do, come along with me. I'm going to take a long ride this morning. You can take your sketching traps along, and I'll put you down anywhere you like and take you up again when I come back. But, of course, you know there is some uncertainty as to when that will be, for I never know when I start out what time I'll get home again." I assured the doctor that I did not mind a few miles' walk in the country, and that I would take my chances about getting

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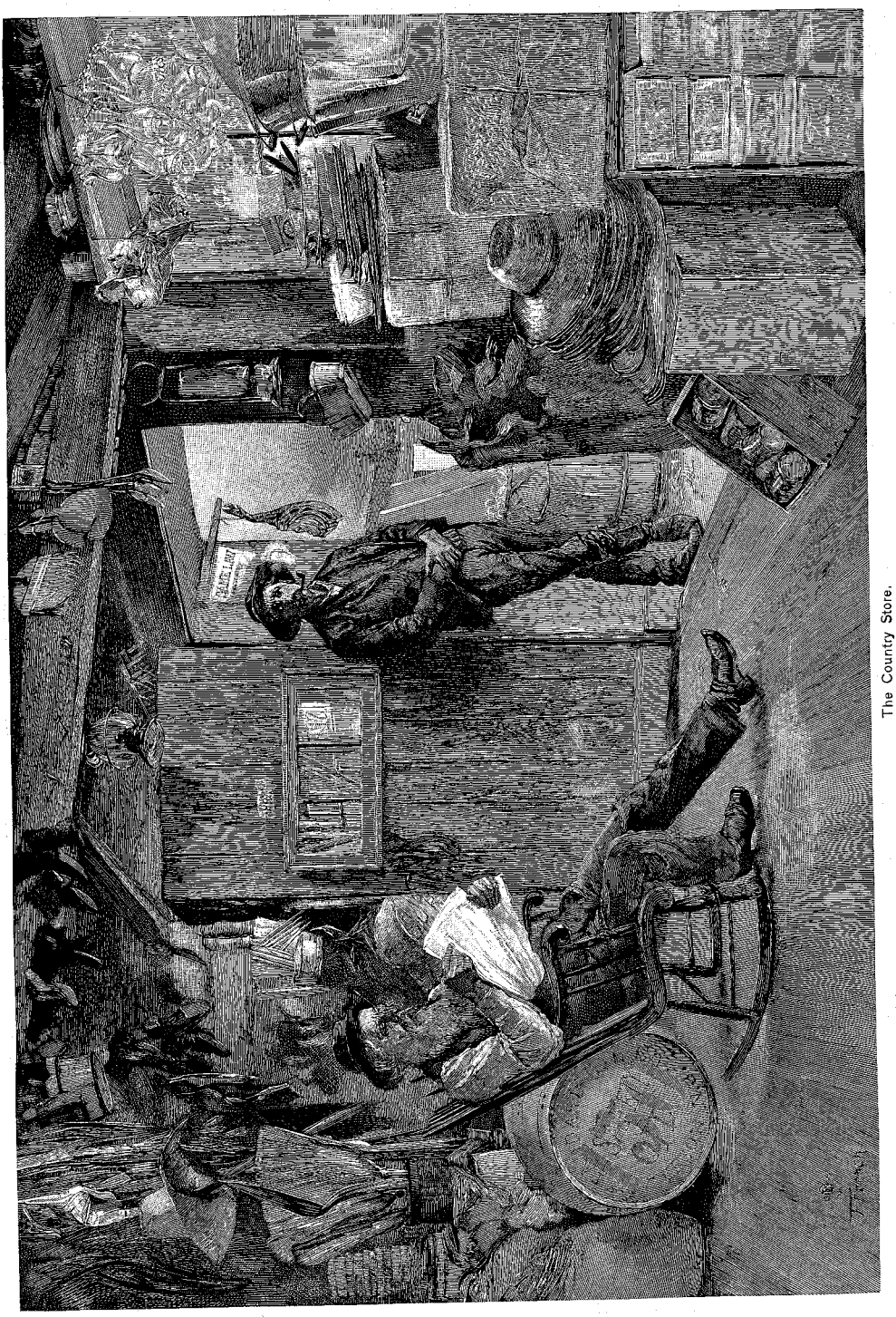

The Country Store.

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home again. He stowed his kit and mine away under the buggy-seat, glanced sharply at the hold-back straps, and smilingly beckoned me to get in. I put my arm behind the doctor, on the top of the cushions at the back, so as to give him elbow-room for driving, and we jogged along, very comfortable and very happy, down steep hills crossed by abrupt and jerky "thank-you-mams," through little dells, up, up again over steep and precipitous hills, while upon either side, stretching away like great waves, were the blue mountains, and nearer, the rocky farms, divided by massive stone-walls, buried out of sight in many places by wild roses in full bloom. The daisies which fringed the roadway were bowing in the breeze, the sunlight gleamed upon the buckles of the harness, and rippled upon John's sorrel mane and forelock. The moisture still lay heavily upon the foliage, and as we dipped down a slope into a cool, shady nook, an overhanging branch whisked against the buggy-top, throwing in our faces a sparkling shower of dew. Harvesters, busy in the fields, greeted the doctor familiarly as we passed.

Presently a woman in a sun-bonnet hailed the doctor from the doorway of a cottage, where she evidently had been watching for him.

"I want you to stop, doctor, and pull Addie's tooth; she's had the toothache ever since you was by here last Friday." The doctor pulled up suddenly, cranked the wheel, handed the lines to me, drew off his gloves, and alighted. Pulling his chest from beneath the seat he selected a forceps, which he carried openly in his hand as he stepped quickly up the footpath. Addie was called out, and at the doctor's direction seated herself on the edge of the stoop, with her feet upon the ground. The mother stood with her hands upon her hips, looking calmly on, while the doctor took the patient's head between his knees, adjusted the instrument, and with a hasty wrench the offending tooth was out. "Not much time lost about that," said the doctor, as he shook the tooth from the forceps.

The woman followed him to the buggy, and asked if Mrs. Fineman would like a nice chicken; the doctor said he thought she would. "I'll bring her down a nice fat one the next time I go to the ridge. I'm a little short of money now." "All right," said the doctor, as we drove away. At the next house the butcher's cart was drawn up, its white canvas top with long hood extending backward to shield Joe Beach from the sun while cutting up his meat. A tidy little woman stood in a dainty attitude holding back her freshly starched print skirts, as if afraid of soiling them, as she bargained with the vender. She came forward with a hearty, "How de do, doctor—ah! a friend of doctor's," as she shook my hand with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. "That's a good recommend. Any friend of doctor's is a friend of ours. Like to have you come in, but don't s'pose it's any use to ask doctor; you can't never get him in unless you're sick. We did get him here once last winter to supper, after Jennie got well, and such a jolly time we had! we kep' him all the evenin' play'n' euchre. Jennie made the milk-punch, and she said she was going to give him as strong a dose as any he ever give her, but it didn't bother him any."

A soft flutter of feminine attire, accompanied in cooing tones by "*N-i-c-e o-l-d J-o-h-n*," called my attention to a delightful apparition. John stood with outstretched neck, his bony face clasped by girlish hands, and a dimpled cheek lay caressingly against the white blaze in his forehead, while blond ringlets strayed gracefully about. The mischievous and laughing eyes of an overgrown child of thirteen shot timid glances from ambush behind the straps and blinds of the headstall, decked by her on either side with wild daisies.

Meanwhile the doctor was visibly fidgeting under the woman's running fire of compliments. "Get away from my horse's head there, Jennie, or I shall run over you," he said, testily, as he raised his whip. "I can't sit here all day."

The doctor's frown burst into a laugh as Jennie sprang lightly from the road. Swish went the whip, the buggy gave a jerk and whirled quickly past her; while she, with the boldness engendered by the sudden flight of the enemy, threw a kiss in our direction.

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Farther on we passed a comfortable little farm-house. The doctor drew his head back into the shade of the buggy-top as if to hide, but without avail, for when we were opposite the house the window was raised and a voice called out:

"Ain't you comin' in to-day, doctor?"

"Can't stop to-day, Louis. You've got pills enough to last a few days yet. I'll call next time." A shade of disappointment overspread the shrunken face as we moved away. The doctor explained to me that the man was incurably ill with a malady beyond the reach of drugs, but hope still lingered that he would be a well man again. "I can do nothing for him, but he thinks I can, and insists upon my calling every time I pass, and I have to listen to his hopeful account of the good my pills are doing him—he does not know that they are made of bread."

I ventured to ask if this did not savor just a trifle of humbug.

"Of course it's humbug, but would you have me strip this poor man of his only pleasure and deprive him of hope? Day after day he looks for my visit, and dreams of the cure which he expects will follow."

We emerged from a beautiful bit of shady roadway into a little clearing in a mountain gorge, and found ourselves flanked on either side by a deserted house. "This spot," said the doctor, "was some fifty years and more ago, the scene of busy activities." A huge stone chimney, with a beautiful arched opening, came into view—a most picturesque ruin.

"There," said the doctor, "you see the remains of the old iron forge, the last relic of a dead industry. Before my time this glen was alive with men and mule-teams carting iron ore to be smelted here. Immense fires roared up through the throat of that old chimney, where now the swallows build their nests."

We turned in to the door-yard of a dilapidated house, which bore in its lines something of the grace of early colonial architecture, and still held, in spite of its desolation and neglect, a flavor of old-time dignity. George Kimball stood in the doorway waiting to inquire about a sick friend over in Cannisteer; tall, lank, with heavy black mustache, eyes like an eagle, and with slouched hat pushed back from his forehead, he looked the hardy woodsman that he was; and in spite of the roughness of his dress his face was alight with good-nature and intelligence. I asked him how he managed to get a living up in that wilderness. "Oh," said he, "where a man is born and brung up in a place he can knock a livin' out of 'most anything."

After agreeing upon a signal to be used on his return, the doctor left me to enjoy a happy hour clambering over the rocks down by the mad stream, and gazing up at milky-white cascades, as undisturbed and lonely as if in the heart of the White Mountains, while, in reality, only a little more than two hours' travel from New York. Just above the ruin of the forge is a silvery fall, surrounded by massive rocks which have been worn by the action of the water into the semblance of gigantic human skulls. Curving over in its rapid descent it flashes in the sun, then plunges with a crash into the "dark hole," eighty feet below, where it turns around in the eddy, then rushes gleefully on, laughing at the crumbling remains of oak and hickory logs, the remnants of a dam which was able to restrain its resistless energy for a brief time only.

When we entered the house, on our return, the doctor examined the slate in the front hall to see if there were any calls. With a happy expression, he said: "Not much sickness now; we have to give them a rest once in a while." After dinner, the doctor lighted his pipe and sat himself comfortably in his easy-chair to look over the papers and medical journals which lay on the sitting-room table. He was just calmly settled when the pestering bell rang. The interview that followed was a very short one, and the doctor came back slamming the door in high dudgeon.

"*There* is a man whose family I have attended ever since he came to this town, some ten years, going to them at all hours of day and night, and furnishing medicines, as we country doctors have to do, and I can't get a *cent* out of him, though he is *well able* to pay. Where a

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man *can't* pay, I am never hard on him. I have poor men here who come around once in a while and offer to do a day's work on the farm, or bring a little produce—butter, eggs, honey, or something of the sort—and in that way show a disposition to meet their obligations, and so long as a man does the best he can, that is all I ask. But this scalawag probably has the money in his pocket *now*. I'll let them all die before I go into his house again! I've told him that lots of times, and it don't do any good; but I must draw the line somewhere."

In the meantime he was bustling about the room, and going to the little medicine-closet to replenish phials from his case. Then picking up his hat and gloves he walked quickly out, with the remark: "But it's the children this time. It isn't their fault, and I can't let them suffer if I can help it."

As the doctor drove away, I strolled with my sketch-box to the meadow, and on my return passed neighbor Cobb, seated under "his own vine and fig-tree," reading the newspaper. "Wall," said he, looking keenly at me, "didn't I see you with doctor this mornin'? You peddlin' pills with him? What have you been lookin' at so much down in my medder? Makin' a sketch of the willers and the reflections in the brook—eh? Comin' around, by'm by, with a map of my farm to sell, I s'pose. Wall, if I'd only knowed you's comin' I'd a had them willers cut down and the medder all cleaned up for ye."

Of course I protested against the cutting of the willows.

"Oh, yes, I must cut them willers. I can't have no medder o' mine all cluttered up like that."

After tea came the evening rest upon the piazza. The doctor, tilted back in his comfortable arm-chair, enjoyed his pipe, and as he sent curling rings of smoke upward, he remarked: "I like a cigar when I am riding, but when I get home and can take a good smoke, I like a pipe, and good strong tobacco, too—the strongest I can get. How pleasant Saturday night must be for a hard-working farmer. It's a hard life, this toiling all day in the harvest-field, and they get very poorly paid for it." In his sympathy for his neighbors, the good doctor forgot that in all the forty years that he has practised among them he had not one hour that he could call his own.

Uncle Amos came along and seated himself somewhat timidly upon the porch. He had a troubled look, which he vainly tried to conceal. I imagined that he wanted the doctor's sympathy and advice on some subject entirely apart from the province of medicine, and discreetly walked away. As I passed the little church the sexton was brooming the walk in preparation for the Sabbath. The valley below rested in a calm, cool shadow, broken only here and there by glints of light reflected from the glassy surface of the little Pequannock River, which, in its sinuous course through the meadow, appeared and disappeared. Over across the meadow, on the other side of the river, Will Maver was cradling rye. It was late, but he kept at his task; the windrows faded out of sight in the gloom and distance—the mower's white shirt only was visible by the time his work was done. He gave a merry shout as the last stroke was delivered, and went singing homeward.

As I retraced my steps and came near the house I saw a horse and wagon in front of the door, and a group of men lifting a comrade, who was apparently helpless, from the vehicle. There was much suppressed excitement in the little knot of men—the doctor was in the midst—grave and calm. All eyes were centred upon the young man, who was being carried tenderly to a seat upon the piazza. He was a handsome, muscular young farmer, his face was livid, and to the doctor's words of encouragement his only answer was, "I know I shall die." The young man had been entertaining some friends at his farm-house, back on the mountain, and to rest his tired feet after the labor of the day had put on a pair of low slippers, and as his friends started to go, he, with his little daughter, walked a few rods across lots with them, and stood saying their adieus, when he saw gliding through the grass, directly toward his little Ethel, one of the dreaded and deadly pilot-

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snakes. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped upon the reptile, aiming at its head; but not calculating correctly the speed of the serpent he missed the head, and as his foot fell some inches beyond, upon the body, the snake threw its head backward, burying both fangs deep in the flesh on top of the foot. The puncture of the flesh was accompanied by a sharp, stinging sensation, and he felt that he had received his death-wound; but the natural desire to "bruise the serpent's head" overcame every other consideration, and, lifting a stone, he crushed his enemy. His friends realized his danger, and after giving him immense draughts of whiskey they took him in the wagon to the doctor. The only accredited rival the doctor has in this region is old Pete Foss, the snake-bite doctor. He is a blacksmith, in a little hamlet called Fossville, about three miles distant. His father's kindness to an Indian, many years ago, was rewarded with the secret of an unfailing remedy for poisonous snake-bites, and on the death-bed of the father this secret had been intrusted to the son, with the earnest injunction to keep it inviolate, as, if known to another, its virtue would depart. The country people thereabout put implicit faith and confidence in the snake-bite doctor. My host, the *regular* practitioner, knew that if any patient of his should die of snake-bite he would never be forgiven for not sending for Pete Foss, and immediately advised that he be called. When he came it was evident, from his consequential manner, that he felt the importance of his secret. He immediately bound a white-oak with tightly about the young man's knee, saying that the swelling would never go above it, but it was of great importance that the ligature should be of *white oak*. He did not approve of the whiskey treatment that had preceded, but applied his ointment to the wounds, and assured the patient that if the white-oak with was allowed to remain, and the ointment used as directed, he would come out all right, and the young man was taken home. During the night the doctor was sent for in haste, and the young man was reported dying. He found the leg below the knee terribly swollen, and immediately cut the white-oak with, which allowed the swelling to spread upward, and the young man recovered, the honor of the cure being shared between the snake-bite doctor and the regular practitioner, with the former, as usual, decidedly in the lead.

Sunday is a busy day for the doctor. A good many people put off being sick till Sunday, especially in haying-time, and the calls began to come in early. So the narrow buggy went down the road, and did not return till late. Sunday-school was in session, and the children sang:

> "Day of all the week the best,
> Emblem of eternal rest."

A group of young women in white came out into the little burying-ground, and through my open window I could hear gossip and laughter, as they picked their way among the gleaming white headstones. Then a party of ladies dressed in deep mourning appeared. Standing apart was a young couple chatting in a sheepish way. A small girl, with curiosity abnormally developed, pretended to read the inscription on a tombstone near by, while she absorbed the conversation. The cabinet organ was played again, and the children, with the older people in the church, sang, "He will carry you through." The voice of good Dominie Thompson rolled out in stirring tones as he sought Divine guidance and blessing for the beloved children of his flock.

As I bade my friend good-by on the morrow I invited him to try and arrange to visit me for a few days during the winter, when I hoped to entertain him in the city, urging that it would be a change which, in duty to himself, he ought to take. Whether my invitation held any allurement for him thus briefly to leave his patients I do not know, but he answered: "Old boy, that would *never* do; (*sotto voce*) they'd all get well."

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JERRY.

PART SECOND (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER XIII.

"O we live, O we live—
And this life we would survive
Is a gloomy thing and brief,
Which, consummated in grief,
Leaveth ashes for all gain:
Is it not *all* in vain?"

HOW strangely the way had been opened!

Jerry could not account for it; could not understand Joe's action in the matter. Since the beginning of his enterprise he had been wearying himself over the problem of how to get an engineer and assayer, and have the mine opened before the railway and the general rush of immigrants should come.

The new "finds" which had been made had been sufficient to give work to those who had come already; who had toiled down the long stretch of plain that lay between the rival towns and the place where the railway was crossing the mountains; they had drifted slowly down with the circulars of the Durden's Commune in their hands, and had passed Eureka by!

Durden's had smiled over this; and Jerry had gotten a post-office list and mailed his circulars to every postmaster in the East; and looking back he had laughed at the demoralization caused by the first notice he had had of emigrants coming to him. Now he saw the advantage to be reaped from his notoriety, and put aside his fears. Only he must be prepared: the mine must be opened; the railway must be extended to Durden's, and timber and tools must be ready for the building of houses. And how was all this to be accomplished?

He had grown thin and worn thinking it over by day and by night, and seeing no solution. Suddenly, the way had opened before him plain and straight, with not one difficulty to perplex him.

It was yet three months to the day on which the railway had promised to reach Eureka; and though railway promises were seldom kept, yet even four months, if they took so long, was a short time. Still, going immediately, he might accomplish all his work and get back in time to meet the incoming tide of people. Another thing that he had worked for and had gained was the defection of one of the doctor's imported land-surveyors, a young fellow named Greg, whom Jerry had discovered to be the son of one of the Eureka syndicate. After identifying Greg, Jerry worked hard for him, and at last won him from Eureka to Durden's by the fair method of showing him the new "finds," and by allowing him to look over the Durden's land that lay up the long, dark gorge.

So Greg had come over; had bought a lot, and had built a little house for himself; telling the doctor that as he had come to seek his fortune, he must go where he saw the best opportunity of making it.

This was a serious blow to Eureka,

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and more of the inhabitants sold their little lots and brought their houses over to Durden's.

And now Greg was the very man Jerry needed; he could vouch for the promise of Durden's, and for Jerry's honesty of purpose and success. Greg was the very man!

Already he had written a letter to a leading paper in the East, telling them the truth about Jerry and Durden's. Telling how that Jerry had been driven into the position he had taken; telling of his honest aversion to the land speculation; telling of the wonderful success of the little colony he had undertaken to care for and protect—the little colony that had left Eureka because it had felt itself wronged.

Greg was young himself, scarcely so old as Jerry; and all his youthful enthusiasm had gone out to Jerry when he heard from Jerry's lips the story of Jerry's venture. It was after he had agreed to buy land in Durden's that this history was told him, for Jerry would not, however much he needed Greg, win him on any but practical grounds.

But now Greg was heart and soul a "Durdenite," and wrote his letters with all the fervor of a new adherent.

Jerry was a hero; Jerry was a genius; Jerry was quixotically honest and strong. And the greedy-pocketed old men of the Eureka syndicate looked in each other's eyes with solemn doubt as they read the ardent letter. Could it be that they had made a mistake—and been deceived?

And a communication of serious import began its journey out to the doctor.

And now when the way seemed so clear for Jerry to go East, Greg rose to still greater importance. He could give Jerry letters to his father, who was president of the railway, and so could secure him a hearing in the Board; also he could introduce him and his enterprise to numbers of fabulously rich men.

Durden's was enthusiastic, and Greg was elected to the town committee immediately, and was appointed also one of three commissioners who were to regulate things during Jerry's absence. Dan Burk, Dave Morris, and Greg were the three; and Jerry felt sincerely thankful that Greg was there, for could he have trusted either of the others? But to Jerry, Joe's action was a mystery still, for immediately on Burk's making the suggestion that Jerry should go East, Joe had volunteered the money.

"What little I'se got is agoin' to be yourn, Jerry," he said, "an' youuns mise well tuck it now if youuns wants it."

The old man was smoking in his regular place near the fire, and did not turn his face toward the two who were talking near the table.

Dan came to the fire quickly.

"What's that, pard?" he asked.

"I say as I'se got the money fur Jerry to go," Joe answered slowly, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking up into Dan's face. "I ain't got much," he went on, looking into Dan's eyes steadily, as if defying some accusation he saw there, "but it's all to be Jerry's when I'se gone, an' he kin hev it now if he hes a min' to it; thet's what I says?"

Jerry sat quite still, suffering more acutely than ever before in his life. His conduct seemed to blacken to the darkness of sin as he listened to Joe's words. He had thought himself so true, and Joe so false; himself so magnanimous, and Joe so avaricious as to hold back a whole community for his own gain when he refused to give the name of the owner of the mine.

And now; now after he had cut the old man off from all interest or knowledge of his plans or hopes;—after this he had come forward and had given all his hardly won savings that the venture might not fail and that Jerry's fortunes might be secured.

What could Jerry say?

He sat still with one hand shading his eyes from the light: and Dan Burk, standing silent by the fire, looked anxiously from one to the other. There was a long silence while Jerry repented and Joe smoked; then Jerry rose and stood behind Joe's chair.

"I thank you very much, Joe," he said, and the two practical minds, listening, wondered why his voice trembled so, "and if ever the Community succeeds," he went on, "they will have you to thank."

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"Orl right," and Joe moved his pipe to the other side of his mouth.

Even Dan was embarrassed in the silence that followed Joe's words, and shuffled his feet uneasily for a moment, until Jerry suggested that he should call a meeting of the town committee for the next morning in order that these plans should be laid before them.

"An' say thet he pays hisn's own way," Joe put in; "an' don't name Joe Gilliam's title, 'cause Durden's ain't nothin' to me, an' I ain't nothin' to Durden's."

"All right, pard," Dan answered, "an' the day after thet, Mr. Wilkerson, you kin start;" then more slowly, "an' you kin have my nag to ride to the pass." Then Dan said good-night and went away, and Joe and Jerry were left alone together.

It was a painful moment to the young man: he could not change the fact that Joe had told a lie about the ownership of the mine; he could not blame himself for not ignoring or not condoning the falsehood, and without implying some such action what would he say?

"An' if youuns'll stay thar awhile, an' spen' orl the money I'll gie youuns," Joe said, breaking the silence so suddenly and unexpectedly that Jerry started, "an' spen' it on seein' orl that is to be sawn; an' on gittin' orl the books an' good cloze like Paul; if youuns'll do as I say 'bout this, I'll show youuns' engynar orl thar is in Durden's Mine; an' I'll do it, sure."

Jerry listened with a growing wonder in his mind; what could be Joe's motive? But he promised, and at the meeting next day made a speech in which he announced his plans with such clearness and precision, and showed such a firm conviction of their success, that Mr. Titcomb, the editor of the *Eureka Star*, who had been invited to attend the meeting, rose and declared his intention of moving his whole business to Durden's if the committee would permit; and of changing the name of his paper from the *Eureka Star* to the *Durden's Banner!* And the permission being given instantly, the meeting broke up with cheers and a general congratulating of all parties.

The news was all through both towns before the sun set; the news that Mr. Wilkerson was going East with letters to Mr. Greg's father; that he was to ask for an extension of the railway to Durden's, and to bring back an engineer to reopen Durden's Mine. Further, that the *Star*, the pride and glory of Eureka, was going to desert them for Durden's, and be called the *Durden's Banner!*

Even the doctor looked grave when this news reached him, but he said no word. Large sums had been spent in buying the land about Eureka, and in laying it out; large sums had been spent in extending the Eureka Mine—in improving the machinery and in raising the wages of miners; and larger sums still in bringing lumber from long distances that the emigrants might have it for building.

And now must all this fail—could it fail? Was it possible that he was to be thwarted by Jerry's venture, that at first had seemed so small and so wild as to be ridiculous?

At first he had watched with some amusement what he thought to be the vagaries of a very young man's course; withdrawing all counsel and sympathy that the course might be untrammelled. Later, he watched with interest, and a growing appreciation of Jerry's power over men; but now there was some wonder, and a little anxiety mixed with his opinion of his protégé. Would the little waif he had trained and educated succeed at his expense, and at Paul's?

He rose from his chair and marched up and down the room as in the old days when Jerry came to learn his letters.

Strange results had come from that long day's watch up on the mountainside, when he had waited to save the boy's life; strange results, with stranger things yet to come; and the doctor felt a growing irritation within him, and a determination not to be conquered. He must go East and fight the battle there.

But Eureka was almost discouraged.

The land-agents had bought in at very high prices all the lots the departing inhabitants would sell; had built houses, and fences, and laid out garden plots and small fields; had improved the one street, and re-established a shop

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on a more decent footing than Dave Morris's shop had ever occupied; finally, had white-washed the whole town until it shone and gleamed far across the plain. All this was very well: and all about Eureka's outskirts was the doctor's vast tract, staked off in streets and lots that were all neatly numbered with white numbers on little black boards, giving it the appearance of a Government graveyard. But in spite of all these advantages Eureka was standing still. The land-agents, shaken in their belief of her future success, watched with great anxiety the few scattered emigrants coming up the plain from where, to the south of them, the railway was crossing the mountains; watched them solicitously; even went out to meet them, but only to find the Durden's circular in their hands, and a Durden's man guiding them on to the daring little town.

When Greg left Eureka there was a general failing in spirits; but when the news came of the defection of the *Star*, their hopes followed their spirits, and the people began one by one to go to the doctor, where he lived in the midst of Durden's prosperity, to ask his opinion.

"Things look dark," he answered them gravely, "but I think I can right them by going East; and I shall go as soon as I can put things in a condition to be left."

And Paul, fuming and fretting, cursing his fate and Jerry's impudence, grew thin, and white, and worn with hatred. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been thwarted except in the doctor's training; the first time that he had been unable to dictate terms save in that one never-to-be-forgotten battle when he and Jerry met, and Jerry conquered. Was this greater battle of later life to have this same termination?

It should not, if he died in the struggle! And one of them would have to die, for it was a struggle that could end only with life.

Meanwhile, he declared that he could not live in Durden's without the doctor, and during his absence would go over to Eureka and stay with Engineer Mills.

So the old place was shut up for the first time in more than twenty years; for it was as long ago as that that an unknown man had ridden into the town, and bought old Durden's house, paying cash for it; a fact that had raised him to a great height in the estimation of the people, and also had put hope in their desponding hearts: for the mine was closed, and they were out of work, and without a leading spirit among them.

For more than twenty years the doctor had lived there, lost to his former life and friends; lost to all the world save the little circle about him. And now he was going back to his old haunts, to look in eyes that would scarcely know him; to clasp hands whose touch he had almost forgotten; to hear voices whose tones would bring back to him times and things he had striven through all these years to bury!

After he had given his word that he would go he walked the library back and forth the live night long—back and forth—back and forth: and open on the table the picture of the fair face Jerry had seen. The face he loved to look on—the face that had wrecked his life—but not the face that haunted him. The face that haunted him was the face of one whom he had deserted—whose sad eyes had looked at him last from behind convent bars.

And now he was going back, he would see her again, the woman he had loved to his ruin—he would hear her voice—would touch her hands—once more would have to say farewell and come away—once more would have to fight to the death the remorse and the longing that had darkened all his days!

Would the battle be as hard—would it hurt him now as it had done once?

Still, he must go.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? . . .
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

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Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave . . .
Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench."

It was a bewildering scene that lay spread before Jerry's eyes; and nothing that he had ever read or imagined had prepared him for it.

He had seen many strange things since he had left Durden's in the early dawn of a cloudy day, with a valise borrowed from Greg strapped on behind his saddle, and all the gold Joe had given him converted into a check on Greg's father. It was safer than to travel with so much loose gold, Greg said.

"An' jest youuns tell youuns' par, Mr. Greg, to gie Jerry jest as much money as he hes a min' to spen'," Joe had said, when at last he had been brought to trust the check, "an' what he gies Jerry over thar I'll gie youuns over har ; 'cause Jerry's my boy, jest like youuns is hisn."

And Greg had promised, while Jerry protested, until Joe came near enough to whisper :

"If youuns don't spen' the money, I ain't agoin' to show no way to the mine ; and don't youuns furgit it."

So Jerry said no more, and Greg added a postscript to his letter of introduction, saying that Jerry was to have unlimited credit, himself standing security for the money.

More than this, Greg had written to his father to take Jerry to his own house during his stay in the city. The letters had gone the day before, immediately after the meeting of the committee ; and also a telegram to Greg's brother to meet Jerry on his arrival.

So Jerry had started on his journey with a feeling that he would meet friends at the other end ; but even with this assurance he had many more doubts and difficulties in his mind than he had had long ago, when he set forth, a poor, friendless, half-starved little creature, on the one journey of his life.

The first car he travelled in from the Pass to the first station on the other side, where the regular trains came in, was a battered box-car that seemed strangely like an old friend ; and if only it had been full of loose hay he would have imagined himself back in his old trousers and ragged shirt, with his little bundle under his arm. Poor little wretch !

At the end of the journey, when he was transferred to a ferry-boat, and felt the shiver and the thud of the engine—heard the clang of the bell, and watched the water slipping by—he remembered, with a pity that was pain, the deadly terror of the friendless child. And how wonderful his escapes had been !—surely he had been spared for something.

Then in the rush on the docks he had seen a face so like Greg's that he felt as if a piece of Durden's had reached this great centre of life before him.

He was sure it was Greg's brother, and introducing himself was warmly welcomed, and then stowed away in a carriage that seemed to run on velvet wheels.

"Of course you know you are to stay with us," the young man said ; "my father and mother are very anxious to meet you, and to hear about Charlie ; indeed, my mother wanted to come down after you herself."

"Your mother !" Jerry repeated, "how very kind !" Then he fell to wondering how a civilized mother and children behaved to each other.

It all had been very strange to him ; the grand house that seemed so deadly still after the din of the street ; the stately woman with kind brown eyes like her boy's, and soft gray hair, who came forward to meet him with both hands held out in welcome ; and soft lace and ribbons and silk floating about her almost like a cloud.

Then afterward the tailor had been a strange experience ; and his new clothes a still stranger one ; and he laughed as he looked at himself, and wondered if Joe would know him.

It had been stranger than any fiction he had ever read ; but this sight that stretched before his eyes now was the strangest of all !

The glittering horseshoe of lights and brilliant colors ; the soft rustle of silken garments ; the shimmer of jewels ; the delicate faces that seemed to beam

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and smile from every side, and that all seemed beautiful; the graceful courtesy of the men, who bowed or rose or sat as some fair woman willed; it was marvellous to him!

And this was what education and civilization did for the human race; this was what gold wrought?

He sat silent and observant; watching from his place in a silken-lined box, with a jewelled fan in his hand, that he had been taught laughingly by the fair girl at his side to wave gracefully; watching while his heart sank within him, as he wondered how his daily life would seem when this dream was ended. Ended, and he had gone back to live with those creatures among whom he had grown up: those creatures who yet were men and women with the same hearts, and souls, and humanity as these people; those dirty drunkards and bedraggled drudges out in Durden's and Eureka were free and equal; had rights and votes; had everything except money!

No wonder the world worshipped money; no wonder there was magic in the gleam of gold; no wonder men toiled and slaved for it. What were life worth lived as those poor creatures lived it out where he had come from? Who would not rather die striving for the glittering power, than sink to such degradation? He had read and thought about life as he was living it now; he had watched the doctor and Paul, and the differences between them and the people about them; and now he was among people who were as they were—people with soft voices and gentle ways: and he longed with a bitter longing to have been born one of them.

"Honest toil," and "self-made men," and all the other cries built up to comfort those who could not do better, rang very false in his ears. Good things and to be commended, of course; and he hated himself and cursed his low blood that must be the cause of these weak longings.

Yet he knew that many of those about him were newly risen to this grade of life; that to them he looked as they did; and, successful, he would command, to all appearances, a station equal to theirs: this was all true—and yet?

He watched Mrs. Greg as she sat, an exquisitely finished picture of what a woman should be; if he had had such a mother!

The thought died in its birth—his mother? His face burned; no love could have been truer than hers—none could do more than she had done for the one she loved—she had died for him.

Suddenly the lights about him were darkened; the hum of voices was hushed, and from some unseen place he heard the sweetest sounds that ever had come to his ears. The cries of the wild creatures that he used to hear in the white winter nights when the snow lay all over the dead land; the wail of the wind as it swept up and down the gorges, whispering humanly among the black pines; the blackness of the mine and the water that dropped forever; and the stream that fell from the far sun-lightened heights into the blackness of the gorge, its voice was there too, and its white hands thrown up in despair! He heard it all in the music that stole about him; rising, sweeping over the silent host of people; falling, sighing down to a far-off whisper.

And all his longings were there; and all his fears and hopes; and all the tumult of his soul seemed to thicken and darken, until he longed to hold up his hands like the falling stream, and cry aloud! What was it that made him find in that music a tone that told all the loneliness of his life; all the pathetic pain, and hunger, and fear of his childhood; the love of his mother, and her wild cry as she caught him from his death; the wistful look he remembered in her eyes; it was all there in that music played for the rich, and the happy, and the beautiful; and what right had he to find his poor ragged life there?

Slowly the beautiful picture that hung before him rolled silently away; the music faded from about him; and the people on the stage began a mimic representation of life. It was well put on the stage, the critics said, and all the parts were well sustained. Jerry could not tell; but he heard every word, and to him it was all real; real joy, real sorrow, and at the end real failure and despair. He lived through it all, and when

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the curtain rolled down again, he was sorry that the people about him spoke to him.

"We will wait for the farce," they said, "the play was too sad to finish the evening with." So they waited, and the music floated about them once more.

Something drew his eyes — caused him to look up—he never knew what the power was; but opposite him, looking down on him, was a face that surely he knew; a face that was neither old nor young; but it held his eyes.

How was it he knew it so well? how was it that, like the music, it mingled with all his memories, so that it seemed a part of them?

"Who is she?" he asked of Miss Greg.

"I do not know," she answered. "We have lived here only a little while, and do not know many people."

Through all the silly farce, that only provoked him, he watched the face that haunted him so strangely, and mixed itself in with his past. He had no eyes for the girl who sat with this almost phantom woman; he had no eyes for anything but the exquisitely sad eyes that now and then looked at him so earnestly.

Who was she?—how and where had he ever seen her? And while he puzzled the evening wore away, and they drove home through the glittering streets to an entertainment given in his honor.

"You are a lion, Mr. Wilkerson," Mrs. Greg said, kindly, "so many have read of you in connection with the gold fever in Eureka, and with the new railway; and since you have founded a rival town and mine, the interest in you has doubled."

"And Paul Henley, do you know him?" Jerry asked, while his heart beat a little faster for her words. She shook her head.

"Only through my son's letters," she answered, "and Charles does not seem very favorably impressed," she went on in a lower tone; "he says that Mr. Henley's temper was never very pleasant, but since your success he has been unbearable; because, I suppose, you have outwitted him and his guardian so entirely."

Then the people began to arrive, and Jerry was introduced to numbers of portly gentlemen and slim dandies—to anxious mammas and pretty daughters, and discovered that all he said was listened to with the most marked attention, so marked that almost it embarrassed him.

The older men plied him with questions as to what he had done, and what were his intentions for the future; but here his natural reticence helped him. What he had done he told frankly enough; what the plans for the future were, he told them, was not his secret.

But as the evening wore on Jerry found himself more and more the attraction. Bewilderingly the truth began to dawn on him that he was a success; that in the eyes of these people he was a rising man; that these men who had millions at their command looked on him with confidence, because in their estimation he had proved himself clever enough to outwit their trusted agent, and so undermine a plan that was supported by all these millions. Could all this be true?—had he done it, and how?

"And the railway, will I be granted an extension of that?" he asked.

Then they shook their heads and rubbed their fat chins, and said that this question was now before the Board; and they would give Mr. Wilkerson a hearing just as soon as their man should be on the ground to state the case for Eureka. And it would not be long now, as he had telegraphed that he would be with them shortly.

The doctor was coming!

Jerry passed his hand over his eyes as if to clear them.

At last they were to meet face to face, and tell their stories openly; at last he would hear an explanation from this man he loved so well; this man for whom he would so readily give his life!

Then the evening was over, and the people went away, and Mrs. Greg said an especially gentle, kind good-night to him.

"How proud your mother would have been!" she said, with her jewelled hand on his arm, and in her soft eyes bright tears of sympathy.

His mother.

And he looked into her face with a

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strange pain tugging at his heart; he had forgotten his mother, and this stranger remembered her.

"She is dead," he said, slowly, "dead long ago."

Dead long ago—poor, weary mother; poor, wornout drudge, that this fine lady would not have looked at—dead in his place!

And turning away he went to his room, while all the pride and triumph faded from him.

CHAPTER XV.

"Who calleth on thee, Heart? World's Strife,
With a golden heft to his knife;
World's Mirth, with a finger fine
That draws on a board in wine
Her blood-red plans of life;
World's Gain, with a brow knit down;
World's Fame, with a laurel crown,
Which rustles most as the leaves turn brown—
Heart, wilt thou go?"

Day after day passed for Jerry in sight-seeing; in dinners and lunches; suppers and operas; plays and drives. Each director of the railway entertained him, and many people besides who had children to place well in life. And Mr. Greg gave him careful instructions and advice as to the tone to take with each important person he met; and Jerry heeded with rare wisdom, and being possessed of much natural tact, was winning day by day more and more favor and influence.

In company he found himself remembering and copying the doctor in his ways and words, and Paul too; almost it seemed to him that he was a different person; he could not be the same Jerry who fed the pigs, and chopped the wood, and cooked Joe's supper. With money slipping like water through his fingers; going for all sorts of things of which he had not known until now, but that now seemed necessities; with each day brimful of change, and pleasure, and luxury—he wondered how he had lived the narrow life of the past; and he wondered how much money Joe had.

For now, at any cost, he must have money. The thought had grown into a desire; the desire had spread into a longing—a longing that pervaded every moment of his life. A thirst he had called it once, when speaking to the half-starved creatures in Eureka. Hard words for those poor wretches who had no greater longing for gold than these grand people. And now, as if in judgment, the thirst for gold was on him; the fatal plague-spot had appeared, and had spread until to him success meant life—failure meant death!

And so many chances against him still. At last one day they said that the doctor had come. Two weeks, that had seemed like two years, had passed by him in this new life; and now came the climax—and Jerry wondered as to the results.

He had never lived before: he knew this now when he felt the fever in his blood that made him long to face and conquer the world! He longed for the hearing that would be given him before the Board; he longed to tell his story, and watch that grave, severe face, whose calm he had never seen broken.

Long ago he had been chilled by this calm, and had learned to keep his dreams in the quiet of his own heart.

"You are a dreamer, Jerry," the doctor had once said, "and dreamers are never practical."

Now he would have a chance to prove himself; now the doctor would find that he had made standing-room for himself among these worldly men, who were nothing if not practical money-gatherers.

More practical in their winning and hoarding than poor old Joe was, who toiled day by day in the bowels of the earth; closer in their transactions than stingy Burk; more anxious about their gains than besotted Morris! Yes, even among these he had made himself a success; and the doctor would see it, and feel it, and hear it on all hands. It was worth ten years of life, this success that was as much social as it was financial.

The music was more beautiful, if that were possible, than it had been since the first evening he heard it: and the scene, though more familiar, was equally bright. Jerry leaned against the side of the box, with a gay party all around him, who were impatient that the play should be over and leave them free for the ball that was to follow.

But to Jerry the music came as of old it came to Saul; and he listened thankfully, while the burning spirit within him was laid to rest. Yet the music

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seemed in some sort to take its keynote from the thoughts that held him; seemed to vibrate and quiver with the struggle that would fill the next day. For on the following day he was to plead his cause—to stand or fall before the man for whose commendation he would have done anything. Would he be able to rouse him; once to shake him from that calm; once to make him break his self-control?

He looked up to the box opposite, where he had always looked for the face he had not seen since the first night, but that nevertheless had haunted him; he looked up now—

Now, and almost a story was told him—almost a mystery was revealed. She was there, looking up into the doctor's eyes.

Jerry drew a long breath; he knew now where he had seen her face; he remembered even the shape of the case, and the red of the morocco; he remembered the trick of the little catch, and the face that had met his eyes.

"There is your friend up there with Henley's mother," Mr. Greg said, bending over Jerry; "it was strange her husband should give away his boy Paul, give him away so that his own mother should never see him again;" then Mr. Greg turned away to answer some remark.

Paul's mother?

Jerry could not account for the involuntary shudder that had thrilled him at Mr. Greg's words. Why should he object to this woman being Paul's mother; why should he feel as if for her sake he must hate Paul? The fact of her being Paul's mother would account for the doctor's interest in Paul; for one glance as they stood together told Jerry that the doctor loved her. If so, why should not they finish their story now that she was free? And could it be this that had silenced the life of this man—that had driven him out from his place in the world? Just for the love of this woman who had meanwhile loved and married another? Jerry shook his head.

This could not be all; there was something deeper than this, something no mortal eye could see—some overwhelming sorrow to warp so strong a life.

And Jerry seemed to see the long, low house, without fence or garden, with the black mountains for a background, and the wide plains stretching shadowless in front. He could see the dim library; he could see the flickering of the fire-light, and hear the clanking of the doctor's spurs as he strode up and down. Which was real, that lonely home on the plain, or this life, that seemed to have caught the glamour from the "Golden Age?"

And this man, so perfectly dressed, standing with such easy grace, so at home amid all this richness, was this the real man, or was the reality the one he had known out yonder in his rough hunting-suit?

Which was the real man—which was the real life? And Jerry's mind wandered during the play; and the music mingled and wove its way through all his thoughts and questions.

But the next day would tell all; the next day, that would stand a mark forever in his life!

And a cold, dreary day it was, with the rain falling down persistently on the drenched world. Trickling in little streams from the omnibus drivers' hats, and from their thin horses; falling mercilessly on the poor scraps of humanity hunting greedily in the garbage barrels; making hasty little runlets around the corners of the pavements; and seeming as if striving with its thousand little tones to drown the noises of humanity.

Jerry stood watching the passers-by—watching the omnibus men and horses—watching the drenched barrel-pickers. They were very pitiful, the blurred pictures he saw between the rain-drops that trickled slowly down the shining plate-glass windows. This was the wrong side of the gilded picture of city life, the wrong side of which he had read, but as yet had not seen. These figures were some of the poor creatures who were crowded out of life; who were pushed to the wall to die; who were looked on as surplus population that had no right in the world; who should never have been born, and for whom disease and starvation were the only remedies.

These were the people he had planned to help; these were the people for whom he wanted the land saved, the people no one cared for, who had no chance in life. Had he stood to his purpose?

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He moved his hand across his eyes slowly.

In all these weeks he had had but one thought—the success of his venture as a speculation; and now he was pledged almost to have no other thought.

Having accepted favors from these rich people, he was under bond, almost, to succeed; had promised almost that money should be made for them from Durden's. If the railway went there his plan would succeed; if the railway went there it would be to make money for these rich people.

As a looker-on how he would have despised such a state of things, how he would have launched all his power against such seeming injustice! Yet as an actor he was bound and held down, a slave to the money of these people, to the money that had become a necessity to him.

More and more gloomy his thoughts became as he stood in the rich, warm room, looking out on the falling rain that seemed to sing a requiem for the darker side of life.

. How would the day end—how would he stand to-morrow at this hour? It was in vain that he made an effort to arrange the words he would say—they slipped away from him hopelessly; he could trust only that when the time came his excitement would help him. But through all one thought haunted him—one thought that he was afraid would take all his strength away and leave him without a case—the thought that he had not been true to his earlier purpose. He had begun to work for the good of his own class; now he was working only for the success of his venture. Its success *might* mean the good of the people, but he knew that if it did not mean this, he would pursue the success just as eagerly. He had not been true.

So he brooded gloomily, looking out on the falling rain, and behind him the women near the fire conversed in their soft tones, and worked their useless embroideries.

He had no right as yet to such a place as this in the world; he had not been born to it, nor as yet had reached it through any work of his own. Joe and the doctor had brought him up and educated him through a pure sense of "mercy and loving-kindness;" he was now spending Joe's money, and by its power holding an undeserved position in society. He felt that he was an impostor, and the feeling had driven him into telling his story to these kind women. He had tried to tell it truly; he had tried not to soften any of the roughness, nor to lessen any of his obligations; and yet, when he finished, they gave him the gentlest sympathy; and Mrs. Greg's eyes had filled with tears over the poor little ragged waif!

"Think if my boys had suffered so," she said.

Was this a woman's natural way, Jerry wondered, to take the pathetic part of a life and spread it over all the sins and wickednesses; were women always so merciful? He did not know enough of women to draw any conclusion; but he felt sorry that he had said anything, it made him feel weak and pitiful, as if he had been complaining, or asking for sympathy. Among men it would have been different: how he had arrived at his present position, to whom he was indebted, would make no difference to men; all they would want to hear would be how he intended to make a success of his town. It would be no concern of theirs whose lives or teachings served as his steps to success; their only question would be, Is he successful, and how much advancement can we count on from this man's success? If he ruined the doctor in this struggle, if he took from old Joe the one occupation and joy of his life, it would be nothing to these men—nothing to the greedy crowd watching out in Durden's, following close on his heels with hungry eyes fixed on his every movement, ready with grasping hands to tear him down if he but seemed to fail them for a moment!

He looked out at an old, bent, ragged creature stirring in a refuse barrel; hooking out scraps of meat, mouldy bones, decayed vegetables; fishing in the dust-barrel of the Gregs; and Mrs. Greg's eyes were still wet with tears over the story of his life.

Suppose Joe had wept only?

He turned from the window and walked hurriedly down the room; he was becoming more and more vile every

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moment. How could he think of anything except the kindness of these people; and that if he failed he would have no better place in the world than the beggar he had been watching. Never! never while he had life and strength; never while he had a mind to conceive and guide would he yield one inch of this position he had stormed. He must lead—he would lead; he would have this money that made the world so beautiful to those who gained it; that left all bleak and cold to those who were worsted in the fray. And some must fall in this wild, grinding conflict; a man could take care only of himself; and with all their efforts some could not accomplish even this. This was the new lesson he had learned from the civilized and educated.

Then Fred came to tell him that the carriage was ready, and it was time to go; and Mrs. Greg insisted on his buttoning his overcoat more securely, and Isabel pinned a pansy in his button-hole. "You must succeed," she said, while Fred laughed at them for having any doubt.

"The old gentleman has had a fresh letter from Charlie," he said, by way of comfort, "and he intends reading it to the Board before Wilkerson begins his speech.

"Then I will not fail," Jerry answered, while a new light came into his eyes; his eyes that had never lost the wistful look that had won him so much in his life; "it will seem like a piece of the old life come to urge me on to better it and to help it up;" then he and Fred went away, and Isabel waved a farewell from the window.

CHAPTER XVI.

"'Be strong,
Take courage; now you're on our level—now!
The next step saves you!' I was flushed with praise,
But, pausing just a moment to draw breath,
I could not choose but murmur to myself
'Is this all? all that's done, and all that's gained?
If this then be success, 'tis dismaller
Than any failure.'"

It was a handsome room in which the Board met; richly furnished and warm, and with plenty of light and space. But this day it was a little crowded, for many of the stockholders were there to hear and vote on the road being extended to Durden's.

They were a little late, Fred and Jerry, and Mr. Greg, who was chairman, was impatient over the delay.

"Do not look anxious," Fred said, as they mounted the stairs, "else they will think it a personal matter."

Jerry started a little, the advice was so good, and mentally he thanked Fred for it. Aloud he said: "Our being late does not look like too great anxiety."

And truly, as he entered the great room, with a smile on his lips and a pansy in his button-hole, he did not look troubled. The doctor watched him curiously as he came in—tall, well-made, easy in his movements, meeting all with an air of quiet equality; being cordially welcomed by the great bankers and stockbrokers and railway men, and seeming to think nothing of it.

Could this be Jerry? His clothes fitting him perfectly; with even an air of distinction about him; and, stranger than all, come to meet him on equal ground—come to cross swords with him!

Things had changed marvellously.

Then their eyes met, and Jerry felt the hot color creep slowly up into his face as he remembered the day that now seemed so far away—the day when this man had shaken him off so coldly. But he had a clew to the secret now; he had found it the night before in that woman's face. She had absorbed the doctor's heart and life; and he, Jerry, was only a part of the missionary work he had done either to fill up his life or as atonement for something in his past.

This last was a new thought, and flashed like a stream of light on Jerry's mind; and he turned to look again on this man who puzzled him so. What was hidden in that life; hidden behind the inscrutable sadness of that grave, cold face?

A bow was all their greeting, and they took their seats the width of the room apart. Only a moment; then the meeting was called to order, and Mr. Greg rose to say that, before introducing his young friend Mr. Wilkerson, he

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wished to read a letter he had received that morning from his son, who being in Durden's could give the latest news.

Then he read a letter telling of the success of everything that had been touched; that the new lodes increased in richness as they went deeper; that even if the old mine were not reopened, and even if the road was refused them, it would pay to transport by wagon all that the town needed, and all that she would have to export. That it was an ascertained fact that much of the gold-dust purporting to come from the Eureka Mine had been gathered in Durden's Gorge and sold to Engineer Mills. Then the young man added: "Never shall I cease to thank Mr. Wilkerson for the opening he has given me, and for the way in which he showed me my best advantage. He used no persuasions, he asked me only to look for myself and decide on the truth of his representations. Now, I consider myself a rich man in owning the land I at present hold in Durden's Gorge."

There was a little murmur when Mr. Greg finished; and it was moved that Mr. Wilkerson should now state his case and his wants.

It was a tremulous, exciting moment for Jerry; he had never made a speech in his life save to the people in Eureka, and how would he do it? One moment he paused, and in that moment heard an inimical stockholder say in an aside:

"I suppose his talent lies in addressing mobs."

The blood sprang into Jerry's face as he laid aside his overcoat and mounted the platform where Mr. Greg sat. The aside had made him angry; they should not scoff at him; he would make his speech and carry his point.

He shook himself a little, as if his clothes were not quite in their usual place; then drawing himself up, he put his hands in his pockets and looked out quietly over his audience.

He knew nothing of the usual etiquette of bowing first to the chairman and then to his hearers; he knew nothing of beginning, "Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Board;" he knew nothing of gestures; he knew only that he had something to say, and must say it convincingly or fail; and that these people were willing that he should fail.

"I heard a gentleman say a moment ago," he began, and his voice rang clear and fresh, and a little angry, "that he supposed my talent lay in addressing mobs; it may, or it may not; but I can say truly that in all my life I never have made a speech save to what this quiet company would call a mob. I saw them called a mob in your newspapers, where I had the honor of being called their leader; and both about me and about them a great mistake was made. They were poor, and they were ignorant, if that constitutes a mob; and they were human creatures who had been wronged; and, rightly, this should have converted them into a mob," the color in his face deepening, and his eyes flashing as he looked over the upturned faces. "Those poor people had lived in that far-off, lonely region for more than twenty-five years; a region that had ceased to have even the excitement of being on the frontier or near an agency; had lived there on scanty wages, contented with the thought that if any good days ever came, they would have their share in them. The good days came, and they were pushed aside! They had been improvident, had been wasteful, had been ungrateful to one who had spent much money and time in helping them; and they deserved to be pushed aside?

"Perhaps, but remember that they were as ignorant as beasts — mentally and morally they were blind!

"Long before this issue I had determined to help them; determined, if such a thing were possible, to raise the whole class, because it is the class I spring from," and he looked straight across at the doctor, who was watching him intently. "So these people believed me, that I was their friend; believed I meant to work for them, and yet I had to abuse them roundly—had to knock one man down before I could make them see things as they should see them for their own good."—and a hearty "Good enough!" that sounded strangely like a Eureka comment, came from some one in the audience. "Maybe all this made them a mob," he went on, "but they are quiet enough now. They followed the advice given them,

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and held their lands in Eureka until the price offered was as high as it could be forced; they then sold, and bought the land held for them in Durden's Gorge; and they got it, good gold-land, for half the price which had been paid them for their lots in Eureka.

"We then elected a town committee, printed circulars which we sent to every post-office in the East, opened three new finds within a quarter of a mile of each other; and we stopped the sale of liquor.

"This is what we have done without capital; the money to buy the land and the old mine was advanced by a man who made it selling gold-dust to the Eureka Mine; he has been selling them gold-dust ever since the Eureka Mine was first opened," he paused a moment, arrested by the intent look on the doctor's face; "this man's name is Daniel Burk," he added, while the interest faded from the doctor's eyes. "For the future we need an engineer to open the old mine, which has been closed for all these years only because the people were superstitious. The original owner disappeared in the mine, and the people deserted it.

"If we can secure an engineer, I and others have pledged ourselves to go with him to the end of the tunnel in order to reassure the Durden's people; the new miners who come in will not heed the old story. But we need machinery, and a competent man to direct us. You have spent millions in sending your railway out to this gold region, and already you have made millions from the speculation: this is well, but it is better still to know that a little farther on there are as many more millions waiting for you: extend your railway to Durden's, and take stock in Durden's Mine.

"If you will not help us," and he paused a moment, "we can wait, and grow slowly; we can save money until we have enough to open the mine without outside help; then the tide of immigration will flow in on us, and we will succeed in spite of all odds, and dictate terms to Eureka and to you."

Now they applauded him, and he felt his heart rise up within him.

"For or against Eureka," he went on, "I have nothing to say; and most unintentionally was I led into making the towns rivals. I heard of the railway and I warned the people against the land-sharpers; I warned them, and explained to them that simply holding the land they had would bring them money in the end. I persuaded them that to buy land as speculation only, so depriving the poor, who were coming out to find room enough to live, of all hope of new homes, was a sin. Suddenly, enough land was secured to make a new town, and their little lots seemed valueless! It was hard, and I did not blame them that they turned on me. Then I had to seek something for them, and like a revelation it came to me to build up Durden's again — and I will do it," proudly, "for when failure means death — success will be fought for hardly! These people have put all they own in Durden's, and cannot hope to make another venture if this fails them.

"If you will help us, it will be the best investment you ever made. If you turn from us, we will be patient."

Then he sat down, amid a clapping of hands and words of commendation, and waited with a sick heart to hear what the doctor would say.

Would he undo him? Were there any points kept in abeyance that would pull down his whole venture? His speech had not been as good as the words he had said to the poor people out in Eureka; he was not as angry, he was not as earnest, he felt trammelled and bound; the people and the occasion seemed unreal, and the life about him was a sham! They had enough, these people; and should be compelled, not begged, to help those who needed. Something, surely, was very wrong with humanity!

"Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Board," the doctor began, standing in his place, "all that Mr. Wilkerson has said is true, perfectly true. But all that I have written you of the Eureka Mine is true also. That Engineer Mills has bought gold from outsiders is no wrong; and it was not to be expected that he should label each little lot. The land that was bought around Eureka is my private affair; and if it fails I shall be the only loser. As to extending the

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road to Durden's, I can see no objection to it; and as I have at heart also the greatest good of the greatest number, I hope it will be done. The work of Mr. Wilkerson needs no word from me; his plans have been well conceived, well executed, and surprisingly successful. You cannot lose anything by investing in Durden's Mine; nor will you lose anything that you have invested in Eureka.

"I have come here at the request of the land-agents who have invested in Eureka. They have been very much disheartened by Mr. Wilkerson's success.

"They have not capital enough to enable them to hold the land they have bought. If they sell at a loss it will injure the reputation of the town, and for a time the mining interests. I came to advise for their good, and for your good, that the company buy the lots the agents now hold, and hold them as private property. The two towns will be one eventually and their interests be merged into each other: one cannot grow without helping the other; and for the sake of the money which already you have invested in Eureka, I strongly advise that the land values be not allowed to decline.

"I have with me a map of the town and of the number of lots that will have to be bought in, also their values. I can vouch that no higher price has been put on the lots than the agents paid for them."

Then he sat down, amid a surprised silence.

Where was the expected struggle between these rival towns and leaders? Where was the great excitement that had possessed the company when they met? Where was Jerry's enthusiasm?

He sat quite still through it all; listened while the short, quiet sentences fell so coolly and calmly; felt that he had made a fool of himself, and discovered a slow, dull anger creeping through him.

The two towns to be made one; their interests to be identified; only that Durden's was allowed to grow first!

Where was the opposition? What could he do? Whom could he antagonize? And he had not injured Paul; but only a private venture of the doctor's, about which he knew as little now as at the very first.

No explanation had been made; no light had been thrown on anything, save on the one fact that his attack on the doctor had served only to strengthen Paul's fortunes; for, of course, it was more safe that the company should own the town of Eureka than that chance adventurers should hold the land. Of course the company would see that the town succeeded; and if they extended the railway to Durden's, and put their money in the Durden's Mine, there could be but the one issue for the whole matter—the towns would be made one, and their fortunes rise and fall together. And from the first the doctor had intended this—had foreseen it.

He longed to be alone; he longed to walk for miles and miles; maybe he so could still this throbbing anger that was increasing every moment; he wished that the people in front of him had been the poor Eureka mob that he might abuse them!

How had this thing happened; how had he been such a blind fool?

All about him there was a hubbub of voices; a group gathered about the doctor; a group about Mr. Greg, and close packed about himself Jerry found the mass of the company.

Congratulating him — shaking hands with him—telling him that his success had brought Eureka and the Directors to terms, and that now his fortune was secure.

So it was; and he talked and laughed and shook hands, and understood that his point was gained, although no official action had been taken as yet.

Then he and Fred found themselves outside in the pitiless rain that still fell; but a liveried servant held an umbrella over them, and the carriage waited with open door.

The ladies were enchanted, and at lunch Mr. Greg rubbed his fat white hands over the morning's work.

"And you can go to the ball to-night, my boy," he said, patting Jerry gently on the shoulder, "feeling yourself rich because of the land you own in Durden's."

Rich because of the land he owned!

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A new and dreadful realization came to Jerry—he owned no land. Durden's might make millions, and not one cent would come to him!

The room and all its beautiful furniture seemed to waver for a moment.

Dan Burk—Dave Morris—Charles Greg—indeed, every man in Durden's was secure in his possessions, secure in the protection of the Commune.

He only had been left out.

Blind to everything except the success of his venture and the triumph over Paul Henley and the doctor, he had forgotten himself until now—now when all the best land had been sold, and not one foot of it his.

And even if it were still there, he had no money to buy it with. He was spending money fast enough now, but it was Joe's money, which he had bargained to spend that the old man might be persuaded to show the safe way into the mine. Once back in Durden's he would not have a cent.

He dressed for the ball with a heavy heart. How could he rectify this mistake?

He was still more of a lion in the glittering assembly where he was taken at the end of the exhausting day; for besides the wit and wisdom he had made evident, it was said that he possessed acres of undug gold!

So, of course, he was courted and smiled on, and Isabel Greg was looked on as the young woman most likely to capture the prize. Even beautiful Edith Henley looked with interested eyes on this "ruffian" and "wretched ragamuffin" of her brother's letters. He was a success, and surely looked like a gentleman; and the next day she wrote Paul a letter that roused every evil passion of his nature—an innocent letter, save that it was full of Jerry's success and the doctor's compromise.

And under all these admiring eyes poor Jerry stood, longing for one moment's quiet where he could collect his thoughts, and look his situation in the face. To betray his position or his anxiety by word or look would be ruin; for after such an acknowledgment who would believe anything but that the whole scheme was a fraud. It was not usual for men so to leave themselves out of reckoning; and these people would not believe him.

Poor Jerry! he longed to be back in the wilds where a man could look as he felt, and where every man carried law and redress in his belt. There one was free, here one was bound by a thousand little fetters that galled at every turn.

At last his chance came; for a moment he stood alone, and in that moment he stepped, through a long window near which he stood, into a conservatory.

All about him beautiful flowers, and at great distances the dim lights—inside, the throb and swell of the music; outside, the stony street, the cold wind, and the rain falling ceaselessly.

He sat alone in a dark corner with his face down in his hands, trying to still the tumult within him—saying over and over to himself that he must be calm and strong, for now a great question lay before him.

"The land you own makes you a rich man"—these words had never left him, nor the knowledge that had come with them—the knowledge that he was as destitute now as when Joe had picked him up.

His head sank lower.

More destitute: then he had been conscious of cold and hunger only; now he was filled with knowledge, and knowledge revealed a thousand wants that served to make his poverty infinite—a thousand wants that all centred in money.

His thoughts paused for a moment, and a calm, clear light seemed to shine within him. Let all succeed; let the prosperity and the good he had instituted live and bloom about him—live and multiply a hundred-fold, yet not touch him save through the peace within his soul! Go back to his old ideal—realize his first high calling—show the world a man higher than these paltry ends of fortune!

Sink out of men's minds—go back to nothingness? And what would the world say—"A wild dreamer—a fool!" Suddenly he lifted his head, for voices approached him, and one voice was so familiar.

"Things have not changed, Judith," the voice said, "and you are as far from

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me now as then; for the wrong I did lives still, even if within convent walls; she lives and I am not free"—and a little way in front of him Jerry saw the doctor standing, holding in his hands the hands of the woman whose face had so haunted him.

"I am not free," the deep voice went on, "and my life is now too near its close for me to hope for freedom, even if that hope were righteous."

"And must your whole life be one great sacrifice, Paul?" and the voice was so low and sweet that Jerry listened to it as he had done to the first music he had heard, "one long self-annihilation?"

"One great expiation, rather, even as hers has been," and the doctor put the two hands he held together, folding his own about them; "and I must say good-by, dear, and this good-by will mean forever!"

Then they passed on; and the dim lights made broken shadows; and the flowers cast out their sweetness recklessly; and the distant music rose and fell for the glittering throng to dance to!

Good-by forever!

The young heart listened with a dim sense of the infinite sadness that lived in the words; and in the music that was meant to be gay—in that pulsing, throbbing waltz with a minor cry through all its chords!

This practical, money-getting, soul-crushing age—is this the music it dances to?—this proud, hard Nineteenth Century that vaunts itself that it neither fears nor loves—that glories in tearing the veil from the "Holy of Holies" that the mob might be as free to touch and see as the "anointed of the Lord;" that analyzes every throb of brain and heart; that laughs faith and hope to scorn, holding only certainty; that shuts charity into hospital wards; that teaches the "survival of the fittest;" that tests prayer and crowds down the weak and the poor to death and annihilation; hailing "labor-saving" inventions with a shout of triumph, and trusting to disease and death to clear the overcrowded garrets and cellars!

Clamoring and battling for gold, and legislating on the crowded prisons and lunatic asylums—this great "Iron Age" that has no heart save the thud of machinery—is this the music it dances to?

Do the eliminated foolish heart and soul find their refuge here? Sobbing through all the songs and dances—crying out to the throb of beating feet!

Do we hear the heart of the Nineteenth Century pulsing in its music—the saddest music the world has ever heard?

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, Soul!
To stand there all alone
And without hope!
To watch the years come one by one,
Sad faces from the old days gone—
Eyes full of memories pale and wan—
And hands that grope
About thy weary heartstrings, without hope!
Waking old chords, and long-hushed cries,
And loving tones—
And warning words, and patient sighs,
And pleading prayers from long dead eyes,
And trampled hopes, and broken ties,
And sins and joys that restless rise
With smothered groan—
And tears that weigh like lead! Ay, writhe, thou Soul!"

The excitement was all over now, and the reaction was a most painful thing to Jerry.

The day before had been one bewildering whirl of astonishing events: the success of his appeal; the revelation of the condition of Eureka; the realization of his own position; and at the ball the little scene that had passed before him like a dream.

There was a weariness over his body and a dull pain in his head when the daylight stole through the window, finding him still awake; turning over and over in his mind the chances for his future.

All was accomplished now that he had come to arrange: a company had been formed called "The Durden's Mining Company," the railway was to be extended, and a mining engineer and assayer to be sent out.

All this had been decided the day before, and there was nothing left to do now but for Jerry to go home and put things in motion there.

For Durden's he had been entirely

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successful; but for himself what had he done?

He dressed very slowly, for he dreaded the time when he must appear as the successful man, and longed to go away and hide from all whom he knew. The rain was still falling, but the scene within was bright enough when Jerry entered the breakfast-room, humming softly one of the waltzes that had been woven into his thoughts the night before.

The table with its shining silver and glass, and delicate china, and flowers that made all sweet; the fair women; the successful old man reading his paper by the fire. Jerry paused a moment to take it all in—if he had had such a home. And yet young Greg left it all to gather gold? He must gather, too, for years he must gather, then he could have all these fair possessions about him as this old man had.

A pleasant "Good-morning!" greeted him as he sat down; and a "By the way, Wilkerson," from Mr. Greg as he laid his paper across his knees.

Jerry looked up quickly.

"You had better let me take stock for you to-day in your mine," laughing; "you are bound to take it, you know, in order to give us confidence."

"Of course," Jerry answered, while there flashed through his mind the memory that he had nothing.

"Your credit with me is unlimited," Mr. Greg went on, "those were Mr. Gilliam's instructions."

"I know," and the cup that Jerry took from Isabel's hands trembled as he put it down.

"How much shall I put you down for?"

The point-blank question was startling, and Jerry paused a moment: it seemed hard that Joe's savings should have to go to buy shares in a mine that for more than twenty years he had worked alone.

"Of course the stock is bound to rise," Mr. Greg went on, "for we can make it rise: in two weeks it shall have doubled its value; after that, much will depend on how you manage things in Durden's; but now——"

"I will take as much as I can get," Jerry said, quietly.

"As much as you can carry?" Mr. Greg suggested, doubtfully.

Jerry shook his head.

"As much as I can get," he repeated, with a smile; "I know Durden's, and I should like to own the whole thing."

Mr. Greg rose and stood before the fire, brushing his hair back with a quick, nervous motion, while a new expression seemed to change and sharpen the whole shape of his face.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked, slowly.

Jerry stirred his coffee quietly.

"I am," he answered. "I know Durden's."

Mr. Greg walked the length of the room and back again. Was this young man trying to play the game on the company that the company intended playing on Wall Street?

"Do you know how these things are worked up in the market?" he asked, pausing near Jerry's chair.

"No," Jerry answered, while he wondered if they could hear the thumping of his heart, "no, I know nothing of such things; but I know Durden's, and I know that Gorge cannot be exhausted. You can gather gold forever, and never find the last," with a laugh; "almost one drinks it in the water," and the eyes that looked up into Mr. Greg's glittered with a new light — and the old man turned away.

"I shall come out there myself," Fred put in; "you and Charlie shall not have it all your own way."

Mrs. Greg shook her head.

"One is enough out there, Fred," she said; "put your venture somewhere else."

"I shall make a fortune and then draw out," Fred answered.

"And I shall stand to it and make millions!" and there was an exultant ring in Jerry's voice that gave Mr. Greg more confidence in the venture than the visible gold would have done. "I will gather in piles and piles of gold," the young man went on, while the color crept up his dark face, and the light in his eyes gleamed brighter, "I will pile it up as I used to pile the chips when I cut wood," the old simile coming back to him that had been in his mind when he stood alone in the midnight, high up among the rocks—the old simile that had been with him when the thirst for

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gold first seized him—"and if I get so much it will not be worth any more to me than the chips," he added, with a sadder tone creeping into his voice.

"Hurrah for you!" and Fred put back his head with a hearty laugh. "Mr. Western Millionaire growing melancholy because he is apt to have money scattered about him like chips—very good!" and he laughed again.

Jerry looked up slowly.

"What will be left for me to do when I have enough?" he asked.

Mr. Greg shook his head slowly, folding up the paper. "We never get enough," he said, "it is a want that is never satisfied." Then to Jerry, "Will you come down to the office later?"

"Yes, Mr. Greg, by twelve," and the door closed on the old man, grown more thoughtful over the Durden's venture; and the young people and Mrs. Greg were left alone.

"Remember the matinée at two," Isabel suggested.

"I will," Jerry answered, slowly, "as it is my last."

"Your last!" came in three different voices.

Jerry nodded.

"I must get back now as quickly as possible," he said, "to gather in all those millions Fred laughs at"—they had grown very friendly in the time they had been together, and had fallen into the way of saying "Fred" and "Jerry," for Jerry, somehow, seemed to be one of them—"and you must have all your packages for Charlie ready today, for I shall leave in the morning." And he walked to the fire.

"We shall miss you so much," Mrs. Greg said, kindly, while Isabel looked into her cup pensively. "You have come to seem like one of my own boys," she added.

"And you have been so kind to me," Jerry answered, coming and standing close at her side, "you have shown me what a home and a mother can be."

And strangely across his memory there drifted the vision of a humble grave built round with rails, and covered in with brush!

Then he went down among the crowded offices; up and down the narrow streets; in and out the great Exchange where lives and souls are bought and sold; in and out, learning the way in which great ventures are put on the market: signing away hundreds, and running up the value of Durden's even in the mind of Mr. Greg.

Then to the luxurious lunch and glittering theatre, where the music throbbed, and humanity imitated its own sorrows and joys; pictured misery for happy people; and made false mirth for the weary and heavy-laden. And Jerry listened as to a dear voice that he would never hear again—it was the last time!

. . . . . .

And out in the far-off blackness of Durden's Mine an old man struggled vainly almost. It was very dark—"a darkness that could be felt"—he had heard that read from the Bible once; and he put out his long arms vaguely.

He was very weary and weak, for his food had given out long ago; he did not know how long; and his light had gone too! He put his hand over his face as if he needed more darkness, and a little groan broke from his lips.

Had old Durden died in this way? Some one had said that he had set out to hunt for the Indian way into the cave, and never had come back. Maybe he had died just here, and had not fallen into the hole: and maybe his bones, grown white and dry, were close beside him!

A great shudder went over the crouching form, and the long arms felt about on the ground hurriedly; but all was smooth and cold.

If he sat here he would starve; he must go on or die!

Die! die, shut up in this black darkness without a voice to comfort him or a hand to give him strength; without a soul to breathe a prayer or tell him God was good!

He flung his arms up, and clasped his toil-worn hands together.

"My God—my God!" he cried, and the hoarse, deep voice rolled back and forth through the black rents and chasms. "Good God, cuss the damned gole—cuss it—cuss it!" and the wild prayer faded away in a faint whisper.

Once more he sat quiet, with his head down in his hands. If he sat still he would starve; he would die here in this

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darkness; anything would be better than that! And he crawled on slowly on his hands and knees. He was afraid to walk—afraid he would step off some awful chasm and for days lie maimed and dying. So he moved cautiously, and the movement gave him hope. Why should not this long passage, that seemed so endless, be that lost entrance to the cave?

It always tended upward; this was what made him so weary; it was always going up and up; it had not dipped for a long time now, he could not say for how long.

But he had prayed, too, earnestly; God could not let him die here.

"An' Nan, her prayed fur me too," he whispered, then crawled more slowly as the thought came to him that it made no difference that he had hidden safely such store of gold; and again his whisper fell on the silence, "Orl fur gole, an' it can't he'p me now, not now—an' it can't he'p me when I'se dead an' gone—notter cent!"

On and on through the darkness, slowly, painfully.

"An' I'se done sent Jerry to larn to love gole! Oh, God, I never knowed—I never knowed!" sobbing as he crawled, with the penitent tears dropping on the hard, smooth floor. Tears that were too hopeless for such old eyes to shed.

On and on, muttering to himself; praying aloud; stopping to feel about nervously for the bones of the dead man that he might find anywhere—the poor old man who had died for gold, as he might die if his strength gave out before he reached the end.

Was there any end?

He had heard the doctor say that all through these mountains there were long caves and cracks that often had no openings. It was strange how everything he had ever known or heard came back to him now; he remembered even things his mother had told him when he was a little boy. He remembered the first furrow he ever ploughed, and how across it the sunshine slanted up the hillside to the door where his sisters fed the chickens; and the spring where all the washing was done. He could remember the wooden trough his father had placed there, and the gourd that was always near. And the tubs were blue, he remembered that distinctly; and the soft lye-soap was kept always in an open gourd. And Jim Mabry had given 'Liza Jane a ring, and she took it off always before she washed the clothes because it turned her finger black. Yes, he could remember it all as if it were yesterday; remembered it as he crawled, and prayed for his life in the awful darkness.

A poor old man who had nothing to show for his days save a hoard of gold!

Poor little Nan, she used to come there, too, to wash clothes at the spring, and had "given her word" there, and Preacher Rowls had married them; poor little Nan!

And again in the bitterness of his memories he cast himself down on the rocks.

"My God—my God, I never knowed!"

Would God help him now? It had been so long since he had prayed. Yes, and he gathered himself together once more, and urged his much-tired strength to its utmost limits.

He was old, and he was weary and weak from hunger; and an awful thirst burned in his throat. That was what made him think of the old spring and the dry, brown gourd. Ah, that was the sweetest, freshest water he had ever tasted.

Oh, for only a mouthful! Then the awful memory came to him of the rich man down in hell crying for a drop of water. He had heard a preacher read that once. All his money could not help him then—burning up with thirst and fire, and praying for one drop of water.

Had many people died for gold? Judas—yes, that was the name—Judas sold his God for money; Judas, he remembered that now. He had heard the doctor read that once to poor 'Lije Milton when he was sick; and 'Lije had died for gold! 'Lije? A deeper groan broke from him, and he cast himself down on the floor.

"An I he'pped to skeer 'Lije!" he cried, beating on the rocks with his clenched hands. "Oh, God, it were the gole done it—the gole done it!" writhing in his remorse. "I never knowed as it would a-killed him—I never knowed!"

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Then he lay quite still; he had thought of 'Lije before, and the thought had driven him on and on until he had come too far to turn back; and now, if he thought of him again, he would be too weak to go on; he would lie where he was and die. And if he died in here the doctor would give Jerry the paper that told where to find all his money; and Jerry would take it and love it, and he would not be there to tell him of the awful curse that came with the love of gold. He must get out if he could, to warn Jerry; and he raised himself and crawled on.

Little Nan had said that God did not make gold; that the devil made it and put it in all the cracks of the earth to buy men's souls with; and it was true. How many dug through days and nights down under the earth, bringing up gold, and yet men never had enough.

Little Nan was right; God did not make gold.

Poor little Nan! But God would help him, because she had prayed for him so often. Yes, God would set him free from this black hole—this cursed mine that had murdered all who entered it—God would surely set him free.

His breath seemed to leave him—his lifted hands touched a wall in front of him!

Was it so? Had he not turned in some way and touched the side wall?

He was afraid to feel and make sure; for suppose the passage stopped here! He could not go back, he had not the strength; besides, after he had left the cave a long distance he had come to a place where the way was very narrow, and hung over a stream that roared until it confused him, and now he was so weak he would fall in.

Must he feel all about him, and find that cold stone wall? He drew himself together and put his face down between his knees.

"Oh, God! she were good—she were good," he pleaded, "an' she prayed fur me; Oh, God! she prayed fur me." What else could he pray? what else did he know? One had prayed for him long ago, when life was fresh and strong, and he knew she was good, and God must have heard her prayers—surely.

He put his hands out cautiously—the poor, work-hardened hands that had done many kindly deeds, which the terrified heart did not seem to remember now, when in his dire distress all his mistakes and sins loomed up before him.

Poor old weary, trembling hands; surely God would set them free!

Carefully he felt over the wall on one side, across the low roof, down the other side, then again up to the roof. He knew which side he had come from; he knew that behind him stretched that endless black passage; but in front?

He paused with his hands above him, touching the roof—

"She were good, God, and she prayed fur me," he said.

Then slowly down in front of him he moved his hands—slowly—slowly—and the wall was there! A moment he paused—one moment when all his life seemed to rise and sweep before him; all his life, and all the faith he had had that for her sake, the one creature who had loved and prayed for him—for her sake God would save him—her sake who had been good!

All came over him now, and he was shut in here to die by inches—to die!

"Oh, God! A long, wild cry—a last supreme appeal in his agony, and he fell forward against the wall—the wall that shut him in from life and hope!

The sinking sun shone clear and red, wrapping the plain in a rose-stained cloud of light, and sending long rays of gold up to the highest peaks, tinting and glorifying all the scarred, storm-beaten mountain-side. It beautified Eureka, lying still and white on the plain, and Durden's, climbing bravely up the gorge; and far up among the cliffs it touched a thin slab of rock that had been pushed from its place, and in its fall tearing from their hardly-won homes all the lichens and little vines that had grown about its edges. The sun touched all this very gently, making silver lights in the gray hair of the old man lying face down across the fallen slab, with his long arms stretched out above his head.

Was he dead, lying there half in and half out the black hole; had he died in his search for the way that was lost so long ago? But at last he had found it:

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high up among the cliffs overlooking the wide plains and busy towns, overlooking his own little home, and in touching distance, almost, of the place where he had buried his little Nan!

In a dip in the rocks, where the earth had so gathered and deepened that even some trees could grow there—there she had chosen to be buried; and now very near the old man was the rough headstone he had put up, with her name clumsily chipped on the surface.

The sun touched that, too, and the little shadowy pines.

Had Joe made his last find right there by her grave?

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night."

"HAS the doctor come?" and young Greg looked anxiously in Paul's face as he opened the door of the doctor's house in answer to Greg's knock.

"Yes," and the door was opened wide enough for Greg to enter.

Down the long hall he went, and into the library, where the glowing fire was grateful after the keen November winds that swept across the plain.

The doctor rose, holding out his hand to Greg.

"How are you?" he said; then, "I left your family quite well."

"Thank you," Greg answered; "I heard from home to-day; but it is a greater satisfaction to hear of them from one who has seen them face to face."

"Won't you stay and dine with us?" the doctor went on, when they were seated.

Greg shook his head.

"I cannot this evening, thank you," he said; "I have come to you on very anxious business. Old Gilliam"—the doctor looked up quickly—"is in a very precarious state, I think."

"Fever?"

"No, nor can I satisfy myself at all as to what ails him," Greg answered. "He was missing for two or three days. I know this, because Wilkerson begged me to go up and see him every evening, and I did until a little while ago he was missing for four consecutive evenings. I felt uneasy, but I did not like to make inquiries, for he is such a peculiar old man; so I waited until four days ago, when I went up and found him in this strange condition. He eats very little, and refuses to leave his house or to give any account of his health. His only admission is that he wants to see you, and he wants Wilkerson. Can you come?"

"Of course;" and the doctor gave orders for his horse. "Wilkerson ought to be here this evening," he went on, "for he was to leave New York twelve hours after I did."

"That is fortunate," Greg said, in a relieved voice, "for the old man will not last much longer."

"Is it so bad as that?" and the doctor paused in his preparations; "you really think the old man is going?"

Greg nodded, and the doctor made more haste.

"Perhaps you had better go back to him," he said to Greg, "and I will follow; have you brandy?"

"Plenty," rising; "I have kept him alive on it." Then he went away, and Paul, leaning gloomily against the mantelpiece, asked if the doctor would be gone all night.

"Probably," was answered, shortly; then he gave orders to a servant to take a horse to Eureka for Jerry; to make a point of meeting the wagon that came in, and to tell Mr. Wilkerson to make great haste. Then he was gone in the falling evening, gone as swiftly as might be up the lone trail.

Was the old man going out on the "lonely road" to-night, he wondered; the old man who was only a gray-headed child; the old man who had come to seem a part of the place, almost like one of the storm-battered rocks, so gray and quiet was he. He had known him so many years, he would miss him.

It was strange how things fell out in this life; the old man going just when Jerry, the pride of his heart, was beginning his career.

"And Jerry will be successful," he said to himself, buttoning his coat more closely against the cold wind; "he knows how to manage men; but he stands in a dangerous place."

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The lamp was burning brightly, and the fire was flashing brilliantly into every corner of Joe's house when the doctor entered. The clock ticked busily; the dog breathed heavily in his corner; Greg sat still near the fire; and on his bed, fully dressed, old Joe lay with his eyes closed, and his hands crossed on his breast.

"Well, Joe," and the doctor laid aside his coat and hat as he stood by the bed, then put his slim white hand on the old man's hand, grown so thin and tremulous; "how is it you are sick?" he asked.

"I ain't sick, doctor," and the dim eyes opened slowly, "I'm jest called, I am."

"When, Joe?" looking down sadly.

"It ain't a-been long sence; but I've done sawn orl my sins, I hev, an' God's done sawn 'em too," panting wearily, "an' I'm jest a-waitin' to see Jerry; jest a-waitin' fur thet, 'cause I've got a word fur Jerry, I hev."

"Will you drink this?" and the doctor held some brandy to the white lips.

"I'll drink it for youuns, doctor; but I ain't a-goin' to say nothin' tell Jerry gits har," drinking slowly; "he's a-comin', I kin feel it, he ain't fur;" then he lay down again with a long, tremulous sigh.

"Kin youuns read to me, doctor?" he asked, after a little; "Jerry's gotter leetle Bible sommers — sommers roun' on the shelf."

And the doctor found it, the little black Bible he had given Jerry to teach him the way to the "Golding Gates"—poor little child.

The deep voice read on and on; the fire-light flickered over the rough walls; the young man sat still and listening, and the old man on the bed breathed heavily. At last, far off, the clang of a horse's hoofs on the rocky path, and a silence fell in the house—all were listening. Again the sound came sharply on the wind, and the old man rose on his elbow.

"It's Jerry," he said; "I knowed I were a-feelin' of him; I knowed he warn't much fur; I knowed as I were called fur to-night, an' he'd come," and the deep-set eyes lighted up strangely; "gie me a leetle dram, doctor, 'cause I hes sumpen to say;" then he lay quiet again until the doctor poured out the brandy and raised him to drink it.

"An' I reckon Jerry's powerful honggry," the hoarse voice went on, "powerful honggry, an' thar's bread thar, but thar ain't nary time to eat now, I mus' talk fust; I've got sumpen to say."

Nearer came the ringing of the horse's hoofs, nearer and nearer; as fast as any horse could come on such a night up such a path; at last it stopped at the door that Greg held open, and Jerry stood among them.

"Lord!" and Joe passed his hand slowly over Jerry's face, then down over his shoulder and arm—"Jerry," he muttered, "leetle Jerry a gentleman—a rale gentleman;" then he closed his eyes, and Jerry looked anxiously from one to the other of the watchers.

The doctor shook his head; and Jerry bent low over his old friend, with a dull pain growing up in his heart—how had this happened—had he had anything to do with it?

"How did you get sick, Joe?" he asked, softly.

Joe shook his head slowly.

"I ain't agoin' to tell youuns thet, Jerry, ner nobody; nobody ain't agoin' thar no mo'—no mo'—" Then he opened his eyes slowly, "Youuns is got the paper, doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, Joe."

"Gie it to Jerry when I'm done buried; an' bury me up yonder by my Nancy Ann—leetle Nan, I calls her; thar ain't no gole thar whar she's a-layin'; an' hev it writ on the stone as this is Joe Gilliams's las' find—hev it writ jest thet away." Then rousing up suddenly he grasped Jerry's hands, his eyes burning brightly, and his breath coming thick and fast: "Thar's damnation in the gole, Jerry, and death in the mine! Don't go thar—don't go thar. An', Jerry, I done sent youuns over yander to larn to love money, an' to see what it could buy, an' to larn to love it; but don't youuns do it, Jerry, don't," with pitiful entreaty in his eyes and voice; "my soul'll never res' if youuns gits honggry fur gole; an' I ain't agoin' to tell youuns whar I got mine; I ain't agoin' to tell!" taking his hands from Jerry's and wringing them

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together as he sat propped up against the doctor's shoulder; "an' I'm rale glad youuns is done gotter lot of folks in the mine to shar' an' shar' alike—I'm glad," his voice falling lower, "an' the way is mighty easy to find if youuns never tu'ns to the lef'—never to the lef'; thet's death—death!" closing his eyes.

The doctor put some brandy to his lips and he swallowed it with difficulty.

"I were honggry fur gole," he muttered, "honggry; an' leetle Nan 'ud cry when I were gone orl day—pore leetle Nan! I sees her a heaper times a-layin' thar buried in the gole-dust—an' it's a-chokin' her an' the leetle 'un!" starting wildly, "a-chokin' her an' her can't git it out—it's in her eyes, an' in her mouth—her mouth!" struggling and wringing his hands. "Leetle Nan, I'll bresh it out—bresh it out." Slowly the voice faded.

Greg covered his face with his hands; the doctor prayed, with his lips close to the old man's ear; and Jerry stood white and still as a stone.

Slowly the death-dimmed eyes opened; the words of the prayer had reached the darkened mind—"Fur Jesus' sake?" Slowly, "Leetle Nan usen to say thet; I hearn her in the night-time—fur Jesus' sake"—then he lay quite still, listening to the low voice. The breath came slower and slower—the chest heaved laboriously—the hard, brown hands twitched nervously. One more breath—was it the last?

The old face looked gaunt and gray—the sunken eyelids quivered; again a long, tremulous breath; the eyelids lifted slowly, and a whisper swept past them:

"Thar's death in the mine, Jerry;" then all was still.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

By Robert Brewster Stanton.

FROM the mountain peaks above, many have looked down into the almost unknown depths of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River of the West, and while wrapt in admiration and amazement at the picture spread out before them, have longed for a nearer view of the foaming waters and roaring cataracts of what appeared to them as but a silver thread winding its silent way among the caverns, so many thousands of feet below.

It has, however, been the good fortune of but few to be able to journey at the bottom of these cañons, along the only path that is yet open to man—the raging waters of the river itself—and to look up at the beauties and wonders that nature has formed, piled one upon the other, seemingly to the blue of the sky above; or to live among the stupendous gorges and caverns that have been cut out of the very bowels of the earth, as this mightiest of rivers has carved for itself a pathway from the Rocky Mountains to the sea.

When, in the spring of 1889, I took charge of the survey for a railway line along this river, from Grand Junction, Col., to the Gulf of California, I considered myself favored. Previous to this time no party had traversed these cañons, except that of Major J. W. Powell, in 1869, and no one had ever made a continuous trip along the waters of this river from its head to its mouth.

With a naturally sanguine disposition, I had no conception of the dangers and hardships to be encountered in a journey by boat down a river that has a descent of over four thousand two hundred feet, and in a distance of less than five hundred miles contains five hundred and twenty rapids, falls, and cataracts.

In order to intelligently understand the subject, we shall, for a moment, glance at the map on page 593. It will be seen that the Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Grand and the Green Rivers. After running through the territories of Utah and Arizona, it

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forms the boundary between Arizona on the east, and Nevada and California on the west, and empties into the Gulf of California in the Mexican State of Sonora. The distance from Grand Junction to the Gulf, by water, is about one thousand two hundred miles. The mountain portion of the Colorado is arbitrarily divided into various cañons. Commencing at its head, Cataract Cañon is forty-one miles long, Narrow Cañon nine miles, Glen Cañon one hundred and fifty-five miles, Marble Cañon sixty-five miles, and the Grand Cañon two hundred and eighteen miles.

What is meant when we call the gorges and valleys through which this river runs by the name of cañons? Captain C. E. Dutton, and there is no better authority, in his report on the physical geography of the Grand Cañon district, says:

> The common notion of a cañon is that of a deep, narrow gash in the earth, with nearly vertical walls, like a great and neatly-cut trench. There are hundreds of chasms in the plateau country which answer very well to this notion. It is, perhaps, in some respects, unfortunate that the stupendous pathway of the Colorado River through the Kaibabs was ever called a *cañon*, for the name identifies it with the baser conception. From the end of Point Sublime the distance across the chasm to the nearest point in the summit of the opposite walls is about seven miles. A more correct statement of the general width would be from eleven to twelve miles. It is somewhat unfortunate that there is a prevalent idea that, in some way, an essential part of the grandeur of the Grand Cañon is the narrowness of its defile.

Who can measure the force or comprehend the power that has cut these chasms, many miles long, many miles wide, and from a few hundred to six thousand two hundred feet deep?

Cataract and Narrow Cañons are wonderful, Glen Cañon is beautiful, Marble Cañon is mighty; but it is left for the Grand Cañon, where the river has cut its way down through the sandstones, the marbles, and the granites of the Kaibab Mountains, to form those beautiful and awe-inspiring pictures that are seen from the bottom of the black granite gorge, where above us rise great wondrous mountains of bright red sandstone, capped with cathedral domes and spires of white, with pinnacles, and turrets, and towers, in such intricate forms and flaming colors that words fail to convey any idea of their beauty and sublimity.

Our first expedition was organized by, and under the immediate charge of, Mr. Frank M. Brown, the President of the Railroad Company. When I took charge of the engineering work, the preparations were all complete, the boats bought and shipped to the river. We started from Green River Station, Utah, May 25th, with a party of sixteen men and six boats. The story of our journey as far as Lee's Ferry has been told, and I shall not repeat it.

Cataract Cañon, in its 41 miles, has 75 rapids and cataracts, and 57 of these are crowded into 19 miles, with falls in places of 16 to 20 feet. Being thrown into the water bodily almost every day, and working in water almost up to one's armpits for weeks at a time, guiding the boats through whirlpools and eddies, and when not thus engaged, carrying sacks of flour and greasy bacon on one's back over bowlders half as high as a house, is not the most pleasant class of engineering work to contemplate—except as a "backsight."

We had lost much of our store of provisions by the upsetting of our boats while running the rapids, boats that were too light and too frail to stand the rough usage of such waters. It was necessary to go upon short rations. With a party of five I was ahead, pushing on the survey, while the rest of the men brought on the boats and supplies. On the evening of June 15th, we reached a portion of the river where it was impossible for us to run our line without the assistance of the boats, and we turned back to meet them. That very afternoon another accident had sunk to the bottom of the river all our provisions, except a sack and a half of flour, a little coffee, sugar, and condensed milk.

The flour was immediately baked into bread, without either salt or yeast of any kind, and the whole of the food divided equally among the men. Arrangements were made for one boat's crew to go with President Brown down to the placer mines at Dandy Crossing, some thirty-five miles, for supplies.

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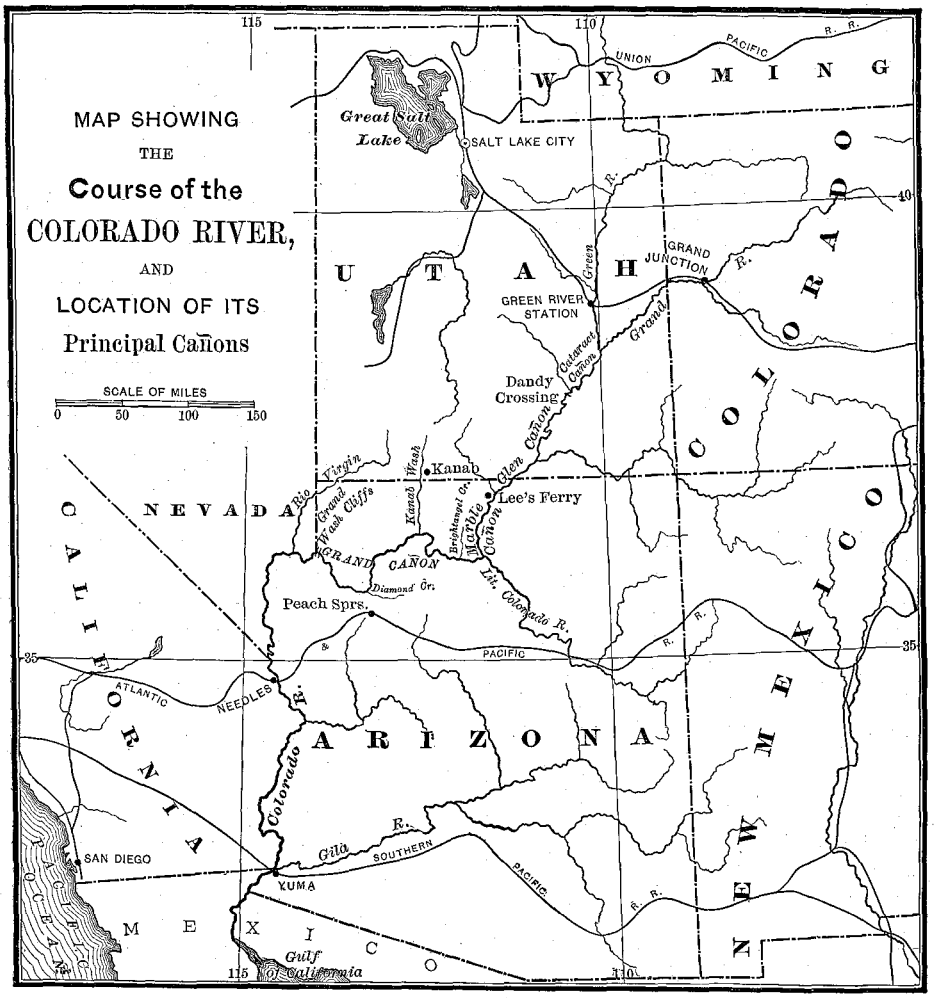

The scarcity of food, and the separating of the party, alarmed the men, and nearly all of them wished to abandon the work at once. Knowing that if we abandoned the survey then, we could not return to it, and feeling sure that we could carry on the work to Dandy Crossing with what we had, I determined not to leave without an effort to complete the survey, if enough men would remain to assist me. My first assistant engineer, John Hislop, and C. W. Potter, together with our colored cook, G. W. Gibson, and colored steward, H. C. Richards, volunteered to remain.

The next morning eleven of the party started down river, leaving five of us and one boat. For six days we toiled on, continuing the survey at the rate of four miles per day, with one small piece of bread, a little coffee and milk for our morning and evening meal, and three lumps of sugar and as much river water as we wished at noon. Under such circumstances the true nobleness of men's characters comes out. The men worked on without a murmur, carrying the survey over the rocks and cliffs, on the side of the cañon, and handling the boat through the rapids of the river. At night, when they laid down on the sand to sleep, after a meal that was nine-tenths water and hope, and one-tenth bread and coffee, it was without a complaint. Those who could stand the privations best divided their scanty

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store with those who suffered most. At the end of the sixth day we were met by a boat, towed up the river, with provisions. Our suffering was over, except from the effects of eating too much at the first meal.

We soon reached Dandy Crossing, and with new provisions pushed on to Lee's Ferry, a party under Mr. W. H. Bush being left to bring on the survey. We reached Lee's Ferry, 150 miles below Dandy Crossing, July 2d. The next day President Brown started on horseback for Kanab, Utah, for supplies to take us through the remainder of the trip; for it was decided that Mr. Brown and myself, together with six others, Hislop, McDonald, Hausbrough, Richards, Gibson, and Photographer Nims, should go on and make an examination of the lower cañons, take notes and photographs, but without an instrumental survey.

On the morning of July 9th, Mr. Brown and the supplies having arrived, we started into the unknown depths of Marble Cañon, with three boats and our little party of eight.

The first day's run of ten miles was made without danger, making two heavy portages around the rapids at Badger and Soap Creeks. That night we camped at the lower end of the Soap Creek rapid. President Brown seemed lonely and troubled, and asked me to sit by his bed and talk. We sat there late, smoking and talking of our homes and our journey on the morrow. When I awoke in the morning Mr. Brown was up, and as soon as he saw me said, "Stanton, I dreamed of the rapids last night, the first time since we started." After breakfast we were again on the river in very swift water. Mr. Brown's boat, with himself and McDonald, was ahead, my boat, getting out from shore with some difficulty, was a little distance behind. In two minutes we were at the next rapid. Just as we dashed into the head of it, I saw McDonald running up the bank waving both arms. We had, for a few moments, all we could do to manage our own boat. It was but a moment. We were through the rapid, and turning out into the eddy. I heard McDonald shout, "Mr. Brown is in there." I looked to the right, but saw nothing. As our boat turned around the whirlpool on the left, the note-book which Mr. Brown always carried shot up on top of the water, and we picked it up as we passed.

Mr. Brown's boat was about one-half minute ahead of mine. His boat went safely through the worst part of the rapid, but in turning out into the eddy an upshooting wave, so common in that river between the current and the whirlpools and eddies on the side, upset it without a moment's warning. Brown was thrown into the whirlpool, while McDonald was thrown into the current. McDonald as he came up saw Brown on the side of the current, and shouted to him, "Come on." He answered with a cheerful "All right." McDonald, carried down by the stream, "was three times thrown under by the terrific tossings of the mad waters," and with great effort reached the left bank, where the current rushed upon the shore at a sudden turn to the right. As soon as he recovered himself he saw Brown still in the whirlpool, swimming round and round. Rushing up the bank he shouted to us for help. In that whirlpool poor Brown battled for his life, till exhausted in the fight he sank, a hero and a martyr to what some day will be a successful cause.

A noble man, and a true friend, he had won the love of everyone associated with him. We sat that whole day watching the ever-changing waters of that rapid —its whirlpools and eddies; but we did not realize, till the darkness gathered around us and we turned away to go to our camp, that we should never again see the face of our noble-hearted leader.

In this world we are left but little time to mourn. We had work to do, and I determined if possible to complete the whole of that work. With this intention we started out next morning. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday we pushed on with our usual work, shooting through or portaging round twenty-four bad rapids, getting deeper and deeper between the marble walls. After a quiet rest on Sunday, Monday morning found us at the head of two very rough and rocky rapids. We portaged both of them. While the photographer and myself took our notes and pictures, the boats were to go on through the lower end of the second

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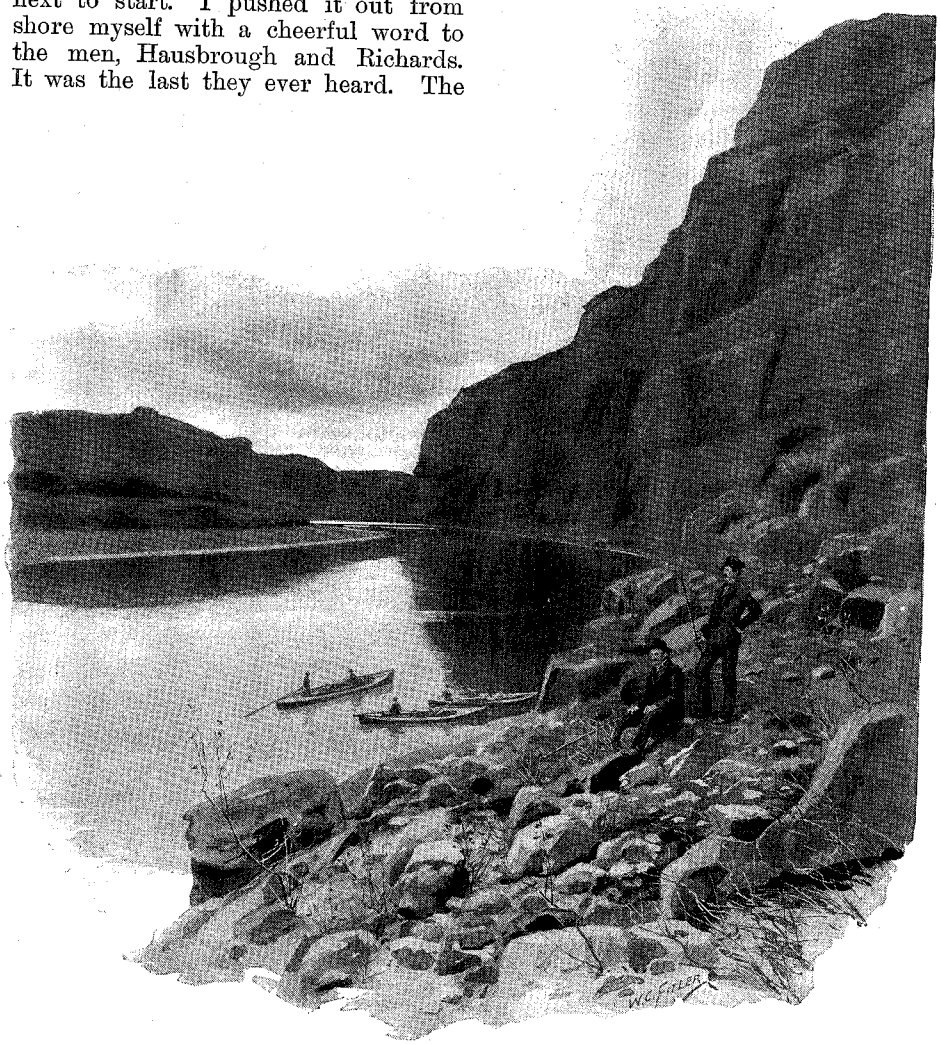
rapid to a sand-bar, a half-mile below. It was easy walking for us along the bank. The first boat got down with difficulty, as the current beat hard against the left cliff. My boat was the next to start. I pushed it out from shore myself with a cheerful word to the men, Hausbrough and Richards. It was the last they ever heard. The current drove them against the cliff, under an overhanging shelf. In trying to push away from the cliff the boat was upset. Hausbrough was never seen to rise. Richards, a powerful man, swam some distance down stream. The first boat started out to the rescue, but he sank before it reached him.

Two more faithful and good men gone! Astonished and crushed by their loss, our force too small to portage our boats, and our boats entirely unfit for such work, I decided to abandon the trip, with then and there a determination, as soon as a new outfit could be secured, to return and complete our journey to the Gulf.



The Quiet Waters of Glen Cañon.

From then our only object was to reach a side cañon leading to the north, through which to make our retreat.

Just above Vassey's Paradise, in the deepest part we had seen, we camped for our last night in the cañon. The sad thoughts of the past few days

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crowded in upon us. A great storm was gathering over our heads. The rain was falling in a steady shower. No shelter below; not a dry blanket or a coat. About forty feet up on the side of the marble cliff I saw a small cave, with a marble shelf projecting over it. With some difficulty I climbed up to it. It was hardly large enough for my body, and not long enough for me to stretch fully out; but I crawled in, and, worn out by the work and excitement of the day, soon fell asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and around me and over me raged one of the most awful storms it has been my fate to witness. I have seen the lightning play and heard the thunder roll among the summit peaks of the Rocky Mountains, as I have stood on some rocky point far above the clouds, but nowhere has the awful grandeur equalled that night in the lonesome depths of what was to us death's cañon.

The lightning's flash lit up the dark recesses of the gorge, and cast ghastly shadows upon cliffs and sloping hillsides; and again all was shut in by darkness thicker than that of Egypt. The stillness was only broken by the roar of the river as it rushed along beneath me. Suddenly, as if the mighty cliffs above were rolling down against each other, there was peal after peal of thunder striking against the marble cliffs below, and, mingling with their echoes, bounding from cliff to cliff. Thunder with echo, echo with thunder, crossed and recrossed from wall to wall of the cañon, and rising higher and higher, died away among the side gorges and caverns thousands of feet above my head. For hours the tempest raged. Tucked away as a little worm in a cleft in the rock, the grandeur of the storm spoke as to the Psalmist of old; and out of the stillness came a voice mightier than the tempest, and said, "Be still and know that I am God."

On the 18th of July we took up our retreat. Preparing even then for our return, we cached our large stock of provisions and supplies in a marble cave. By 2 P.M. we were out of the cañon, and on the plateau 2,500 feet above. That night, favored by the rains of the past few days, we camped by a pool of water on what is usually a dry waste. Next day we came to a cattle ranch. With a team from there, and the kindness of the Mormon settlers, we soon reached Kanab. Through the extreme courtesy of Bishop Mariger, of Kanab, we were enabled in a few days to be once more at our homes.

On reaching Denver I immediately set about preparing for a new expedition to complete our survey to the Gulf. But it was not till November 25th that we again started for the river. I had learned a lesson during the summer. Our second outfit was vastly different from the first. It consisted of three boats twenty-two feet long, four and one-half feet beam, and twenty-two inches deep. These were built of oak, from plans of my own, with ribs one and one-half by three-quarters of an inch, placed four inches apart, and planked with one-half inch oak, all riveted together with copper rivets. Each boat had ten separate air-tight compartments running all round the sides. The best cork life-preservers were provided for all the men, and they were required to wear them whenever they were upon the water. All stores and provisions were packed in water-tight rubber bags made expressly for the purpose.

We started from the mouth of Crescent Creek, just above Dandy Crossing, December 10th, having hauled the boats and supplies by wagon one hundred and twenty miles from the railroad. From there we had two hundred miles of the old journey to go over again. That through Glen Cañon was the easiest of the river, and was good training for the new men. The party consisted of twelve men, four of whom had been on the first expedition. My boat, No. 1, the Bonnie Jean, had for crew Harry McDonald, Langdon Gibson, and Elmer Kane; No. 2, the Lillie, Assistant Engineer John Hislop, Photographer Nims, Reginald Travers, and W. H. Edwards; No. 3, the Marie, A. B. Twining, H. G. Ballard, L. G. Brown, and James Hogue, the cook.

Our trip through Glen Cañon was like a pleasure trip on a smooth river in autumn, with beautiful wild flowers and

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ferns at every camp. At Lee's Ferry we ate our Christmas dinner, with the table decorated with wild flowers picked that day.

On December 28th we started to traverse once more that portion of Marble Cañon made tragic by the death of three of our companions the summer before. On the next Tuesday we reached the spot where President Brown lost his life. What a change in the waters! What was then a roaring torrent, now, with the water some nine feet lower, seemed from the shore like the gentle ripple upon a quiet lake. We found, however, in going through it with our boats, there was the same swift current, the same huge eddy, and between them the same whirlpool, with its ever-changing circles.

A New Outfit for a Corps of Railroad Engineers.

Marble Cañon seemed destined to give us trouble. On January 1st our photographer, Mr. Nims, fell from a bench of the cliff, some twenty-two feet, on to the sand beach below, receiving a severe jar, and breaking one of his legs just above the ankle. Having plenty of bandages and medicine, we made Nims as comfortable as possible till the next day, when we loaded one of the boats to make him a level bed, and constructing a stretcher of two oars and a piece of canvas, put him on board and floated down river a couple of miles—running two small rapids—to a side cañon which led out to the Lee's Ferry road.

The next day, after finding a way out on top, I walked thirty-five miles back to Lee's Ferry for a wagon to take Nims where he could be cared for. But then came the tug of war—the getting of Nims up from the river, one thousand seven hundred feet to the mesa above. Eight of the strongest men of the party started with him early Saturday morning, and reached the top at 3.30 P.M., having carried him four miles in distance and one thousand seven hundred feet up hill, the last half-mile being at an angle of forty-five degrees up a loose rock slide.

In two places the stretcher had to be hung by ropes from above, while the men slid it along a sloping cliff too steep to stand upon, and in two places

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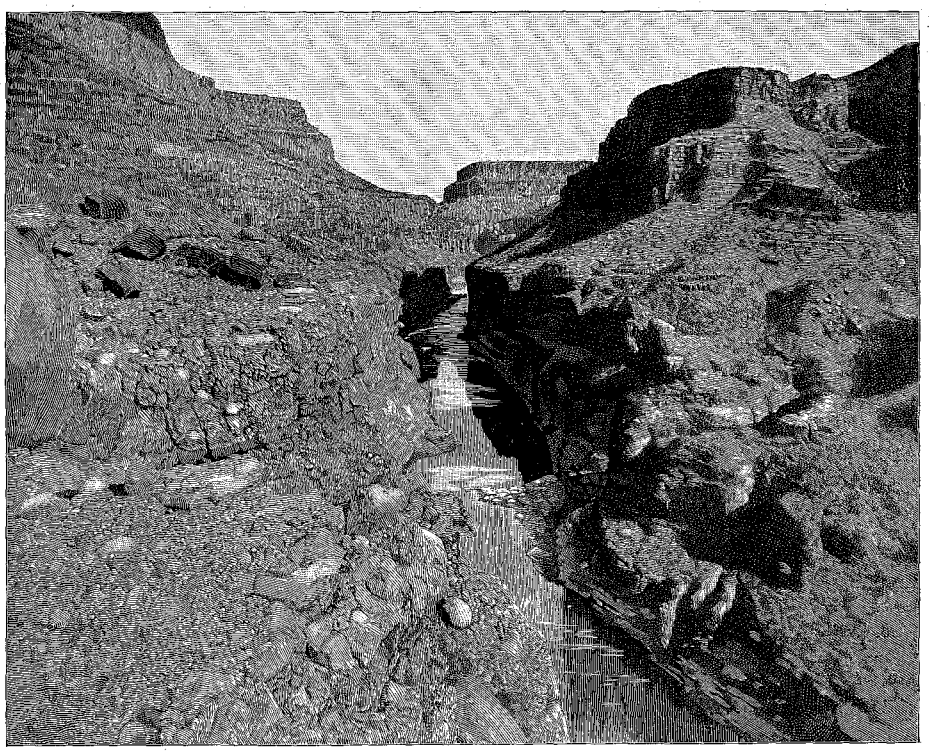

The Depths of Marble Cañon—Looking up River.

it was lifted up with ropes over perpendicular cliffs ten and fifteen feet high. The party reached the top, however, without the least injury to themselves or the sick man.

Late on Sunday we bade Nims good-by, leaving him in charge of Mr. W. M. Johnson, of Lee's Ferry, and we returned to our camp in the cañon below. Nims's departure was a great loss to the expedition. His work fell to me, and the remainder of the photographic work (some seven hundred and fifty views) was done without preparation or previous experience.

We continued our journey over the same part of the river that we had travelled last summer, till January 13th, when we reached Point Retreat, where we left the cañon on our homeward march just six months before. We found our supplies, blankets, flour, sugar, coffee, etc., which we had cached in the marble cave, all in good condition. From the head of the Colorado to Point Retreat we had encountered one hundred and forty-four rapids, not counting small draws, in a distance of two hundred and forty miles. From Lee's Ferry to Point Retreat there are forty-four rapids, in a distance of thirty miles. With our new boats we ran nearly all of these, and portaged but few; over many of them our boats had danced and jumped at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and over some, by actual measurement, at the rate of twenty miles per hour. To stand in the bow of one of these boats as she dashes through a great rapid, with first the bow and then the stern jumping into the air, and the spray of the breakers splashing over one's head, is an excitement the fascination of which can only be understood through experience.

We stopped two days to complete our railway survey around a very difficult point, and on January 15th our boats were repacked, and we were ready to start down into the "Great Unknown."

This part of Marble Cañon, from Point Retreat for thirty-five miles down to the Little Colorado, is by far the most

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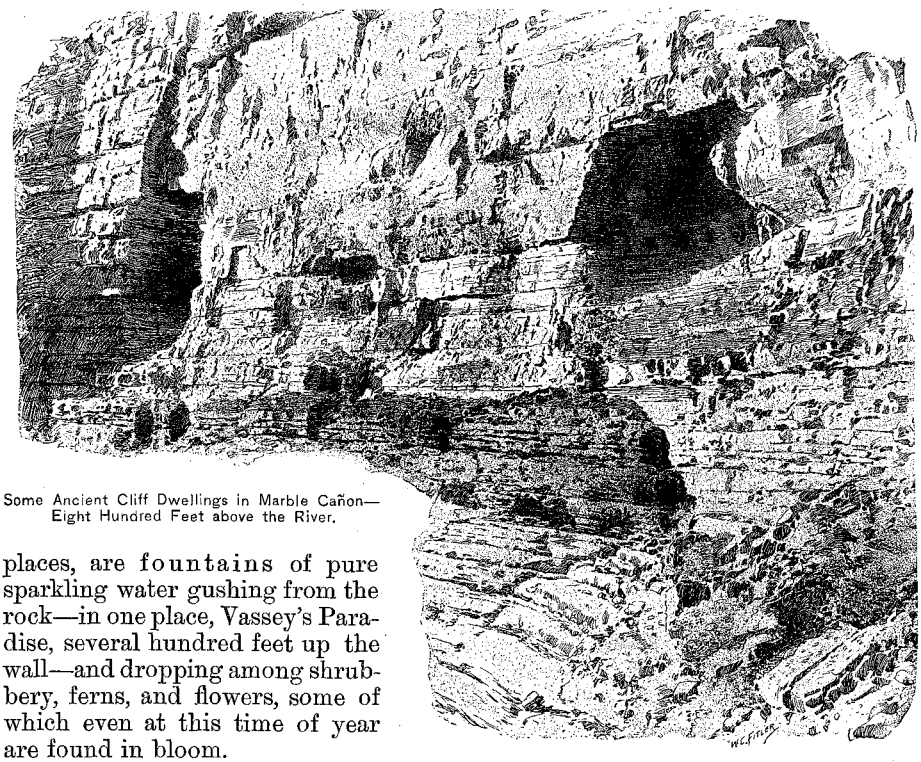
beautiful and interesting cañon we have yet passed through. At Point Retreat the marble walls stand perpendicularly 300 feet from the water's edge, while the sandstone above benches back in slopes and cliffs to 2,500 feet high. Just below this the cañon is narrowest, being but a little over 300 feet from wall to wall. As we go on, the marble rapidly rises till it stands in perpendicular cliffs 700 to 800 feet high, colored with all the tints of the rainbow, but mostly red. In many places toward the top it is honeycombed with caves, arches, and grottoes, with here and there a natural bridge left from one crag to another over some sidewash, making a grotesque and wonderful picture as our little boats glide along this quiet portion of the river, so many hundred feet below.

At the foot of these cliffs, in many places, are fountains of pure sparkling water gushing from the rock—in one place, Vassey's Paradise, several hundred feet up the wall—and dropping among shrubbery, ferns, and flowers, some of which even at this time of year are found in bloom.



Some Ancient Cliff Dwellings in Marble Cañon—Eight Hundred Feet above the River.

Ten miles below Point Retreat, as we went into camp one evening, we discovered the body of Peter M. Hausbrough, one of the boatmen drowned on our trip last summer. His remains were easily recognized from the clothing that was still on them. The next morning we buried them under an overhanging cliff. The burial service was brief and simple. We stood around the grave while one short prayer was offered, and we left him with a shaft of pure marble for his headstone, seven hundred feet high, with his name cut upon the base; and in honor of his memory we named a magnificent point opposite—Point Hausbrough.

From Point Hausbrough to the Little Colorado the cañon widens, the marble benches retreat, new strata of limestone, quartzite, and sandstone come up from the river, and the débris forms a talus equal to a mountain slope. Here the bottoms widen into little farms covered with green grass and groves of mesquite, making a most charming summer picture, in strong contrast with the dismal narrow cañons above. And as we pass the valleys of the Nan-co-weap and the Kwagunt the contrast is more strongly brought out. Here, among green grass and summer flowers, yonder, far up the valley on the lofty mountains covered

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with their winter mantle of pure white snow for a background, stand out sharp points of scarlet sandstone, and the darker green of the cedar and pine is heightened in color by the rose-tinted light which the morning sun flashes over the eastern walls of the cañon.

We reached the end of Marble Cañon, at the mouth of the Little Colorado, January 20th, and slept that night in the Grand Cañon.

This first section of the Grand Cañon, from the Little Colorado to the beginning of the Granite Gorge, some 18 miles in distance, is one of great interest. The whole section seems to have been upturned, tumbled over, and mixed in every imaginable shape, some of the oldest and newest formations standing side by side, showing most gorgeous coloring of mineralized matter, from dark purple and green to bright red and yellow. The river runs through quite a wide valley, with bottom lands and groves of mesquite. The top walls of the cañon are miles and miles apart, and hills and knobs rise between the river and the walls beyond, these being separated by deep washes and gulches running in every direction.

At this point we met one lone prospector and his dog—the only human being we found in any of the cañons for a distance of 300 miles.

We soon reached the Granite Gorge of the Grand Cañon. This has a peculiar form of its own. Unlike the towering masses of granite of some of the cañons of the Rocky Mountains, its walls start from the water's edge with generally a few feet—10 to 50—of vertical cliff, and then slope back in a ragged irregular slope, 800 to 1,200 feet, at an angle varying from a few degrees to forty-five degrees from vertical, with some small patches jutting out boldly into the river, and towering hundreds of feet high, forming almost perpendicular cliffs; or rather, more accurately speaking, they form buttresses and towers to the generally sloping walls.

On top of this granite, some little way back from the crest of the slope, is a dark-brown and black stratum of hard sandstone standing generally vertical, fifty to one hundred feet high. Cut up into small points, and black rounded knobs, it has the appearance of a black beaded fringe running the whole length of the granite, and in keeping, both in form and color, with the gloomy depths of the narrow gorge below.

Above this formation the various strata of limestone, quartzite, marble, and bright red and white sandstone pile up on each other in receding steps, cut into every imaginable shape by side-washes and cañons, till the whole main cañon is from six to twelve miles wide at the top.

Into this narrow granite gorge, on January 24th, we rowed our boats with caution. The fall of the river for the first ten miles averages twenty-one feet per mile (the greatest average fall, except in a portion of Cataract Cañon), and this is contracted into individual falls and rapids of greater depth and more powerful in the concentrated strength of their raging waters, than any upon the whole river, with the exception of two at the extreme lower end of the cañon.

With this same care we worked on slowly and cautiously, making but short distances each day, running such rapids as were considered safe, letting our loaded boats down by lines from rock to rock over some, and portaging our whole stock of supplies, and lifting our boats over the rocks in others. We moved on thus till January 29th, when we came to the greatest fall in the river —put down in government reports as eighty feet in one-third of a mile. Over the upper end of this rapid we let all three boats down by lines in safety, but as we started to repeat this for a further distance, the Marie was caught by a cross current, swept in against the rock, turned half on her side, filled with water, and was jammed tight between two sunken bowlders.

With a line tied around their waists and two men holding it on shore, first one man and then another (for the water is so cold one can stay in it but a few minutes) went out upon the boat, waist-deep in the rushing waters, and with grappling-hook and line secured nearly all the load of provisions, blankets, etc. Only two sacks of provisions were swept away by the current. But the boat, though we worked hard at her

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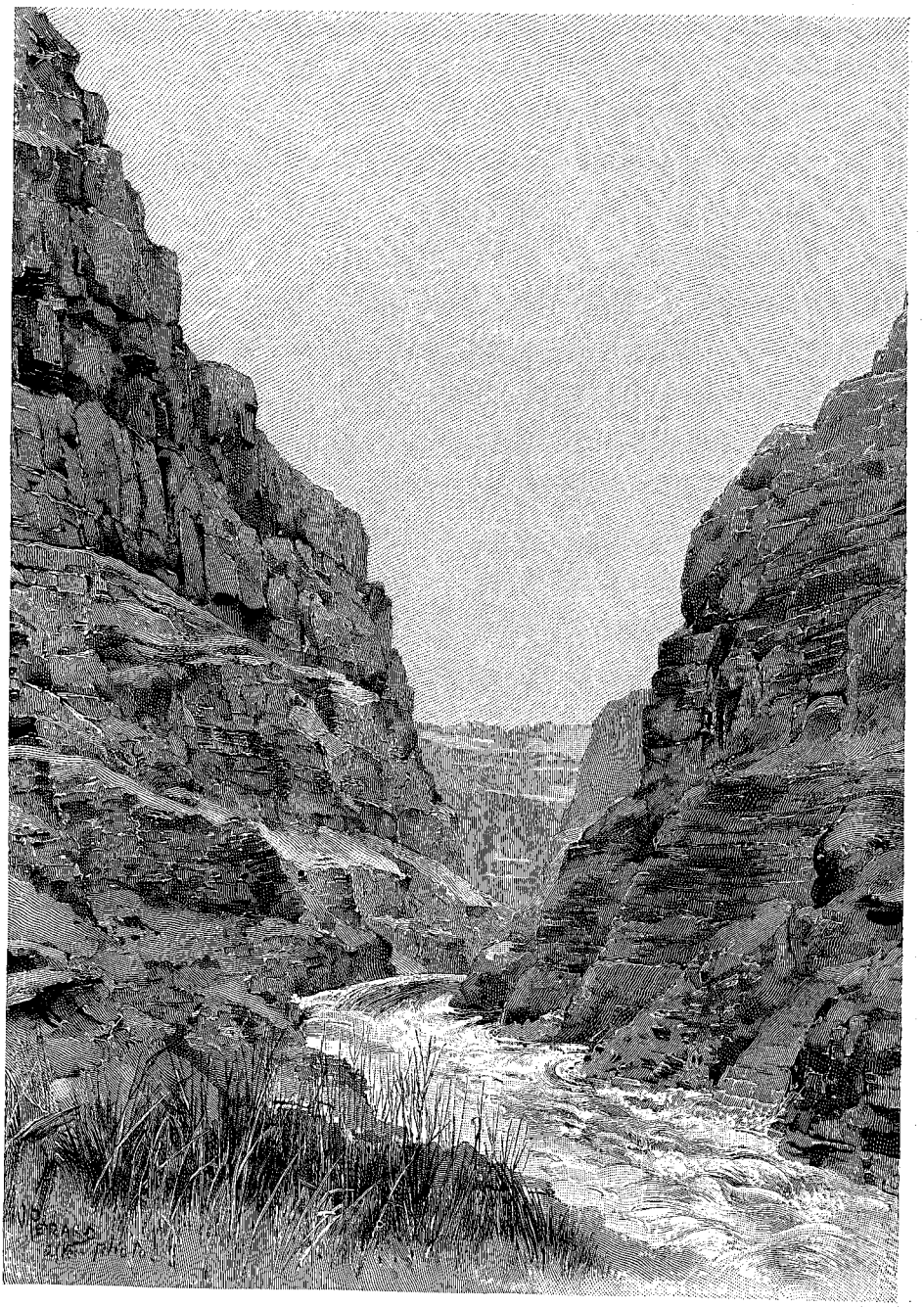

The Narrow Gorge below Kanab Wash, Grand Cañon.

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Getting an Unloaded Boat down a Rapid with Lines.

till dark, we gave up as lost, and lay down to sleep, if possible, literally upon the sharp edges of the broken granite rocks.

That night the river rose two feet, and lifted the boat loose, so that early the next morning by a little hard work we got her out. But such a boat! one side half gone, and the other smashed in, yet her keel not broken. We pulled her upon the rocks and at once set to work. We cut four feet out of her centre, drew the two ends together, and with five days hard work we had a new boat. In those five days we were not a moment without the awful roar of that mighty torrent in our ears, with hardly wood enough to cook our meals (the last two days cooking done with the shavings from the broken boat), and the ever-returning question which boat would go next?

On the fourth of February we were on the river again. The lower part of the rapid was run in safety (and many others). February 5th, we passed Bright Angel Creek, and on the 6th came to the most powerful and unmanageable rapid we had met on the river. We portaged our supplies, and followed our usual method of swinging the empty boats down by lines. My boat was to go first. The 250 foot line was strung out ahead, and the boat was swung into the stream. She rode the huge waves with ease, and went below the rapid without injury. The men and the line worked well and payed out smoothly; but when the boat reached the foot of the fall, she acted like a young colt eager for a play.

She turned her nose out toward the current, and as it struck her, she started like a shot for the other side of the river. The men held to her doggedly. After crossing the current she turned and came back into the eddy, and for a few moments stood still, just as a colt ready for another prance. The men rushed down along the rocks to get the

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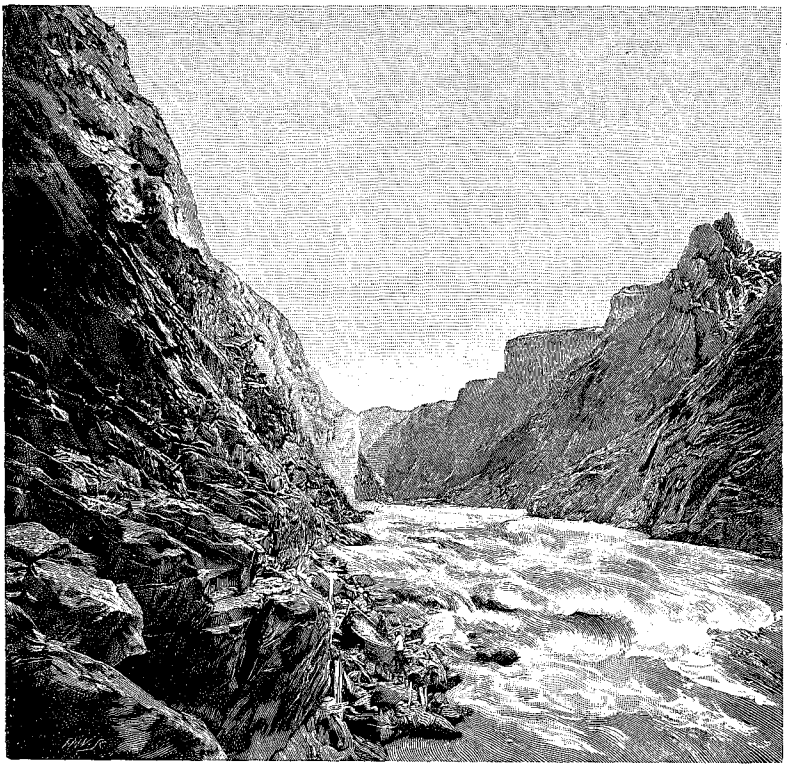
line ahead, but before they could get far enough, she turned her head again to the stream. The men put their wills into their arms, and held her once more; she did not cross the current, but on reaching the centre dipped her nose under as if trying her strength, came up at once, rose on a wave, and then, as if for a final effort to gain her liberty, dived her head under, filled with water, and went completely out of sight. In a few moments she rose to the surface, and slowly and leisurely floated sidewise across the eddy toward shore, and quietly stopped alongside a shelving rock.

To prevent another such experience we adopted Major Powell's plan in such cases, of shooting the boat through and catching it below.

against the cliff, sank in the worst part of the rapid, and came up in pieces about the size of tooth-picks—our five days' labor and our boat gone together!

The next morning we carried our other boat, the Lillie, over the rocks, and got her down in safety. We started once more, eleven men and two boats. We had good water for two days, and went into camp for our Sunday rest, after a week of most trying labor.

Monday morning McDonald, our first boatman, left us, starting up a little creek for Kanab, Utah, which place he reached after a number of days of severe tramping through the heavy snow on the plateau above. The rest of the party seemed to take on a more determined feeling that the exploration should go on to a final success. Special



Rebuilding the Marie in the Granite Gorge, Grand Cañon.

The Marie, the rebuilt boat, was started first. She rode gracefully the high waves at the head of the rapid, but in the middle she turned, partially filled with water, shot to one side, struck

praise is due to Mr. John Hislop and Mr. Reginald Travers, for the determined and manly spirit with which they stepped into new and trying duties, and the perseverance with which they car-

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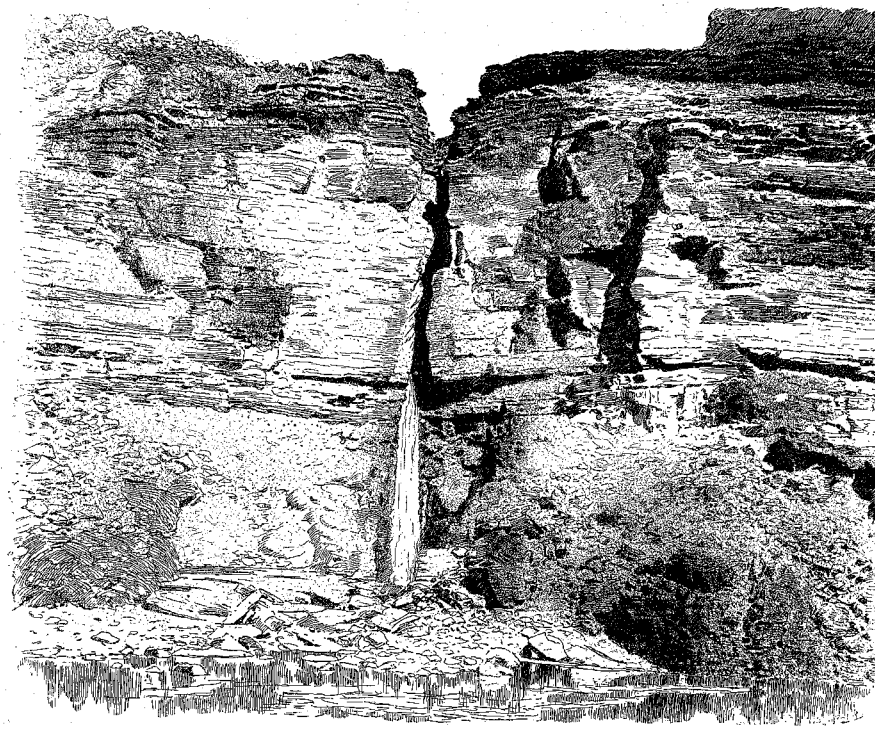
ried them through. Hislop, Kane, and I spent two days in climbing to the top of the cañon, and examining the formations we had passed through, before continuing down the river.

The great Granite Gorge is about forty miles in length. That portion from its head to the Bright Angel Creek, some fifteen miles, is narrow, dark, and gloomy. It stands at the upper gateway of the great cañon as if by its very frown to keep back the intruder, and guard from vulgar eyes and sordid greed the grandeur, the beauty, and hidden treasure of the lower cañon. At the Bright Angel Creek everything changes—the granite slopes are flatter, they are of a softer black granite, cut into sharp pinnacles and crags, and seem more as if formed of very coarsely stratified slate.

The cañon grows more and more picturesque and beautiful the farther we proceed. The granite has lost its awful and threatening look, and slopes back in beautiful hillsides, of variegated black, gray, and green.

At the side cañons, and from the bends of the river, the upper portions of the whole gorge are brought into view, showing the great marble and sandstone cliffs, benched back far away from the river, while mountains jut in close between the side cañons and washes nearly a mile and a quarter in height. As we sail along the smooth stretches between the rapids, each turn brings some wonderful picture more beautiful than the last. As we look down the river, or up a low side cañon, with the placid water between its polished walls of black, and gray, and green, for a foreground, there rise above the dark sandstone, tier upon tier, bench upon bench, terrace upon terrace, stepping back farther and farther, and higher and higher, and in immensity of height and proportion seeming to tower almost over our heads. First above the dark sandstone come the flattened slopes of the lime and mineralized



A Waterfall from First Bench, Grand Cañon.

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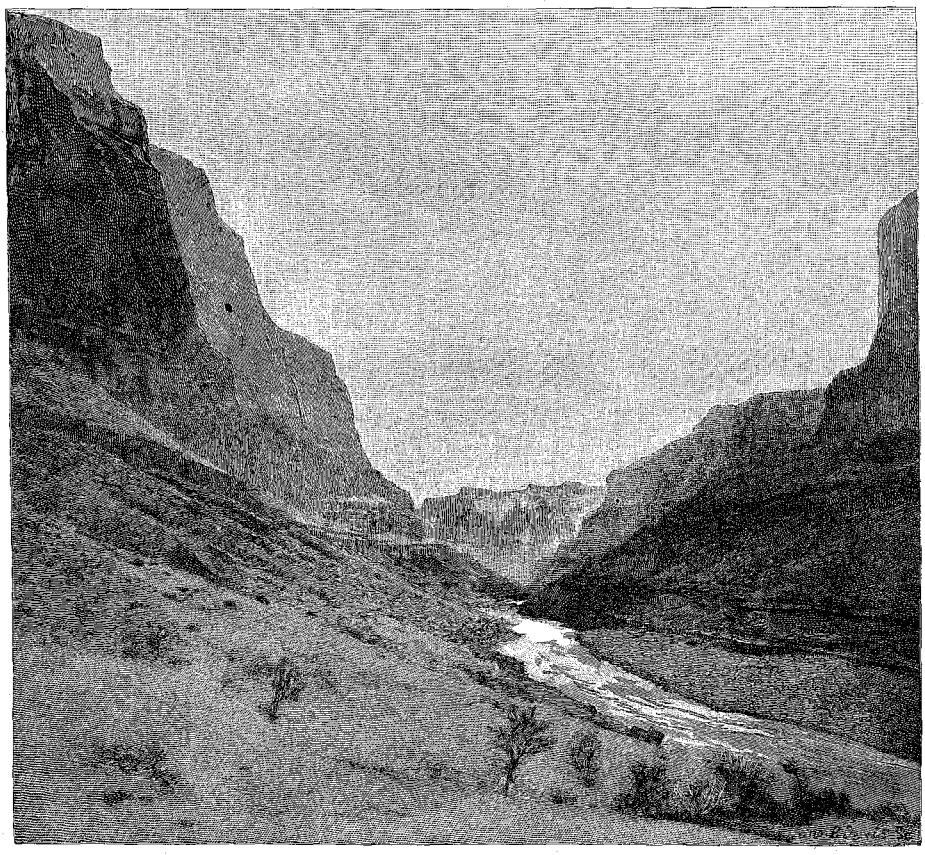

After the Storm in Grand Cañon.

matter, in horizontal layers of yellow, brown, white, red, and green.

Then rise sheer walls of stained marble one thousand feet or more, the lower portions yellow, brown, and red, the coloring of red growing brighter as it nears the top. Above this, smaller benches of marble, at the top of each a little mesa covered with green bunch grass and bushes, and above these a dozen or more terraces of scarlet and flame-colored sandstone, stained on their outer points with black, and the little benches between them relieved by the bright green of the greasewood and bunch grass, the whole crowned with perhaps a couple of thousand feet of the lighter gray, yellow, and white sandstone ledges, capped by pinnacles and spires, turrets and domes, in every imaginable shape, size, and proportion. With all their slopes covered, and their tops fringed with pine, cedar, and pinion trees, whose dark green stands out in bold relief against the banks of pure white snow that cover the top and have run down into the many gulches along the sides.

After our climb up the sides of the cañon, where we spent thirty hours without water, we were glad to get back to the river. On Wednesday, February 12th, we again took up our journey with our little fleet of two boats, each with a new helmsman. We portaged by two long, rocky rapids, and late in the afternoon reached rapids Nos. 261 and 262, one close following the other.

We climbed over a high point of the cliff to examine them. The first has immense waves, but is clear of rocks; but in the centre of the second are a number of bowlders above water, and below them one large rock fifty feet wide, sloping down into the water on the upstream side. Up this slope the waters roll as they divide into the channels on

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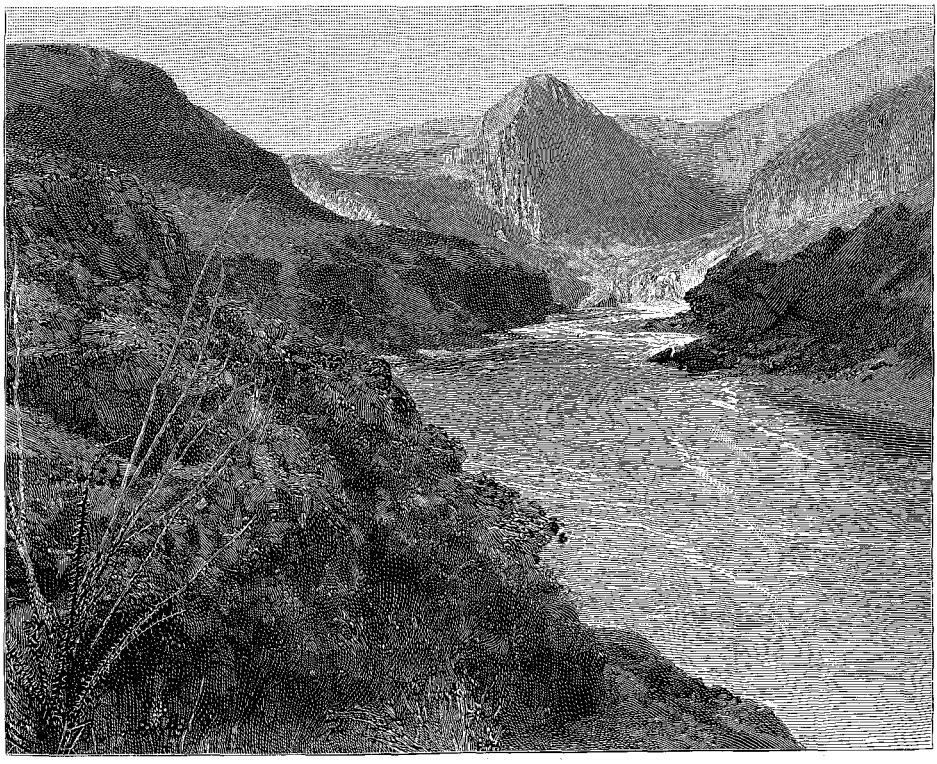
either side. We believe the right-hand channel to be the best, and decide to run both rapids. We start into the first in good shape, the men pulling with all their might to give us steerage-way. The waves prove higher than any we have tried with our loaded boats. Standing in the bow of the first boat the excitement is wild. On to the first wave we go, and, impelled by the speed of the oarsmen, added to a twenty-mile-an-hour current, as our boat rises over it she shoots fairly out into the air, and drops on the top of the next smooth wave with a loud report, and the straining of every timber in her frame. The third wave is breaking high in the air. Our boat, dropping into the trough, dips her head, and we go clean through the solid part of the breaker, and come up on the other side half filled with water. In a moment we are shot by the great rock in the centre of the channel, so close that only the rebounding waters keep us from striking. As we glide into the quieter waters below, we turn to look for our other boat. It is nowhere in sight. We pull quick to the shore. As we jump out, we see the cook on top of the great rock in the centre of the stream, frantically waving his hat. We jump back into the boat, and pull out into the stream, ready to pick up the other four men as they float down; but in a moment they all appear on top of the rock. We pull up into the eddy behind the rock to help them. Their boat, turned broadside in trying to make the right channel, has been caught by the main current and landed high and dry on the sloping side of the rock, and the men step out without injury.



Below the Great Volcano.

With some difficulty we got the boat off, with no other damage than being full of water. We were soon bailed out, and went into camp in a pretty well soaked condition.

From the southern portion of Powell's plateau to the mouth of the Kanab

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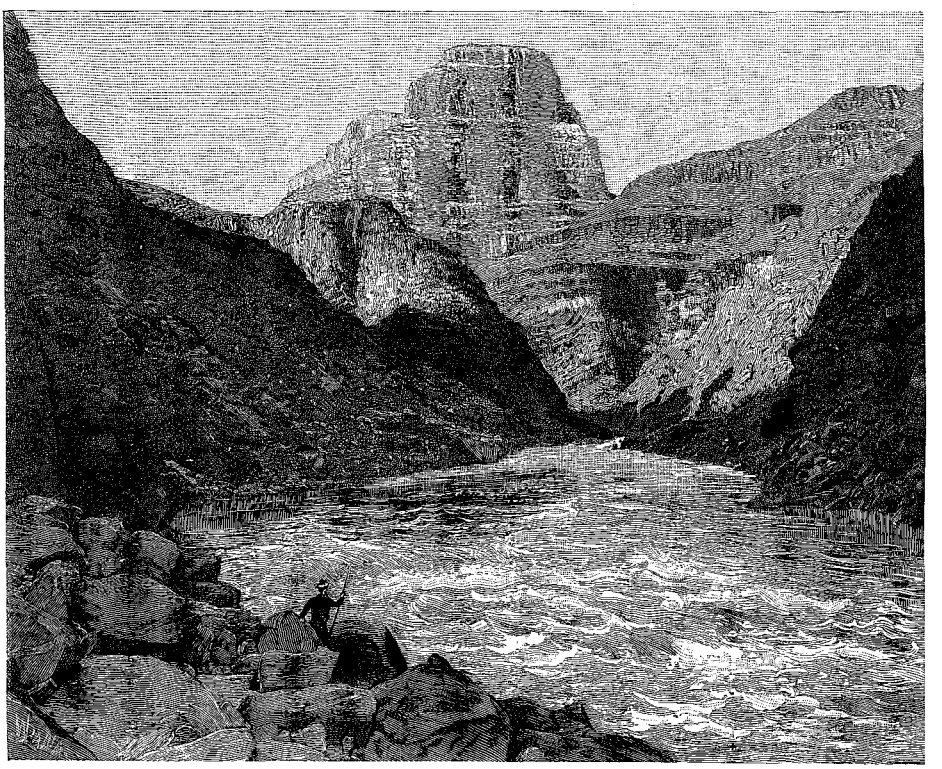
Wash, the cañon assumes an entirely new form. The granite, except in a few patches, has sunk under the river, and the softer strata of sand and limestone, which formed the great slopes above the granite, have come down next to the river, and rise from the water's edge in great talus slopes, from 300 to 600 feet high, at a general angle of forty degrees from vertical. The high cliffs of marble and red sandstone bench back from the tops of these slopes. Although these outer peaks and cliffs have drawn in close upon the river, the cañon itself—that is, the inner gorge—is much wider than above, the width being measured between the tops of the great talus slopes. The river is broader, and it sweeps in gentle curves at the foot of the talus, which is covered with bushes, bunch grass, and large mesquite groves.

On many of the long stretches where the river can be seen for several miles, the picture is one of charming beauty—with the walls of bright colors towering 2,000 and 3,000 feet overhead, and those beyond reaching to a height of over 6,000 feet, and its long swinging green slopes, with the quiet waters sparkling in the sun at their foot; for the rapids are much less frequent and the stretches of still water are growing longer and longer.



Below Diamond Creek, Grand Cañon.

In this section, for a few days, we had almost all the rainy weather we experienced during the whole winter. As the clouds gathered thick, they hung down low in the gorge, shutting out from view all the upper cliffs. The rain poured down in torrents, but it seemed lost in the immensity of the chasm. As the clouds rose we were treated to scenes rare and beautiful in the extreme. Over the brink of the upper walls came—first one and then another—hundreds of little streams, shooting far out into the air, and dropping hundreds and hundreds of feet over the cliffs, breaking up into sparkling spray before they struck the bench below. These formed

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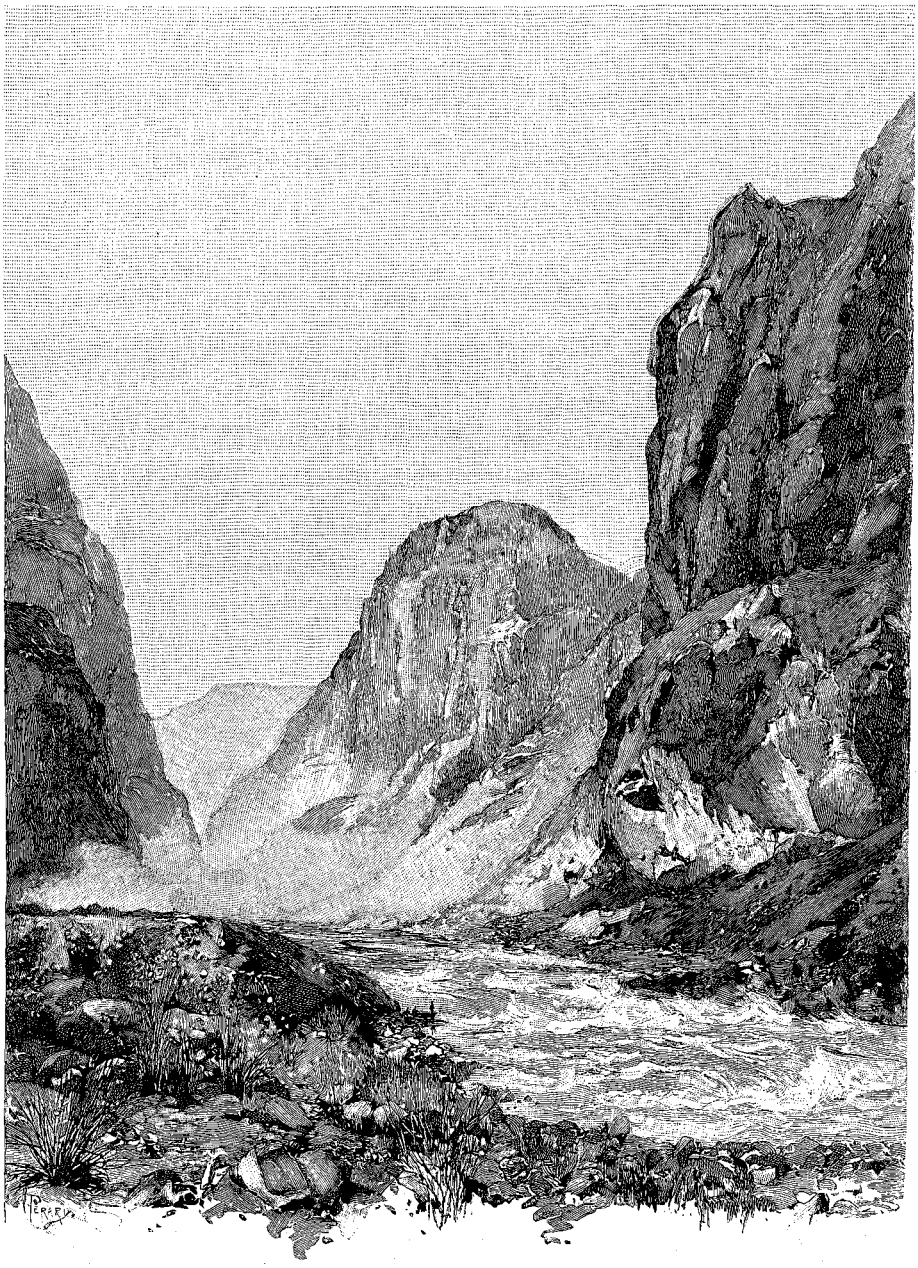

Under the Shadow of the Great Volcano, Grand Cañon.

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thousands of smaller rivulets as they dropped farther and farther down, till the whole of the bright scarlet walls seemed hung with a tapestry of silver threads, the border fringed with white fleecy clouds which clung to the tops of the walls, and through which the points of the upper cliffs shone as scarlet tassels. As the sun broke through some side gorge, the cañon was spanned from side to side, as the clouds shifted their position, with rainbow after rainbow, vying to outdo in brilliancy of color the walls of the cañon themselves.

From the Kanab Wash, for about twenty miles down, is perhaps the narrowest and deepest part of the great inner gorge. The sandstones and limestones have sunk under the river, and the marble and upper sandstones have come close into the water. At the bottom, the gorge is from 150 to 200 feet wide, and the river runs between vertical walls—vertical, however, for only about eighty feet up—and fills the whole space from wall to wall.

The walls of this portion of the cañon (and it comes nearer being a true cañon than any other part of the river) rise above the water 3,000 feet, and they are *almost* vertical. The benches are narrower, and the vertical cliffs between the benches higher, than in any other section. And yet, strange to relate, from one end of this section to the other, there is a bench about thirty feet above high water, running almost parallel with the grade of the river, of solid marble, and wide enough to build a four-track railroad upon.

The night before we reached Kanab Wash, the river rose four feet; it continued to rise for two days and two nights. How much the total rise was is not certain, but somewhere from ten to twelve feet. Just below Kanab Wash there is a rapid, a mile and a half long. On Tuesday morning we started down this rapid. We made the mile and a half in just four and a half minutes. We then had for some time few rapids, but a rushing, singing current, forming eddies, whirlpools, and back currents, fearful to contemplate, much more to ride upon.

About 2.30 P.M. we heard a deep, loud roar, and saw the breakers ahead in white foam. With a great effort we stopped upon a pile of broken rock that had rolled into the river. When we went ahead to look, much to our surprise, the whole terrible rapid that we had expected to see had disappeared, and there was only a rushing current in its stead. While we stood wondering, there rose right at our feet those same great waves, twelve to fifteen feet in height and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty long across the river, rolling down stream like great sea waves, and breaking in white foam with a terrible noise. We watched and wondered, and at last concluded that this was the forefront of a great body of water rolling down this narrow trough from some great cloud-burst above.* Believing that discretion was the better part of valor, we camped right there on that pile of rocks, fearing that, although our boats would ride the waves in safety, we might be caught in one of these rolls just at the head of a rapid, and, unable to stop, be carried over the rapid with the additional force of the rushing breakers.

The next morning, to our surprise, we found the flood had begun to recede. After an early breakfast we started on what proved afterward to be the wildest, most daring, and exciting ride we had on the river—the cañon so narrow, the turns quick and sharp, the current rushing first on one side and then on the other, forming whirlpools, eddies, and chutes. Our boats caught first in one, then in the other; now spun round like leaves in the wind, then shot far to the right or left almost against the wall; now caught by a mighty roll, and first carried to the top of the great waves, and then dropped into the trough of the sea with a force almost sufficient to take away one's breath. Many times we narrowly escaped being carried over the rapids before we could examine them, making exciting and sudden landings by pulling close to shore, and with bow up stream rowing hard to partially check our speed, while one man jumped with a line to a ledge of rocks, and held on for his life, and ours too. At last we round a sharp turn and see a

* The cloud-burst had occurred on the head-waters of the Little Colorado, as we learned some weeks later.

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roaring, foaming rapid below, and as we come in full view of it we are caught in a mighty roll of flood waves. We try to pull out to an eddy—it is all in vain, we cannot cross such a current. We must go down over the rapid. In trying to pull out our boats are turned quartering with the current, and in this position we go over the rollers and through the breakers up to the head of the rapid.

When we find we must go over the rapid, with great effort we straighten the boats round and enter in good shape, bow on. It lasts but a moment. The cross-current strikes us, and we go broadside over the worst part of the rapid. Crouched down in the bottom, it is as much as we can do to keep from being tossed out as the boats roll from wave to wave. They are entirely unmanageable, and as we strike the whirlpools below we are spun round like a top; but finally, at the end of the rapid our little boats float into an eddy as quietly and gracefully as swans.

About eleven o'clock we reached more open country. For about ten miles, down to the great volcano, the cañon with its wide river, and broad, high talus slopes, and receding benched walls, is identical with that above the Kanab.

Wednesday night we camped under the shadow of what remains of that wonderful and awful volcano. It is dark and gloomy now. As I lay in my bed, I looked up through the moonlight at its now silent crater frowning down upon us, and tried to picture to myself the scenes of centuries ago, when it first belched forth its molten rock and poured it down for miles and miles through the valley, and into the surging torrents of this wild river. Who saw it? Who heard it? Did any but the eye of God look down upon the seething, boiling terrors of that time, as that upper river of molten fire ran down into that lower river of melted snow?

The appearance of the whole country changes a short distance above the volcano. From there for a distance of some thirty-five miles, everything has been torn and rended. The solid cliffs of marble which have stood up so grandly are now in shreds. The former pinnacles and spires have tumbled and gone. Great vaults are seen where mountains have dropped into the bowels of the earth, and toppled over as they fell. The whole upper country looks but the sad and awful reminder of its former greatness.

We had now been on our journey over three months, and our provisions were getting low. We had had no meat or sugar for two weeks. The greatest privation of all—we had smoked up all our tobacco. We were all anxious to reach Diamond Creek, where we expected to get new supplies from the railroad at Peach Springs. We were up early and worked late. Rapids were thick and some of them heavy; but we dashed on and into the breakers without stopping, for the water was still high, and the channels clear, and all we could suffer was to get a wetting, and this we did at almost every run.

The weather was colder than any we had experienced during the winter. In the early morning, when covered completely by the spray of the breakers as we shot through them, we became encased in a thin sheet of ice. Photographing under such circumstances was a little out of the regular order, for the first operation before exposure was to build a fire and thaw the ice off the instruments. However, we made rapid progress the last two days — portaged one great rapid and ran fifty-five others, and landed at the mouth of Diamond Creek late on the evening of March 1st.

We remained at Diamond Creek ten days, replenishing our supplies and completing our survey up and down the river. Here the party was reduced to eight by the departure — except of Ballard—of the crew of the lost boat.

About two miles above Diamond Creek begins the second Granite Gorge. It extends for some twenty-five or thirty miles, and is almost identical with that at the upper end of the cañon, except that the buttresses on the sloping walls are higher and more bold, and the short, perpendicular granite cliffs are more frequent.

On the morning of March 12th we were again on the river to complete the remaining fifty-three miles of the Grand Cañon. This granite section, like that

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above, proved the most difficult to navigate. The water, though not having so much fall for miles as that above, is in places confined between such narrow walls, is concentrated into such steep and powerful rapids and falls, its dashing current is torn up by so many more and more powerful whirlpools, sucks, and eddies, that it seemed, although we had escaped the dangers of the upper river, as though these few remaining rapids would vanquish our little fleet and our whole party. For there were rapids and falls where there was no choice left but to shoot through them. It was physically impossible to go around them without abandoning the river.

On the first day's run, boat No. 2 narrowly escaped complete wreck against the cliff at the side of the rapid we were running. That day and the morning of the next were passed in running a succession of sharp and heavy rapids, with many lighter ones interspersed. All of these, though clear of rocks, were full of heavy waves, which seemed to take delight in dashing their foaming crests over us, keeping us wet from morning till night. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day we came to rapid No. 465 in a part of the gorge where two streams enter directly opposite each other. The bowlders have washed into and down the river, forming three dams across it. These make three drops or falls in the one great rapid, that in all has a fall of perhaps thirty feet. On the right side is a perpendicular cliff, fifty to one hundred feet high, extending two-thirds of the length of the rapid. On the left side is a perpendicular cliff of one thousand feet or more in height, and extending the whole length of the rapid. The current, turned from the right side by the large number of bowlders from that creek, dashes, after passing over the first fall, against the left cliff, just at the head of the second fall, and is thrown back with awful force, and, as it meets the current from the right, curls up in angry waves fifteen to twenty feet high, first from one side and then from the other. From this the whole current is thrown against the right wall, as it curves out into the stream, just at the head of the third fall.

We climbed up on the right or lower cliff, and carefully looked it over. It took but a few moments to see that there was no way to get our boats or supplies around this rapid. It must be run. There was not a moment's hesitation. Every man went back to the boats and jumped in. They were soon ready for the plunge. For the first time on the expedition I took my note-book from my pocket and put it inside my inner shirt, and buttoned it up tight, and retied my cork jacket.

In a moment we were at the head of the first fall, and over or through a half dozen huge waves, and approaching the second fall. As I looked down into that pit of fury, I wondered if it were possible for our boats to go through it and come out whole, and right side up. I had no time for a second thought. We were in the midst of the breakers. They lashed us first one side and then the other, breaking far above our heads, and half filled our boat. For a second we were blinded with the dashing, muddy waters. In another second we were through and out, and right side up. I turned to look to see if all the men were safe. They were all in their places; but our boat, though right side up, had been turned quartering with the current, and we were being carried with fearful force toward the right cliff. Every instant I expected to be dashed against the cliff ahead, where the whole current of water was piled up in one boiling mass against the solid granite; but just as I thought the last moment had come, our sturdy Scotch helmsman, Hislop, gave the boat a sudden turn, and, assisted by the rebounding wave, we went by the cliff, and I shouted to the men: "That's good! that's good! We are past!" But the words were hardly out of my mouth when, as we rounded the point into the third fall, our boat, thrown in by a huge wave, crashed into a rock that projected from the shore, and she stopped. We were all thrown forward. The boat filled with water, sank upon the rock, and stuck fast. Wave after wave in quick succession rolled over us. I tried to straighten myself up, when a great wave struck me in the back, and I was washed clean out of the boat into the whirlpool below the rock. For an instant I knew

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nothing; but as I was drawn down my consciousness returned, and as I was carried by that whirlpool, down, down, down, I wondered if I should ever reach the bottom of the river. The time seemed an age. The river seemed bottomless. In a few moments I was caught as by two forces—one around my legs, and another around my back—and twisting in opposite directions; they sent me whirling away, and I was shot to the surface fifty feet (I am told) down the rapid from where I went in.

I caught my breath just in time to be carried under the next big wave—coming out again in the lighter waves at the lower end of the rapid. Thanks to my cork jacket I floated high above the water, but was carried along through the swiftest of the current.

The second boat fared better than ours. She came over the falls much in the same way, but not being turned round in the second fall, she kept her course better, and although she only missed our stranded boat about two feet as she passed, came through without a scratch. She was caught in the eddy at the foot of the third fall, but finally came down stern foremost and soon overtook me at the end of the rapid; and Edwards and the cook jerked me into the second boat as mercilessly as I was dashed from the first.

The damaged boat soon got off the rock, and, although she had a hole in her side eighteen by ten inches, she could not sink. The men rode down in her to where they could land. We hauled her out, and in an hour put on a temporary copper patch.

We started again, and in search of wood ran another roaring, tumbling rapid, and went into camp late with plenty of wood and a pile of granite bowlders to sleep among.

Every man was wet from head to foot, almost every blanket soaked. We had a hot supper and sat around our camp fire and smoked many pipes of tobacco — they were comforting — and at last we wrapped ourselves in our wet blankets and lay down for the night.

From the end of the Granite to the Grand Wash Cliffs, the cañon is but a repetition of the lower end of Marble Cañon. The granite and sandstones have sunk below the river, and the great talus slopes below the limestones, and marbles stretch down to the water's edge, with large flats covered with bushes and trees. In one point it differs: Numerous springs run down the sides at every possible position and height above the river. Some dropping over cliffs and precipices in pure white foaming cascades, others trickling down in little streams through acres of green moss and ferns, and a hundred varieties of wild flowers; while others, gushing out near the river's edge in torrents of boiling water, form a beautiful picture.

From the great volcano on down the cañon, for many miles, the bright flaming color of the upper sandstone is gone, and the whole coloring is of duller red and brown; but in this lowest section some little of the scarlet and flashing beauty has returned.

The noble marble cliffs, rising from the top of the talus slopes, are cut by many side cañons and streams, so that they stand up in mountains almost overhanging the river. The grandeur and beauty of this lower section is hardly surpassed by any other part of the river.

One would think that after travelling through six hundred miles of these cañons, one would be satiated with beauty and grandeur, but in this fact lies the charm. Of the six hundred miles no two miles are alike. The picture is ever changing from grandeur to beauty, from beauty to sublimity, from the dark and frowning greatness of its granite walls, to the dazzling colors of its upper cliffs. And I stood, in the last few miles of the Grand Cañon, spellbound in wonder and admiration as firmly as I was fixed in the first few miles in surprise and astonishment.

Our last Sunday in the cañon was truly a day of rest. After a week of the hardest and most exciting work, wet from morning till night, with well-soaked blankets every night for a bed, it certainly was a pleasure to spread our beds, our clothes, and ourselves out in the sun and do nothing.

At 9.15 A.M., Monday, March 17th, we merged from the Grand Cañon into

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an open country, and on a peaceful and quiet river.

What a change! What a relief! What a joy! Our task virtually accomplished, our dangers all left behind, and now (humanly speaking) a certainty, which we never felt before, of once more seeing our families and dear ones at home! With our camp that night beside a quiet, gently-flowing river, with not a sound to disturb, it is no wonder that we went to sleep with thankful hearts, and overslept ourselves in the morning.

I had looked forward to the journey from the Grand Wash to the Gulf, a distance of some six hundred miles, as of quiet and uninteresting monotony. How I was mistaken! The broad and fertile valleys and sloping hill-sides, only awaiting the hand of man, the irrigating ditch, and a market, to turn them into lovely homes and rich-producing farms; the Bowlder, the Black, and the Mojave Cañons, rivalling in beauty some of the larger cañons above; the great Cottonwood, Mojave, and Colorado Valleys, with their miles upon miles of rich level plains and gently sloping hills, bounded on every side by the curious and intricate fringe of the Opal, the Black, and the Dead Mountains, formed a panorama of beauty and surprise that was charming and instructive in the extreme.

We passed the Needles, Fort Mojave, and Yuma. With a clearance for our fleet from the custom-house at Yuma, we entered the Republic of Mexico, and on the 26th of April reached tide-water at the head of the Gulf of California. Here we left our boats, and to me it was a sad parting. Noble little craft, the Bonnie Jean and the Lillie! they had carried us and our stores now nearly twelve hundred miles, and had gracefully danced over the waves, the torrents, and cataracts of this wildest of rivers, and never once had been upset.

And their gallant crews! It is enough to say they never met a danger or difficulty but what they were as ready to enter it as they were quick to conquer.

We rested a day, and then, accepting the courtesy and four-mule teams of Señor Andrades, returned overland to Yuma, where, on April 30th, the party was disbanded.

THE TRAINING OF A NURSE.

By Mary Cadwalader Jones.

WITHIN the memory of most of us nearly every family boasted some member who was said to be a "born nurse," who came to the fore in times of sickness, and whose labor of love was sometimes shared by a paid outsider, usually a motherly body supposed to have a great deal of experience. But that time is past, and now no one who can afford a trained nurse thinks of taking a patient through an illness without one, any more than a captain willingly takes his ship through a dangerous channel without a pilot.

This means that a new trade or profession has been created for women, and it may be told once more that they owe it to one of the noblest women of her time.

At the close of the Crimean War the passionate gratitude of the English people to Florence Nightingale found expression in a great public meeting, at which fifty thousand pounds was subscribed as a testimonial to her. She refused, however, to take it for herself, and at her request it was devoted to a foundation which was quaintly termed "An Institution for the Training, Sustenance, and Protection of Nurses and Hospital Attendants," in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, London;

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and thus the first English training school for nurses was started in June, 1860.

Accounts of this great reform, which spread in England from year to year, reached this country more or less vaguely, but were without result until, in 1872, the men and women belonging to that branch of the State Charities Aid Association which visited the sick in Bellevue Hospital felt that they could not do any good or lasting work until the existing system, or want of system, should be entirely changed. The nurses were too few in number, nearly all illiterate, some immoral, and others intemperate, and had sought their places simply as a means of livelihood, and not because they had any aptitude for, or knowledge of, their profession. The members of the Bellevue Association therefore applied to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for permission to establish a school for nurses at Bellevue Hospital, pledging themselves to pay the additional salaries and all other expenses of a better class of women and to put two more nurses in each ward. The consent of the Medical Board of the hospital, to whom the Commissioners referred this appeal, having finally been given to what many physicians considered a doubtful experiment, the Bellevue Training School for Nurses was started on May 1, 1873, with a superintendent and five nurses, having five wards under their care.

In 1890 the school has 62 pupils and has graduated 345, while as a direct outgrowth of that modest beginning there are three other great schools in New York alone. These are the New York City, which has 64 pupils and has graduated 263; the New York Hospital, with 48 pupils and 192 graduates; and Mount Sinai, with 50 pupils and 111 graduates. There are also smaller schools in the city, but, great or small, Bellevue must always be honored as the pioneer. Her graduates are at the head of most of the important schools and hospitals in the country, and have even gone so far afield as England, Italy, and China.

The next school to be established was the New York City, which was started by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in 1877, and is entirely supported by the City. Until last year it was known as the Charity Hospital School, because it began there, but as it grew its work spread until the old name was misleading and had to be changed. It is now the largest and in some respects the most important of all the schools, as it nurses five different hospitals—Charity and Maternity on Blackwell's Island, the Infants' Hospital on Randall's Island, Gouverneur at Gouverneur Slip, and Harlem, at the foot of East 120th Street, the two last being accident or emergency hospitals, while at Charity the cases are largely chronic. Besides the pupils of the school, there are thirty-two permanent trained nurses at Charity and Randall's Island, making nearly a hundred in all, for whom the superintendent is directly responsible, and over whom she has full authority. The other schools in the city are supported from the funds of the hospitals which they nurse.

I have said that nursing is a trade or profession, for it is really both—being a trade, in that it exacts manual skill and dexterity, and a profession because it requires mental ability, judgment, and progressive knowledge. The hospital is therefore at once a workshop and a college, with this essential difference, however, that its scholars exist because it has need of them, not they of it. So much talk has been made about nursing as a noble "vocation" that it is easy to lose sight of the fact that hospital training schools are run first of all because hospital patients must be taken care of. When Florence Nightingale led her little band of workers out of England it was not in order that women should have a new vocation, but because men were dying like flies in the hospitals at Scutari, and the women who started the Bellevue School did so because they found the hospital could be well nursed in no other way.

In most of the schools the nurses receive each $10 a month during the first year of their service, and $15 the second, and at the present time there is some discussion as to whether they should be paid at all, or should give their time in return for their professional training, as the house physicians do. This seems reasonable enough to

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an outsider, but in the first place much of a nurse's work is of a routine kind, repeated far oftener than is necessary for her education, and such as a doctor is rarely called upon to do, and in the second, the most desirable pupils are those who could be self-supporting outside the schools, and will not be a burden on their families while in them. In this country there is a large class of conscientious and industrious women whose education and early associations lead them to look for some higher and more thoughtful labor than household service or work in shops, who have received the good education of our common schools, and who are dependent on their own exertions for support. These women can be trained to make the best possible nurses, and it is the unanimous opinion of the superintendents of the large schools that it would be false economy to seek to deprive such pupils of the small salary which now keeps them independent during two years of very hard work.

We will suppose that a woman of this kind has decided to go into one of the large schools, and has applied to the superintendent for information. She receives in return a circular giving the rules, requirements, and course of study, and in due time finds herself with other candidates waiting for examination in the superintendent's office. When her turn comes, and if her credentials are satisfactory, the superintendent usually talks to her a little while in order to find out what grade of nurse she is likely to make; for candidates are admitted only on their own merits, and where there are more applicants than vacancies it is important to secure the best. A short examination in spelling, dictation, and simple arithmetic follows, and also in reading aloud, but this is often passed over if the candidate is evidently too nervous to do herself justice.

Various experiments have been tried as to Examining Boards, but the best result is always gained by choosing a good superintendent, and then leaving her free to select her own nurses, without fear or favor, from those who present themselves, as she must train, discipline, and live with them for two years, and has therefore every reason to take only those who are likely to do her credit.

Apart from articles in professional journals, much that has been written about hospital life is apt to strike one familiar with it as somewhat vague and sentimental, and there may therefore be some interest in the following sketches, by pupils now in the New York City Training School. The first gives a general outline of the work.

"We each begin our duty in the hospital as probationers on a month's trial. That beginning is very new to most of us; quite unlike anything in our previous lives. Before entering the school, some of us may have imagined that we had a peculiar fitness for nursing, even if we did not consider ourselves born nurses. We may have made up our minds that we knew how to make a poultice, and to care for the sick by being kind to them and ventilating their rooms. We may possibly have read Miss Nightingale's "Notes" and so are quite sure that we know something of nursing; but that the hospital training will give us a sort of standing, and therefore it will be a desirable thing to have. As we proceed with our training we discover that we did *not* know how to make a poultice, nor how best to care for a sick person. Some of us, again, know nothing at all about nursing, but we are not required to know anything. A head nurse prefers to train the raw material, so to speak, in her own way. What is required is that the probationer be receptive, that she be intelligent and, above all, active; and in case she has any knowledge of nursing, or ideas, or opinions, if she is discriminating she will keep them to herself.

We have no dreaming time; there is no place for sentiment, and very little for sympathy in the ordinary sense of the word. Were we to sympathize with all the woes that we see we should be used up, we should die.

A probationer enters the ward for the first time, and is introduced to her head nurse. She is then probably set to do some simple piece of work, such as arranging a closet or folding clothes and the like. On the next day she will have her regular duties to learn. As

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the afternoon goes on she may find herself looking at the clock watching for 5.30 P.M. to come so that she may go off duty, and she has, probably, a bad headache. There is a hospital atmosphere, produced by the smell of drugs and other unavoidable odors, perceptible to a fresh nose; there are strange sights and sounds which, combined, give a sort of shock for the first day. The new nurse may not be able to sleep that night, and by the end of the week she may find herself crying in bed, with pain in her feet and legs. These little ailments she keeps to herself. She is anxious to give satisfaction, and she has to do unquestioningly all that she is directed to do. A head nurse is nearly always considerate, if necessary helping her through with her work and encouraging her.

Time goes on and the probationer becomes a junior, a senior, and finally a head nurse, and as we proceed with our training, each day, if we will, we can learn something; we gain confidence in ourselves and others gain confidence in us.

I suppose we are rather an ordinary class of young women. We never talk of ideals; we may not even think of them; perhaps we have not any. We are essentially matter of fact; we have to deal with human beings and with facts. Our two years' service to most of us is a means to an end, and that a material one, viz.: the earning of money. Some one told us at our commencement that we had done well to have chosen a profession which would not go out of fashion and which could not be done by machinery. That is a good start anyway. I am speaking of us as a whole; in the school we are told we cease to be individuals. That does not mean that we become automatic, for, I suppose there is no calling for women which needs more personality, more individuality.

Whatever may have been the rush, monotony, or otherwise of our day (and there are some days in which everything seems out of joint), when our time to be relieved comes, we go away from the hospital, and if we choose we need not give it another thought for the next twelve hours. Out of the hospital we have not a care, unless it is for ourselves; we know how to appreciate our leisure; we are cheerful and apparently happy, and sometimes frivolous; in fact, we are quite sisterly, as behooves all good nurses to be.

Our training is divided into what we call "services." We have so many months' training in the different services. They are medical, surgical, maternity, gynæcological, eye, skin and throat, and the care of infants. About six months of our time is spent on night duty, spread over the two years in periods of about six weeks' duration. The large wards of Charity Hospital have each four nurses —two juniors, one senior, and a head nurse. In the emergency hospitals a nurse has usually the charge of a ward by herself, with a supervising nurse over all. There are also "special cases," the patient having a room to himself, and a day and a night nurse appointed in charge. We each have our preferences and our dislikes, which are of no account as far as the distribution of the services is concerned; it makes us something to talk of, but we are under discipline; we go where we are sent.

We begin our duties in a large ward of Charity Hospital. The probationer will have charge of one side of the ward, with the care of from ten to fifteen patients and all belonging to them. The head or senior nurse will go round with her and work in with her for the first time. She is shown how to make the beds, to change all soiled linen; how to remove a very sick patient from one bed to another; how to cover a patient and save her from fatigue while sitting up to have her bed made; the best way for her to get in and out of bed; to keep an eye on the beds that the patients are able to make themselves, and so on throughout the details of the morning's work. The latter part of the day is taken up with waiting on the patients and keeping her side in order all the time. The probation month is especially a time of learning something new; a good deal has to be got into that month; afterward things come more by degrees. Should the probationer be accepted, she becomes a junior nurse and has the same kind of work for about three months. She then goes on night duty; she is "on the landing" as we call it, that is, has charge of the two or

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three of the wards opening on to that landing. The junior nurse is feeling somewhat independent and consequential by this time. She does not have to act by herself; there is always an experienced nurse on the top floor to whom she can refer in case of emergency or otherwise.

A nurse may never have been up all night in her life before, so the first night is rather exciting and anxious; she is very wide awake until about two or three o'clock in the morning when the effort to keep awake is really painful. A night nurse does not sleep, that goes without saying, and should she doze when all is quiet she has always one ear open. Imagine a rather young nurse peering around the large ward with the aid of an antiquated lantern. Shall I ever forget that lantern? It would throw all shadow and the least possible ray of light and anywhere but where it was wanted. Sometimes its miserable little light would go out and the wick have to be pricked up and relit, then it would spit and splutter as though it meant to burn well, but somehow it never would, and the gas burnt low on the landing. When I think of that lantern I can go all through my night duty over again. We have a helper to fetch and carry for us, and she can be very useful in many ways. She may be as "good as a nurse" or she may have a fancy for gossiping with her friends during the day and so prefer to sleep at night, and such a "lady" is rather a trial.

The patients have a way of dying at night, in spite of the very best efforts of the nurse to keep them alive until morning. Some helpers "never could go anigh a dead body," but they "don't mind fetching the things and standing outside of the screen." It requires considerable nerve on the part of the nurse to "lay out" a patient in the small hours of the morning; when the wards are silent and gloomy there is something uncanny about it; there is not much of the "beauty of death" in these cases, but we get used to it after a time.

When we become more experienced we have our emergency hospital night duty. We occasionally speak of this in rather strong language; we call it "that awful night duty," "that dreadful night duty." Here is where a nurse's mettle comes in. She has long hours—fourteen, and besides the care of the patients she has the real "ward work" to get done before eight o'clock in the morning. The patients in this hospital are very sick; there are no "chronics," the nurse has critical cases to watch, and upon her devotion and judgment the life of the patient may depend. Here the doctors are hard worked both day and night, and the nurse, if she is considerate, is very reluctant to call the doctor, and so often has an anxious time. Some of the cases that come in during the night are truly heart-rending. The burnt cases are the worst; if they are not too badly hurt their sensibility is acute and they suffer dreadful agony. At about five o'clock the nurse begins to feel rather badly. She has to brace herself up and put on a big spurt to get through the morning's work, and perhaps at eight o'clock she will go to bed without her breakfast.

A senior nurse's duties are somewhat different from those of the juniors. To begin with, she feels herself of some importance; she has charge of linen closets; she sees to the giving out of the food and gives out the medicines; when the doctors make rounds, if there is time she accompanies the head nurse; she makes herself acquainted with the state of the patients, and often has to be in charge of the ward.

To anyone not initiated into the ways of medical men, "giving out the medicines" might mean a spoonful of something in a little water. A medicine list is an appalling undertaking at first: there may be thirty names on the list, some patients having as many as five or six different medicines; in fact, it practically amounts to one-dose prescriptions. Different quantities are given—drops, drachms, ounces, and so on. With some practice and with someone to take the medicines around quickly a nurse can get through the list accurately in a remarkably short time, say fifteen to twenty minutes, but this is not often done; we usually take our time. (A nurse has learnt something of the properties and doses of the medicines in her class.)

When a nurse has charge of a ward,

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or becomes a head nurse, any notions she may have had of her importance as a senior disappear. She feels herself responsible, and is responsible for the condition of the ward, the care of the patients, the instruction of the nurses, in fact for whatever is done or neglected. The doctors rely upon her for the faithful carrying out of their orders, and altogether she needs a good deal of judgment and tact.

After receiving the notes of the night nurse and seeing that all the work is going on well, the head nurse goes round, note-book in hand, and inquires into the state of each patient; she questions them and listens to what they have to say; she also makes her own observations. In this way the nurse becomes acquainted with her patients, while she reports everything of note to the doctors.

There is an etiquette observed in the wards, but it is not very oppressive; the nurses on duty are subordinate to the doctors for the time being, and everything goes on with order and decorum. This may sound stiff and formal, but it is not so; it is only the fitness of things. We usually all work well together and there is seldom any friction.

The patients in Charity Hospital are the very poor of the city; some of them are only morally sick and needing a home; they puzzle the doctors to make a diagnosis. Most of their sickness, as we nurses know, has been brought on by over-work, poverty, drunkenness, laziness, and the like, but some are worthy and deserving persons.

Often when a patient comes into the hospital she enters a moral atmosphere which is new to her. She is cleaned and made fairly comfortable; she has to drop many of her old habits of speech, and be a decent member of the hospital for the time being. If she is not too degraded she can see what is expected of her at once. We seldom have any trouble with the patients and rarely hear an improper word. A nurse never need submit to insubordination; on her complaint the patient is dismissed, but a very sick patient is seldom beyond endurance.

They are often very witty, and if we are in the mood we can get lots of fun out of them. They are also very religious. They thank God for everything; everything is the will of God—their sickness, their troubles, their death; it never seems to occur to them that they might have a will of their own. In one way they have not much variety; they usually object to soap and water.

As a rule the nurses are as good to the patients as they can be. Many of them remain in the hospital for a long time, and a nurse has the opportunity of showing them small kindnesses, perhaps writing a letter or giving them a garment or a few cents to pay their car fare. In those tedious cases of phthisis where the treatment is only palliative a nurse can be much to the patient.

The patients in the emergency hospitals are somewhat different; they are mostly of the mechanic class, and usually quite sick. That means business and getting them well, and they pass on. They are not so poor; they can even offer us money, either by way of bribe or reward. I heard of a nurse having the handsome sum of ten dollars offered to her, and I once came near having a pair of diamond ear-rings, only the patient changed his mind and would not undergo the operation."

The "helpers" spoken of in this sketch are women sentenced to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island for terms varying from three days to six months, and for such offences as drunkenness, vagrancy, and fighting in the streets. From the workhouse they are sent to do the scrubbing, laundry work, etc., in the institutions controlled by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, who are obliged by law to use their labor. Most of them are the sodden, frowsy creatures who huddle into the prison van after the laconic "ten days" of the police justice, but they are "all ages of bad eggs," as one of them once said to me, and taken together they form a curious class. They are most punctilious in always speaking of each other as "ladies," and the much-abused word is somewhat amusing when applied to a stout virago with a variegated eye.

Drunkenness, their common vice, and the cause of all their woe, is delicately alluded to as a "weakness" or a "failing," and some of them seem rather

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proud of the number of times they have been "sent up," while others regard it as the inevitable. Once I had to pass a woman who was scrubbing in a doorway at Charity, and as she moved her pail I recognized her and said, "What, Mary, are you here again? I thought you weren't coming back." Her face fell as she answered, "Yis, m'm, I thought so too," and then she brightened up and said proudly, "But it was the iligantest wake you ever see."

Some of them again are decent and quiet enough when not possessed by the devil of drink, and it often happens that one of this better class will stay on as a helper after her sentence has expired, perhaps feeling that she is protected from herself while the river is between her and her boon companions, but sooner or later she is missing some day, she has "gone over," and if she comes back it is in the prison boat.

Here follows the journal of an ordinary day at Charity Hospital, by one of the head-nurses:

"Time: 7.30 A.M.

Scene: Ward 3, Medical. Beds all unmade, a few patients up—these have faces washed and hair combed—the majority in bed with this duty still to be performed for them. A part of the floor at the front of the ward has been scrubbed. Mary, one of my prison helpers, is washing dishes at the table, and Bridget, the other, is taking soiled clothes from a large can and sorting them for the wash.

The atmosphere contains none too much oxygen; this can be explained by saying that the night-nurse is finishing her work in one of the other wards, and the patients in her absence have taken the precaution to close all of the windows for fear of taking cold. After giving an order for the windows to be let down, I take up the night notes and read:

Murphy—Died at 3 A.M.

Ryan—Temperature, 108°; pulse, 120; respiration, 30. Antifebrine, grains iii., and other medicines given as ordered. Poultice applied last at 6 A.M.

Patient passed a very restless night.

And so on, through the other cases in the ward. These notes are signed by the night nurse, who now comes in with the keys, looking pretty well fagged.

"Good-morning; I am sorry I have kept you waiting for the keys, but I have been so busy I could not get down sooner. Had a death in Ward 4, as well as the one here, and a patient in Ward 6 suffering from delirium tremens, besides the ordinary work."

I now go over to where my assistants are putting on their caps and aprons and getting together the things necessary for work. Miss W. and Miss A. are here, but where is Miss H.? Miss W. answers:

"She was called up last night to go on the maternity service. The superintendent missed you, and asked me to tell you that another nurse could not be spared to-day."

Oh, dear, thirty-two patients in the ward, and five of them so helpless that they have to be fed and cared for like babies, two pneumonia cases, and the usual number of phthisical and rheumatic subjects. Well, well, grumbling won't do the work, so we'll have to make the best of it.

Each of my assistants, armed with a pile of clean sheets and pillow-cases, proceeds to the lower end of the ward and commences the task of getting beds made, while I go to write the list of clothes for the laundry. Bridget counts the clothes while I stand by and take down the number of each of the different articles. This done, they are tied in large bundles and sent to the wash-house.

Now the medicines are to be given out. I measure and prepare them, while a convalescent patient carries them round to those in bed. My list is a long one, and it takes fully thirty-five minutes before they are all distributed, the bottles wiped off, and the medicine closet put in order. My next move is to take a list of medicines which need to be renewed, and leave it ready for the doctor's signature. It is now twenty-five minutes past eight, and Miss A. and Miss W. are making as good progress as possible at their respective sides; for it must be remembered that a nurse has often to stop what she is doing to attend to the wants of some particular patient, or to carry out an order if the time is due.

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The "railroad beds"* are still unmade. Occasionally we have a convalescent patient who can do this part of the work very well. We had one in this ward last week, but alas, for the frailty of human nature, she showed a disposition to quarrel with the other patients on very small pretexts, so she was dismissed. With a rueful thought of what might have been, I go to work at the beds. A patient goes ahead and strips them for me. We work with all our might, and they are finished at ten minutes past nine. The side beds, too, are nearly finished. This part of the work necessarily takes much longer, as sick patients have to be placed in chairs and wrapped up in blankets, or, if they are too weak, lifted into other beds, so that their own can be made.

My next work is to take morning temperatures; when I have finished this I see a large tin can standing near my table. It contains crackers, butter, eggs, and sugar. These have to be put away in their proper place, and the quantity noted. Now, I must write my diet-sheet, and order the supplies necessary for to-morrow. It is twenty-five minutes past nine, the beds are all made, the stands in order, the floor swept, and the table scrubbed. The junior nurses are about through with washing faces and combing heads, and it is now high time that I should make a round of the ward and find out if there is any change in the patients' condition to which the doctor's attention should be called.

While this has been going on the gruel and milk have been standing on the table, and the distribution of this falls to my share to-day also, as I have no senior nurse. Each bed-patient who cares for it is served with a portion on a tray; afterward the walking patients seat themselves at the table and take theirs. Now the doctors come in to make their morning visit, the house-doctor is told of any special complaints; he examines these patients, also any new ones who may not yet be under treatment, and leaves the new orders on my book.

* A "railroad bed" is one that is unoccupied during the day, and therefore, as it were, "shunted" and only rolled out at night. They stand close together in the middle of the ward.

While doing this work all morning, I have been trying to keep an eye on what my helpers are doing, and now take this time to make a thorough inspection of all parts of the ward, bath-room included. In the meantime the special diet has been divided among the patients needing it most. At eleven o'clock tonics are given out, afterward egg-nogs and milk-punches are made and distributed.

We now begin to breathe freely—the worst pressure is over if we get no new patients. Our hopes along that line are doomed to disappointment, for the helpers from the women's bath-room now announce the arrival of two new patients, and Miss W. disappears to superintend their bathing.

I am congratulating myself on not having a "stretcher case" at any rate, when two men come in with one. Miss A. quickly places screens round a bed, and a rubber sheet over the clean bed-clothes. The woman is lifted on the bed, and her temperature, pulse, etc., taken. Her own clothes are soon removed, and a warm sponge-bath given and hair combed. These operations have effected a wonderful change in her appearance, and she now looks a little more like a Caucasian, whereas, before the bath, she might have belonged to one of the darker races of mankind.

The doctor is notified that there are three new patients in the ward. It is twelve o'clock; Miss A. and I go to dinner, and leave Miss W. to superintend the patients' noonday meal, and give out medicines afterward. We return at one o'clock, and Miss W. goes, with the right to remain off duty till four o'clock.

The ward is now to be swept again and put in order for the afternoon. This is hardly accomplished when two huge bundles of clothes are carried in, and in ten minutes time two more. These have to be sorted and counted. Before we proceed to the folding of them the afternoon milk and other extras are given out. That done and the table cleared, we fold the clothes as quickly as we can. In due time this is finished, Miss A. is making a poultice in the bath-room, and I am putting the clothes in the closet, when someone calls "Nurse, nurse!" I turn to see

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where the sound comes from, and notice several patients pointing to a bed in the far corner of the ward. I hurry down and find the patient's clothes saturated with blood—a hemorrhage from the lungs. Screens are immediately placed around the bed, cracked ice given, and the doctor summoned. He comes at once, the flow of blood seems to have ceased, medicine is ordered, and the doctor goes. The patient's clothes are now changed very carefully, and she is made as comfortable as possible. The screens are just put away when another stretcher is brought in, and Miss W., who has now returned, gives the usual treatment.

It is time for the afternoon tonics, and eggnogs and punches are again distributed; after this I take advantage of a few spare minutes to enter the names and addresses of patients in a book kept for the purpose. Discharged patients are also marked off.

The patients have supper between half-past four and five. At half-past five Miss A. retires from the ward, the remaining time till half-past seven being hers to rest. In the meantime the doctor has been in and left a few orders.

The giving out of the evening medicines falls to me, while Miss W. attends to the patients' needs in other ways. If I had a fourth nurse I might be relieved from duty; but it cannot be thought of now. This is the evening for carbolizing the side beds; the helpers do this, while we follow and restore things to order. The rest of the time till half-past seven is spent in making patients comfortable for the night, and writing down new orders and notes on the patients' condition for the night nurse. We are quite willing to deliver her the keys when she comes in, and bid her good-night, while we go home tired enough to sleep soundly."

Charity Hospital, as I have said, has chiefly chronic cases. The work in the accident or emergency hospitals is somewhat different, as will be seen by the following notes:

"Leaving the Island at 7 A.M., after three-quarters of an hour's ride in boat and car, I reach Gouverneur Hospital. On my arrival I receive from the night nurse both a verbal and written account of all that has happened of importance during the night—arrival of new patients, serious symptoms which may have developed in certain cases, new orders which have been given by the doctor, or old ones which may have been countermanded, etc.

Then begins the work of the day. The ward is thoroughly scrutinized, to discover little things which the helpers are apt to do slightingly, or not to do at all; stands are dusted, clean covers and curtains put on, if necessary; every patient and bed must undergo thorough inspection.

Everything is done as quickly as possible, for the "visiting" may be looked for at any time after 9 A.M., and it is the ambition of each nurse to have her ward spotlessly clean.

I have six pneumonia cases, who are poulticed regularly every three hours; they are also kept on milk diet, and, of course, require particular attention. I have just finished putting on my last poultice when the "visiting" comes in, followed by the house surgeons, senior and junior. I accompany them to the different beds, ready to receive all orders, and impart any information which may be required of me. During the rounds of the physicians, an ambulance call is given; in due time the man is carried in on a stretcher; I rush to prepare a bed, which consists in turning down the covers, and protecting the whole with a rubber sheet; with the assistance of one of the helpers the patient is placed in bed. It proves to be a poisoning case. As quick as possible I get ready pitchers of tepid water, a pail, and a stomach-pump. The doctor then begins his operations, and I stand near to assist him. If the patient is very weak, I administer stimulants hypodermically; an emetic is given. Fortunately, the case has been attended to in time, and is soon out of all immediate danger, although very weak. A little boy has been brought in with hand and wrist literally pulverized; the poor little fellow's cries are heartrending; an anæsthetic is administered, I carefully sponge the blood away from the injured parts, get ready the different solutions, gauzes,

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bandages, splints, etc., and stand near to assist in any way that I can. (I took care of the little boy for six weeks after that, and he was sent home cured, having lost but two fingers.)

Standing by, awaiting his turn, is a stonecutter. He must have taken his thumb for a stone, for he has simply hammered it off. The compression of his lips and the pallor of his face give evidence of the pain he is suffering. A thin piece of skin on one side keeps the thumb from being entirely severed from the hand; the doctor replaces it and sews it on, but eventually, to save the hand, it had to be amputated.

Fortunately there are no more accident cases on hand, and I am free once more to attend to my other patients. I give out the three-hour medicines, renew my poultices, and take the temperature, pulse, and respiration of a patient who came in about an hour ago; but, finding his temperature normal, I let him remain seated until the doctor comes in.

After dinner I give out the noon medicines, examine the beds of the helpless patients, and find out from them if there is anything I can do to add to their comfort. After attending to their wants, and performing numberless duties which it would be impossible to relate, I finally feel satisfied that every patient has been made comfortable; then I tear up bandages, which are given to the convalescent patients to roll; prepare solutions and different kinds of gauzes to be used during operations; in the meantime keeping a watchful eye on all around, so that no patient shall suffer from want of attention.

About 4 P.M. I have to take the temperature, pulse, and respiration of each patient, which, in a ward where there are twenty, takes quite a length of time. After the temperatures are taken, I see that each patient has his supper, then write an account of all the orders I have received, which are to be continued during the night, renew the poultices, give out the medicines, see that the ward is in perfect order, and am relieved at 6 P.M. by the night nurse."

The following is an account of the routine of a night at Gouverneur Hospital:

"The night nurse of Gouverneur does not often arise with bright face and laughing eye, feeling as fresh and happy as a lark, at half-past four in the afternoon of a hot July day, but she scrambles out of bed and dons the "stripes"* as quickly as possible, that she may not be late for the dinner at five o'clock. At six we get to the wards to relieve the day nurses from duty, and are often greeted with, "Well, I think you will have rather a hard night."

As I look around the ward I find the man in the first bed is a sunstroke case, with a temperature of 105°, and the orders are to keep ice-bags on head and abdomen, give ice-baths, and take temperature every fifteen minutes until the temperature falls below 102°. The child in the corner has pneumonia and has on a jacket poultice of linseed-meal, which must be changed as often as it becomes cold, and the child watched very closely. The delirious patient in the other corner is to have an ice-cap on his head, which must be kept well filled with cracked ice. He has a fracture of the base of the skull, and he raves and shouts most of the night.

We have two patients more than we have beds, consequently we must prepare four patients to be transferred to Bellevue, in order to have beds for the patients who will come in during the night.

At nine o'clock the doctors make their rounds, and oftentimes there are dressings that the doctor has had no time to do during the day, and the nurse must always be ready to wait upon the doctor the moment he enters the ward.

At eleven o'clock there is an ambulance call and a man is brought in with three stab wounds. He is covered with blood, hands, face, and clothing, has a long wound on the face, a deep one in the shoulder, and a small one in the abdomen. The wounds are sewed and dressings put on. These dressings are scarcely finished, when there comes another call, and the ambulance brings in this time a fine-looking young man with a deep wound in the forearm. From his nervous tremor and restlessness I conclude he has been drinking heavily, and

* The uniform of the school is blue and white striped seersucker.

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this is confirmed when the house surgeon gives the order for a "half-ounce of the D. T. mixture immediately." His wound is dressed, and he is launched into bed and tied down. Presently he begins to see snakes and all sorts of creeping things upon his bed, and he wants to get up and eat the man in the bed next him. He finally becomes so violent that he is put into handcuffs and taken to the "alcoholic cells" at Bellevue.

Then things quiet down for perhaps an hour, which time must be devoted to the man with sunstroke and the child with pneumonia. These, however, have not been wholly neglected, for there was time to make a poultice for the child, and the helper has attended to the bathing of the man, whose temperature has fallen only one and one-half degree.

Now it is time to begin the morning's work of the wards, for they must be all in order for the day nurse when she comes on duty at eight o'clock. The temperature, pulse, and respiration of each patient in the wards must be taken and noted upon the chart, also any new treatment ordered during the night, and anything noteworthy in the condition of the patient. Each bed is to be made, bed-linen and patient's clothing to be changed, if soiled, while the floors are swept and washed by the helpers.

The medicines are given out at various times through the night, as each becomes due. Then there is the patients' breakfast to look after, and to see that all are served who may eat the food, and that those who are on special diet may get nothing but that allowed them, whatever it may be."

It would certainly seem that these women earn ten or even fifteen dollars a month besides their board and lodging. Here is an account of a serious operation, from a nurse's point of view.

"The nurse is responsible for making antiseptic everything connected with an operation, except the surgical instruments. She prepares the room, has the floor and paint scrubbed, and every table and ledge (there is no superfluous furniture) washed with antiseptic solution. The dressings are most scrupulously prepared, being boiled and soaked and wrapped in antiseptic towels, or kept until needed in large glass jars. The nurse is further responsible for having everything in the room which the surgeon may possibly want, such as hot water, ice, hot-water bottles, stimulants, etc., and must be prepared for every emergency which, during the operation, may possibly arise. The patient is prepared by the nurse, who gives a full bath, braids the hair, puts on clean and suitable clothing, and arranges her on the table, where she is always covered with a sheet or a single blanket if necessary. Another nurse helps the doctor give the anæsthetic, and in fact, there are usually three nurses at an operation of any importance, the head-nurse being in charge and the other two her aids. She herself keeps her best eye on the operator and stands in a certain place where she can readily hand him hot towels, sponges, bowls of solution, anything he may need. The second nurse watches the supply of hot towels, solutions, sponges, hot and cold water, etc., while the third helps the junior doctor who is etherizing the patient, and fetches and carries, *i.e.*, empties out water and puts it outside the door, where some patient is stationed to carry it away and fill up empty pitchers. In running an operation a nurse always aims at having it go off without a hitch, and sometimes it does, sometimes not. Occasionally an operator is unreasonable and asks for the moon, and occasionally he makes a mistake and loses his head, and then the nurses have a poor time of it, being blamed if they have no boiling-hot beef-tea or brandy when there is no means of heating it in the room, the operation having already lasted over an hour. A doctor, if he is a gentleman, usually thanks the nurse after a long operation, and then she feels like doing anything for him."

Their hard day over, the nurses go to the Home, which is the stone building at the south end of Blackwell's Island. There they have a comfortable sitting-room with books and magazines and a piano, and in summer they can play lawn tennis outside, or rest and watch the crowd of boats that is always

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going up and down the great river. But all the evenings are not given to amusements, except during July and August. The school is divided into junior, senior, and graduating classes, and each has a "quiz" or lesson once a week, and sometimes oftener, which is usually taught by the Assistant Superintendent. A skeleton, some large colored diagrams, and a manikin who is represented as if he were skinned, which gives him an unpleasant likeness to Marsyas or St. Bartholomew, and who takes to pieces in a startling manner, are much used at these lessons, while some of the physicians and surgeons of the visiting staff give lectures to the classes from time to time. When at last the two years' course is over, a board of physicians hold the final examination which a nurse must pass before receiving her diploma.

At private nursing a woman receives from $15 to $25 a week, which would pay her well if she were always busy; but she is subject to be overworked for some months and idle for several more, and an excellent nurse said recently that she should be satisfied to be sure of making $600 a year.

There are signs that the market is beginning to be overstocked. The four large schools which I have already spoken of have already 911 graduates, and every hospital of whatever size must now have its training-school, so that each year brings a new crop of certificated nurses, more or less trained, according to their capacity and opportunities. Some of the schools announce that they have many more applicants than they can take, from which outsiders have naturally been led to conclude that pupils would be willing to come without pay, but the superintendents, who are already feeling the effects of competition, know well that any such move would be fatal to a really high standard. This competition between the schools has not been without good results, in that it has stimulated the different boards in charge of them to greater efforts in the direction of comfort in the Homes, and a distinct and attractive course of instruction; and it is to be hoped that something may be done toward shortening the long hours of work in the wards.

In regard to graduates, the time has come when the profession, if it is to be such, must be protected. This can best be done by the formation of a central committee or board, which shall recognize only graduates of standard schools, shall take the testimony of their superintendents as to the fitness and trustworthiness of such graduates, and after submitting them to an examination, shall give them a degree or diploma not obtainable in any other way.

The law sets the standard for physicians by recognizing only the degrees of certain colleges, which might be difficult in the case of training-schools, but something must be done to indicate and to protect the women who have earned the best right to live by their trade. It is not enough to let the stronger crowd out the weaker, as in the case of stenographers or telegraph operators, because doctors have learnt to expect intelligent help from a trained nurse, and if she fail them in a critical case, it may mean the difference between life and death.

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WITH YANKEE CRUISERS IN FRENCH HARBORS.

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

Jack Equipped for Landing as Infantry.

SHUT in by high, rocky hills, their bare peaks glistening white, almost as if covered with snow, under the rays of the morning sun shining through the light mist that covers the placid surface of the water, Toulon Harbor lies before us, as we steam in, under scarcely perceptible headway, past the ends of the long breakwaters, marking with their light-towers, and defending with their circular torpedo batteries, the entrance to the great French naval port. The authorities have sent a pilot on board to guide us in, and his boat, with the white-clad crew seated on the thwarts and looking up at us, is towed along with the ship toward a great white buoy, to which she is soon securely moored near by our consorts of the squadron, and the gig is called away to take the captain to the flagship to make his report to the admiral.

Directly astern—grim, dark, majestic—a huge battle-ship, the Amiral Duperré—her murderous-looking, black-muzzled guns pointing outward from every available place in her towering sides and from the turrets on her broad decks—sits heavily on the water, the military masts, with the queer fort-like tops, from which machine-guns peep threateningly, reflected in the transparent depths below. Her crew is crowding the decks; I hear the bugle notes, and the whistling of the boatswain's pipes, and the roar of escaping steam, floating upward in a white cloud above her enormous funnels; while aft, drooping over the massive stern, the tricolored standard of France waves sluggishly in the soft morning breeze. Another ship, the Forbin—long, narrow, with great ram at the bow and raking masts—is moored close by, between our ship and the land, and our officers note curiously the points of difference between her and the Yorktown, and calculate, with professional interest and impartiality, the chances for and against success in a fight between her and a craft like our own, both of them being intended for the same kind of service, and the Forbin being the first foreign vessel of a similar class to ours that we have met with. Ahead of us, her beautiful tapering masts rising high in air; the maze of rigging, of shroud, rope, and halliard taut and shipshape; her graceful hull with the double row of ports; her straight, long bowsprit pointing outward over the pretty figure-head at her bows, an old time "line-o'-battle" ship rests calmly on the water, looking in imposing majesty as if invincible, in contrast with the black, smoking, low-hulled, shark-like craft gliding so noiselessly and smoothly by her, but which could crush the great ship's sides like an eggshell, and send her and her crew to the bottom of the sea in an instant with one murderous blow of the terrible engines of warfare carried in the hold of the pigmy torpedo-boat.

Everywhere about us the military character of the harbor is at once apparent; not a merchantman anywhere, even the swift ferryboats, plying from the city to points in the bay, have a warlike air with their uniformed crews, their freights of soldiers and French man-of-war's-men. Forts and batteries show up amid the dark trees on shore, or stand out in bold outline against the sky on towering mountain-top, for Toulon is strongly fortified; those works commanding the approaches from the land being garrisoned by and under control of the army, while the sea-coast defences are confided to the care of the naval authorities. From the shore, on our starboard quarter, the dropping, scattering fire of soldiers at the rifle butts mingles with the rattling of drums and the occasional blare of a trumpet;

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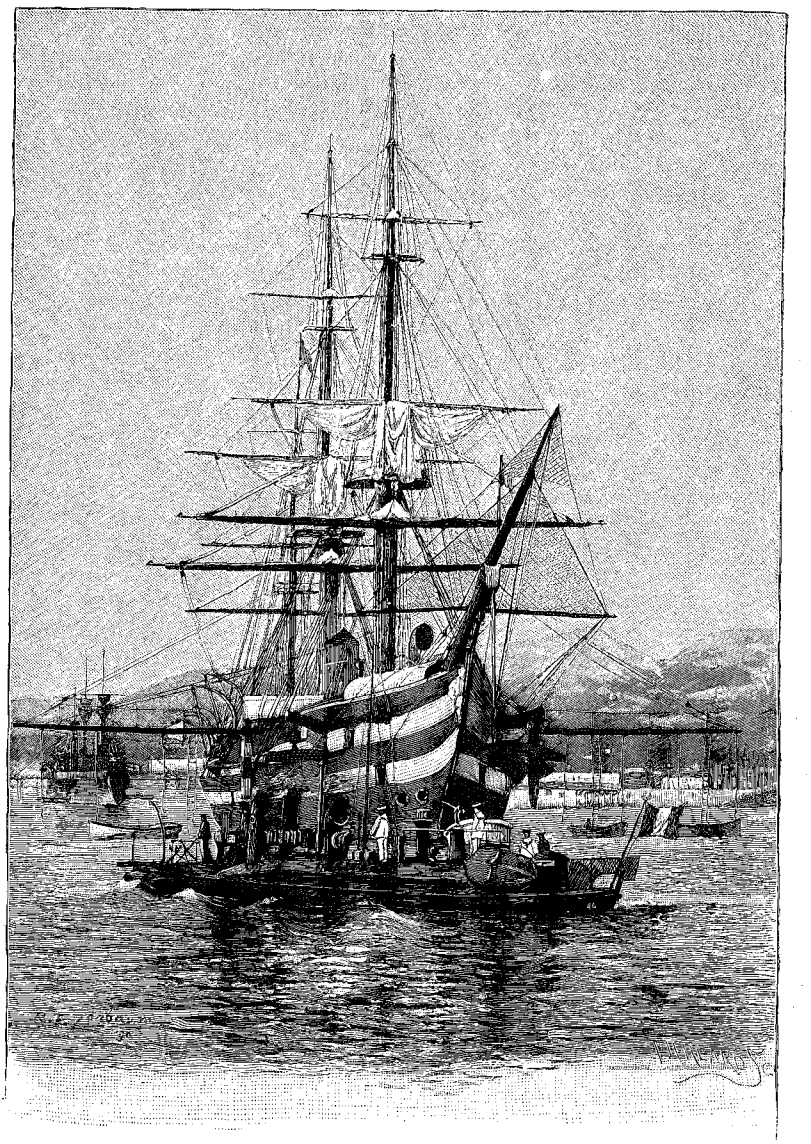

In the Harbor of Toulon.

while, farther on, the tapping and banging of hundreds of hammers on steel and iron comes over the water toward us from under the huge sheds where ships are building, and where swarms of smaller craft—shore-boats, launches, cutters—dart about among the men-of-war moored in the bay in front. From an inner basin, the opening of which I can make out from the deck, boats pass in and out to the city; the houses, many-windowed and gray, showing against the dark verdure of the foot-hills beyond. Sweeping around to the left the great buildings of the dock-yard raise their roofs above a massive dike, behind which a forest of masts, mostly without yards or rigging of much account, but topheavy in appearance with their turret-like military tops, indicate plainly enough the character of the vessels lying in the basins within.

"French flagship under way, sir!" reports the quartermaster on watch. The

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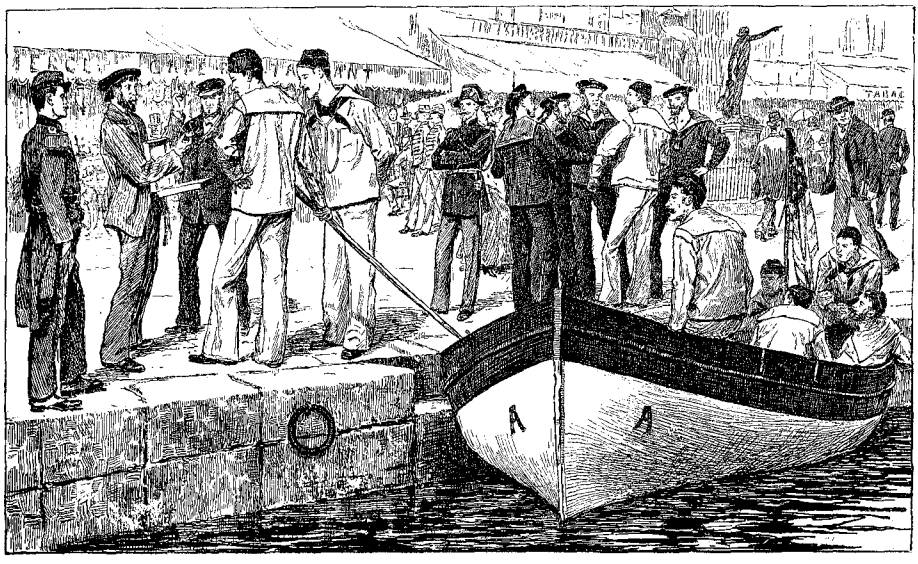
marine guard hurriedly falls in and is paraded on the poop, where a group of our officers is standing, and our commander, who has returned to the ship meanwhile, points out the big man-of-war, as she is seen slowly moving out from the head of the harbor, near where the Chicago is lying. From the American ship the notes of the "Marseillaise" burst out, as the French iron-clad sweeps majestically onward; and as the smoke pours from her funnels, and she gradually turns her sharp ram seaward, slowly gaining headway as she passes near us, we recognize the Triomphante, the flagship of the China squadron, bound outward on a cruise to the antipodes. A famous ship the Triomphante, formerly flying the flag of the gallant Courbet, and in the fight on the Foo-Chow River, in the war between China and France, she rammed the Chinese flagship at full speed, sinking her. On each of our cruisers the marine guard presents arms as she passes, and, when gliding by near us, her band strikes up "Hail, Columbia," her officers, whom we see standing on the high bridge forward, "drummers" from supply and wine-merchants, laundresses — and on the port side of the deck forward, the "blue-jackets" are making or renewing acquaintances, for American men-of-war seem to be welcome in French waters, and some of the older sailormen have found former friends among the shore people, and are laughingly exchanging salutations in most comical French and queer-sounding English on one side or the other. A pet monkey of the crew comes in, too, for his share in the general hilarity forward; some wag among the sailors has unchained him, and accustomed as he is to perfect freedom about the ship, he makes himself at home as usual, to the terror and dismay of one or two young laundresses, evidently unaccustomed to such free and easy ways. However, the fun is harmless enough, and Jackie's officer, often as much of a sailorman in his way as the veriest shellback among the crew, rarely interferes with his amusements when he is not on duty, or does not let his love for a frolic carry him too far in a disregard for the order and discipline of the ship.



At the Landing Place, Toulon.

raise their caps to us in courteous recognition of our salute.

Our ship has already been boarded by people from shore — bumboatmen,

Order and discipline there must be under all circumstances — an army or a navy cannot exist without them — and the government of a ship must be admin-

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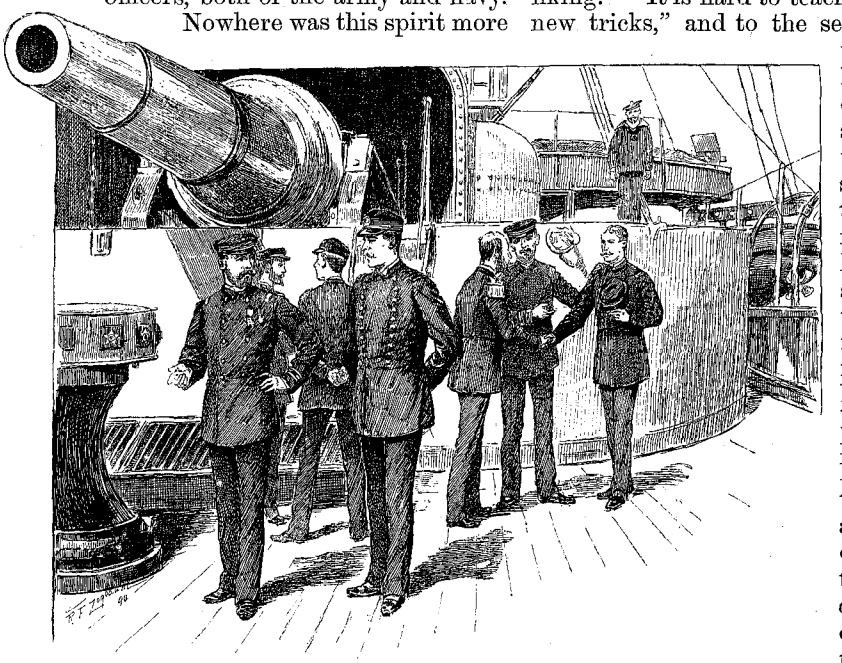
istered with a strong hand; and constant vigilance and firmness on the part of the officers in their intercourse with their men, the exaction of unquestioning obedience on their part, are absolutely necessary for the successful attainment of their efficiency as a fighting force, for the safety of their ship, and for the welfare and comfort of every man of the crew. It has been my good fortune to see much of the life of the military forces, both of foreign states and of our own country, and as far as my experience goes I have nowhere met with a class of men more conscientious in the discharge of their duties toward their subordinates, more solicitous of their welfare, more capable of the government of the men under their command in a wise and considerate manner, than American officers, both of the army and navy.

Nowhere was this spirit more evident than on the squadron of evolution, notwithstanding the reports of hardships endured by the men, and of undue severity of the discipline on board the ships, so industriously circulated for a time in the newspapers. To those cognizant of the true condition of affairs on the fleet some of these reports would be almost comical in their absurdity, were it not for the false impression they are calculated to convey to the mind of the public. For instance, one account describes how the poor sailors are shivering in "white working clothes," while the officers are buttoned up to their chins in their ulsters. Now, as a matter of fact, the "white working clothes" are put on over the usual clothing of the sailorman, and the naval uniform regulations specially direct that in cool weather, whenever the working dress is used—which it habitually is at sea—it "shall be worn over a suit of blue," thus affording an additional protection against the cold. Consequent upon the new conditions of things in service on a modern warship, there is a change in the sailor's life—at no time an easy one—that perhaps is not altogether to his liking. "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," and to the seaman accustomed to the life on board one of our antiquated wooden vessels—where there is nothing new for him to learn, and where the routine is so much a matter of habit with him that the fulfilment of his daily duties becomes a sort of second nature to him—the oft-recurring drilling at the new appliances of warfare and the complicated machinery of all kinds, absolutely necessary to familiarize him with the novel character of his work, may seem irksome. In getting the ship in fighting trim—clearing decks for action—in the fire-drill, in handling the new and improved ordnance, in a dozen different evolutions, the stations of the men, their duties, the tools—if the word may



A Social Visit Aboard the French Flag-ship.

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be permitted—that they use are different from what they have been accustomed to; and it must be said to their credit that they are speedily learning to do away with old habits, and that the improvement in the manœuvres, under their watchful and painstaking instructors, is manifest. The squadron of evolution was specially formed for the purpose of instructing officers and men in the performance of these duties, and to render them efficient and competent to man war vessels of the most modern types; and, while all hands—from commanding officers to the "Jack o' the dust"—have been held rigorously accountable for the proper performance of their work, at no time are the drills so severe as to be the cause of any real grievance. A healthier, finer lot of men than those forming the *personnel* of the squadron it would be difficult to get together under the present system of recruiting for the navy, and the comparatively small number of desertions—so insignificant in so large a body of men as to be scarcely noticeable—speaks volumes for the general well-being of the enlisted men of the fleet. With the sole exception of Gibraltar—where the "grippe" being at its height on the squadron, general liberty was not given, at the request, I was told, of the British authorities—permission to go ashore has been freely accorded, and large crowds of "liberty men" were to be seen at all the ports we visited. Even now a group of sailors and marines is gathered at the mast, and, neat and clean, in natty blue, one by one they respond to their names and tumble over the side of the big boat waiting at the port gangway to take them to the city for a run on shore.

"The men are speedily embarked."

A busy, "lively" town is Toulon. From the great stone quay on the water front in the inner port, where the landing-place is, narrow and dark streets, bordered by high houses, run back to the wide boulevard and public squares and gardens of the newer part of the city. To the left of the quay, as one lands, the walls of the dock-yard rise and run out, forming one side of the basin, where, behind the barrier of booms floating on the water, row on row of torpedo-boats lie. Turn to the left, follow the quay to the wall, then turn to the right again until you come to the dock-yard gate, where, however, you must not enter without a permit from the "Préfecture de Marine." This has been granted to the officers of the American squadron, and a number of them enter through the gate, under the guidance of one of the préfet's aides, a polite, dapper lieutenant, who hurries the visitors through a maze of streets, docks, and

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houses, like so many sightseers in a "personally conducted" tour. To their surprise and disappointment they are permitted to examine next to nothing, are conducted rapidly past any point of interest, any great ship lying in the basins or in the dry-docks, past the magnificent Spanish battle-ship El Pelayo, which has just been finished by the Société des Forges de la Méditerranée at La Seyne on the other side of the harbor, and which is lying at a dock on the outer edge of the yard, and the officers of which evidently expect a visit, as one or two of them advance half-way down the gangway, as if to receive the officers. But the French lieutenant, who is probably as much bored with the whole business as certainly are the Americans, hurries onward, and soon, having made the tour of the yard, parts from them at the main gate with much bowing and smiling, as if pleased at the completion of his task, and leaves a thoroughly disappointed and indignant party of Yankee sailors to make disgusted comments in more or less vigorous Anglo-Saxon on this not very hearty exhibition of official hospitality.

It would, however, be doing a great injustice to the representatives of France's great navy, to lay much stress on this solitary exception to the otherwise cordial and most flattering attentions paid to both officers and men of the American squadron by all classes of the French service, wherever French ships, French sailors, and French soldiers are met with on the cruise. Their courtesy under all circumstances is extreme, and every evidence of good-will toward the sister republic is shown to a remarkable degree. Crowds of French sailors and marines gather at the landing-stages at the quay where our liberty parties land, and it is no unfrequent sight to see French and Yankee "bluejackets" strolling, arm in arm, through the streets of the town, in high good-humor with one another, bent on a frolic, in spite of the difficulty of conversing with one another except through the medium of an improvised sign language.

A long row of high houses, the shops on the ground floor opening out on it, forms the background to the quay. In front the basin is covered with boats, coming in or passing out of the narrow opening to the harbor outside, where the war-ships are lying, and the floating landing-stages are constantly beset with man-of-war boats of all kinds, French and American, taking in or discharging their passengers. A huge hulk—an old wooden frigate, mastless, and with deck roofed over—is moored to the shore. On it canvas-shirted sailors move about or lounge out of the open ports or in the doorways of the houses built on the deck. It is one of the receiving-ships, and a party of recruits in new uniforms, bulging canvas clothing-bags over their shoulders or lying on the ground beside their owners, are being mustered by a swarthy, pointed-bearded, ear-ringed "quartier maitre," preparatory to marching on board a big launch lying by the gangway. Sailors and soldiers, officers, longshoremen, negroes, boatmen, men, women, and children, crowd the wide promenade, or go in and out of the shops and wine-rooms; all is bustle and noise, and a constant kaleidoscopic change is taking place in the moving throng. With clatter of swinging steel scabbards beating their heels as they walk, some dandified young officers—"infanterie de la marine"—stroll up and down, their enormous kepis well down on their ears, their handsome, dark, well-made uniforms contrasting strongly with the clumsy, badly cut, and ill-fitting clothing of their men, many of whom, hands deep in trousers' pockets, pushing back the flowing skirts of their great-coats, are standing about the shops or on the edge of the quay, looking idly out over the water. At the tables, under the wide-spread awning in front of the Café du Commerce, naval officers are sipping their coffee or liqueurs, chatting together and smoking, in uniform and bearing showing a marked difference between themselves and their comrades of the land service. Everywhere in the crowd French sailors—some in neat blue broad linen collars over their flannel shirts, some in white canvas fatigue suits—come and go; some carry bundles of all kinds of odds and ends, purchased at the shops, which display their wares under the many-colored awnings over their doors. Everything that a sailor can wear or

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use may be bought here, everything necessary and everything unnecessary, from a bo's'n's silver whistle to a particolored cotton handkerchief, with the picture of some celebrated man-of-war printed on it; from a pair of rain-boots or a sou'wester hat to a knife-lanyard. Bookstands, with bright-covered novels and more soberly bound professional works; tobacconists, with every variety of pipe and cigarholder that ever tempted sailor lad to part with his hard-earned cash; tailor shops, with gorgeous lithographs of every army or navy uniform of France offer their wares to the passer-by. Photographs of ships and prints of most bloody and fiery battles by sea and by land hang in the windows of the wineshops; and at one dingy, shabby, shopfront the words "Sing House," scrawled on a piece of cardboard nailed on the wall, and the banging and clattering within of a piano, most outrageously out of tune and thrumming out a lugubrious imitation of Yankee Doodle, are evidently intended to lure our American blue-jackets to the questionable entertainment afforded by the vicious-looking and faded representatives of both sexes standing in front of the door. Pale-faced, dark-eyed little children—girls mostly—offer flowers with appealing glances, and Jackie, always warm-hearted and lavish with his money, is a frequent customer. Poor old women—white-capped or with kerchiefs bound around their heads—box and brush in hand, stand by chairs placed at intervals, ready to "shine your boots," and it is amusing to hear our sailors' sarcastic comments as they see some burly fellow, seated in a chair, while a gray-haired woman kneels on the ground before him, blacking his footwear. A line of shoreboats, bright little flags waving from the tops of their short masts, across which long lateen yards are hanging, push their high bows against the quay's edge beyond the landings for the warships, and their owners, weather-beaten, neatly clad fellows, politely offer their services. They are a sturdy, hardworking, willing lot—old man-of-war's-men many of them—and earn faithfully every penny they make in their sometimes arduous calling. Still farther along, where the crowd is thinning out a little, the shipchandlers' and marine merchants' warehouses stand, until, with a bend forming one side of the square of the basin, the quay ends at the line of fortifications looking landward.

"Entente Cordiale."

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French Battle-ship Saluting.

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It is nearly sunset. The trim young coxswain, standing with folded arms near the white gig, lying in the water alongside the quay, keeps a vigilant eye on his crew, lest some one of them—the attractions of the shops near by too strong for him—should wander too far away to be in his place in the boat at the commander's coming; while the bow-oarsman, boat-hook holding on to one of the many iron rings fastened in the masonry, rolls his quid from cheek to cheek, imperturbable and indifferent to the friendly sallies of the group of Frenchmen—soldiers, sailors, and civilians—gathered about the boat. One of the men lounges on the thwarts, while the others, heads together in a little bunch, are examining some queer-shaped pipes and fish-skin tobacco-bags, just purchased by one of their number at the tobacconist's hard by. The Chicago's steam launch puffs up to the landing and takes on board a party of officers, stewards, and others, that has been awaiting her approach, and with measured dip of long sweeps, the cutters from some of the other ships are pulling out harborward.

The gig's crew jump to their places as the captain takes his seat, and I step in beside him, and the pretty whaleboat, propelled by six pair of brawny young arms, is soon flying over the smooth, oily surface of the water in the inner port, bound once more for the ship. Quiet and smooth stretches the bay before us, as we dart out past the pier-heads, and the ships lying at anchor, seem floating in mid-air, and the headlands beyond, where sky and sea-line meet, are blue and hazy in the distance. Now comes a gentle breeze, just rippling the waters, and the sails of the three little felucca-rigged boats—their bows pointed for the town—that are coming toward us yonder, fill slowly and curve outward, sending the bright-colored little craft dancing onward. With strong, rhythmic, easy stroke, the boat's crew sends the gig along, lying on their oars a moment as the admiral's barge moves past and caps are raised in salute. Smoothly we glide along, past the big Chicago's white sides, past huge circular buoys, anchored to the bottom of the bay and serving for moorings for the men-of-war. A French whaleboat lies by one of them, a man in the bow marking with great red-crossed signal-flag the moorings for the huge iron-clad slowly approaching from the sea yonder.

Smoothly we glide alongside our ship as the sun, a ball of red fire, gradually disappears, and all over the harbor trumpets are ringing out, and on the flagships the bands are playing, as the colors on the war-ships are lowered for the day.

And so a week passes. The wide harbor and fair weather afford an excellent opportunity for boat-drills of all kinds, and daily whole fleets of them are exercised under oar and sail. The regular routine on the squadron is uninterrupted, in spite of the attractions offered on shore, and officers and men are kept busy; the admiral always on the alert and watchful, and any carelessness, any failure to execute the various manœuvres thoroughly and effectually, are sure to be noticed and commented upon. It is interesting, also, to watch the French torpedo-boats, as they dart about the harbor, under command of young officers, and to observe the close attention paid by French naval men to this very important branch of modern marine warfare. Scores of these boats are kept in readiness for service, and new appliances and methods are constantly being experimented with.

Marseilles is but two or three hours' journey by rail from Toulon, and although the stay of the squadron here is limited, and the life in town and harbor so interesting to me, I resolve to take a "run" down to the great commercial seaport of France. With me in the compartment of a carriage in the morning express is a young Frenchman in naval uniform, and a right pleasant and entertaining fellow-traveller he turns out to be, as, after eying me for a few moments over the top of the book he holds in his hands, he throws it aside, and without further ceremony enters into conversation with me, inquiring whether I am not on the American squadron, and remarking that it would be stupid for two apparently decent sort of men to be shut up together in a railway car-

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riage without attempting to pass the time agreeably together. I answer that I am accompanying the American ships and explain my status on the fleet, and he volunteers the information that he is on his way to Cherbourg to join the Naide of the North Atlantic squadron, and, our mutual introduction to one another thus being satisfactorily accomplished, we fall to smoking cigars and chatting pleasantly together on various subjects, and, when we finally enter the station at Marseilles, and my new-found friend suggests that—as he has business in the city which will keep him there until the departure of the night express—we meet later on, dine somewhere, and spend the evening together, I gladly accede to his proposal. He leaves me at the door of the hotel, a quiet hostelry in the rue Daubagne, to which he has accompanied me, and I start off for a stroll by myself.

What a crowd! What a going and coming of carts and wagons, street-cars and carriages, as I stand at the junction of the Cours Belsunce and the rue de Rome with the broad rue Cannebière, on my way to the Old Port at the bottom of the street there, where the masts of shipping rise up. How Parisian the houses look, with their high fronts, the mansards, the long lines of ornamental iron balconies, the signs, and the great plate-glass windows! But all resemblance to Paris ends with the houses. The crowds that fill the streets have a character peculiarly their own, and the sun shines far more brightly, and the sky has a far more brilliant hue than in the cold and misty north. People from all the countries bordering the Mediterranean swarm on the sidewalks in front of the immense cafés with their hundreds of little tables; Turk and Arab, Corsican and Greek, Spaniard and Sicilian, mingle in the crowd, and a dozen different languages may be heard in a distance of as many yards.

Where the Cannebière ends at the Quai de la Fraternité, I look out, over a line of little row and sail boats, on the long basin of the Vieux Port; to my right the wall of the broad Quai du Port is packed with sailing vessels, sterns or bows to the street, thronged with people, carts, and tram-cars, and encumbered with huge piles of merchandise, in barrels, bales, and boxes. The Quai de la Rive Neuve, to my left, presents a similar appearance, while in front of me the port opens to the sea, old Fort St. Nicolas on the east, Fort St. Jean on the west. The vessels are from every land under the sun that sends ships to sea. Great, high-decked Englishmen lie side by side with traders from distant Brazil; huge feluccas from the Levant—fierce, swarthy crews, lying under bright-banded awnings on the deck, orange-piled—crowd in between trim, light-sparred yachts; clumsy Hollanders, big Russian barks, round-bowed Germans, Italian tartanes, and Spanish schooners discharge or take on board their freight. From far Pacific islands ships are unloading cocoa-nuts, their shells in splintered fragments lying on the paved quay in huge piles, where they have been thrown by the 'longshoremen, who, walking out on long planks pushed from the ships' sterns, empty great bagfuls on the dock; while others, great hoe-like implements in hand, gather the stuff together into baskets. Near by a pair of great scales a *douanier*—customs officer—in his blue coat and military cap, notes the number of the packages as they are weighed and placed upon the huge drays with the long string of horses standing there to receive their loads. The workmen, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, chatter, whistle, and sing at their tasks; dirty children, in the veriest apologies for clothes, play in the gutters by the sidewalks back where the houses stand, and black-browed, unkempt women, with handsome faces, huge baskets of shell-fish or fruit on their heads, or lying on the curbstone before them, offer the contents for sale. A rope ferry at the end of the Quai du Port takes passengers to the other side, and I cross over to the drawbridge spanning the dirty waters of the Basin du Carénage, and walking along a wide street, leading past the high walls and wide square gates of the barracks of Fort St. Nicolas, I enter the well-kept grounds of the Château du Pharo, a fine palace of the time of Napoleon III., and passing its wide front to the terrace overlooking the water, enjoy the beautiful panorama stretched before me. At

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my very feet is the entrance to the Old Port, and beyond rise the houses of Marseilles. To my right are the bastions of the fortress just passed, opposite to me the square tower and stone walls of Fort St. Jean; sweeping away to the west, the New Port shows its grand basins, its granite piers, and rows of massive warehouses, and the magnitude of the business interests, the immense commercial wealth of Marseilles is evident to the most careless observer. Close by the water-front the domes of the cathedral tower above the buildings, and the Quai de la Joliette runs, straight and broad, along one side of the basin of the same name. One after the other the great, square, masonry-walled basins —Basins de la Joliette, du Lazaret, d'Arène, de la Gare Maritime, the National, largest of all—are crowded with steamships, and the quays and warehouses are teeming with life, and the sound of voices, the clanking of heavy chains, the blowing of steam-whistles, the rumble of carts and trains, and all the noise of the life and bustle of a great seaport rise up to my ears, like the distant thunder of the ocean on surf-beaten shores. On a high hill to the south, the golden statue on the top shining through the mist of smoke and dust arising from the city, the tall tower of Notre Dame de la Garde is silhouetted against the sky; out to sea, islands lie—the Château d'If, the old fortress of Francis the First, and the Ile des Pendus, the island of the hanged men.

Promptly at the appointed hour I find my new acquaintance awaiting me at our rendezvous, spick and span in his dark blue uniform and gold braided cap, and showing his white teeth under his dark mustache in friendly smile, as he greets me with outstretched hand. He is in great good spirits, has finished all his business, has made his purchases for his outfit for his long cruise of three years, and ready for the dinner, which he has already ordered for us at a little table in the corner of the *salle à manger* of the Hôtel St. Louis. A regular Marseillaise dinner; *bouillabaisse*, some little pâtés as entrée, chicken with a hot sauce, in which peppers, tomatoes, and fragrant herbs form a savory compound; salad, fruit, and cheese, the whole washed down with an excellent vin du Var. One of my friends was wont to remark that "a good dinner puts a man at peace with himself and the world," and never could this saying have been applied to better purpose than to the French lieutenant and myself, as, our intimacy having increased marvellously under the stimulus of the good fare we have enjoyed, we sally forth into the now lamplit streets in quest of a café to enjoy our demi-tasses and cigars. We have not far to go; there is an "embarrassment of choice," the Frenchman says, and we turn in at one of the many wide open doors of a resort on the Cannebière, filled to overflowing with a motley crowd, good-natured, laughing, and all talking at once at the top of their voices and with much gesticulation, shrugging of shoulders, and raising of eyebrows. However, everybody is polite and amiable, and as my companion and I chat together over our coffee I rather enjoy the din and movement after the quiet and order of life on shipboard.

The streets are literally packed with people as we stroll on the Cours Belsunce. All Marseilles appears to be out of doors, and every foreign seaman in the port seems to have come ashore to-night. On the broad, tree-covered space of the Cours Belsunce the walk is black with men, women, and children, itinerant vendors of nostrums, lemonade and chocolate merchants, gymnasts and mountebanks—all have customers or circles of admiring spectators by the light of the electric lamps, and the hurly-burly is like that of a country fair.

So the evening wears away, and we find ourselves at the railway station, my new sailor friend to take the train for the north, I to see him off and wish him God-speed on his journey. And good luck I certainly do wish for him, as he leans out of the window of his compartment and waves his hand in farewell as the long train drags its slow length out of the station, and if some day his ship drops anchor in American waters I hope I may see him again.

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Day is just breaking one morning as —having joined the ship once more—I come out of the cabin and mount to the quarter-deck. All is quiet in the har-

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bor of Toulon; most of the ships that were lying here on the day of our arrival have gone to sea, and, save for one or two cruisers and the *stationnaires*, as the vessels permanently attached to the port are called, our own white beauties are the only men-of-war outside the sheltering walls of the dock-yard. The Couronne, the old line-of-battle ship, is preparing to get under way, and the steam escaping from her pipes is curling in white clouds through the maze of her rigging. On the bridge forward on our ship several of the officers are standing; the crew has turned out, the hammocks are stowed away, and an occasional sound from the engine-room, and the brown haze floating off to leeward from the top of the smoke-stack, indicate that we, too, are preparing for sea. The Chicago, the Boston, the Atlanta also show signs of readiness for departure; I can see men forward on the decks of all of them, and dark forms on the bridges, while the boats at the davits all hang inboard. The light grows stronger in the east; to the north'ard heavy cloud-masses gather threateningly on the horizon, and, as the sun rises, casting its long glancing rays over the bay, the order to cast loose from our moorings and get under way is signalled from the flag-ship; as she points her nose seaward and leads the way out of the harbor, the other vessels follow in her wake, all with colors flying, responded to immediately by the hoisting of the flags on all the French vessels in sight.

High, rocky, picturesque the land rises from the water; Fort Coudon, on a rugged crag 2,300 feet above us, glowing red in the light of the rising sun; gently heaving in long, smooth swells the blue Mediterranean stretches beyond. Astern of us the Couronne emerges from the harbor mouth, shaking out fold after fold of her enormous sails to catch the morning breeze. On we steam, out from the bay, soon losing sight of the houses and forts of Toulon, while the Couronne, standing out to sea on a course nearly across our sterns, drops her hull, with the double line of black and white ports, gradually below the horizon, until nothing is seen of her but the towering squares of her canvas, as the sails reflect the light from their smooth surfaces. On we speed in column, one white cruiser following the other, past Presqu'île de Cien, and into the passage between the high coast of the mainland and the Iles d'Hyères—Porquerolles, Port Cros, and du Levant—rising from the sea on our starboard beam. The air is chilly; the clouds gather thicker and thicker, and the wind sighs and moans in the rigging, and, as we steam out past the islands the sea breaks in short choppy waves against the sides of our ships. Here and there small coasters, sails spread and showing their colors as they pass near us, pitch and roll, while seaward showers of rain chase one another across the heaving waters. The coast shows dimly through the gathering mists, here and there a rugged promontory pushes out into the sea, the surf breaking on the rocks at its base, while the headlands beyond loom through the constantly gathering vapor, appearing and disappearing as the squalls succeed one another. On we speed, the rain descending in torrents at intervals and the wind increasing, coming tearing over the water in sudden gusts, cold and penetrating. Fréjus shows for a moment, and Ile Ste. Marguerite, where were imprisoned the mysterious "man with the iron mask" and Bazaine, the brave but unfortunate marshal of the Second Empire.

Away ahead on the gray horizon dense smoke masses are rising, and the word is passed that the French fleet is in sight. Through the gusty rain-squalls we can see the ships approaching, their great dark hulls moving over the tossing waves, the thick black smoke from their funnels blown by the wind in rolling clouds seaward. Half-hidden in bursts of spray flying over her hull—lying low in the water—rakish masts waving to and fro as she pitches on the swells, a little torpedo despatch-boat pushes to the front, like a scout thrown out before an advancing column. In line, some distance astern of her, the leading division—three great ironclads, veritable monsters—steam grimly forward, their rear covered by a gunboat; while following in column three more huge floating fortresses ride the waves,

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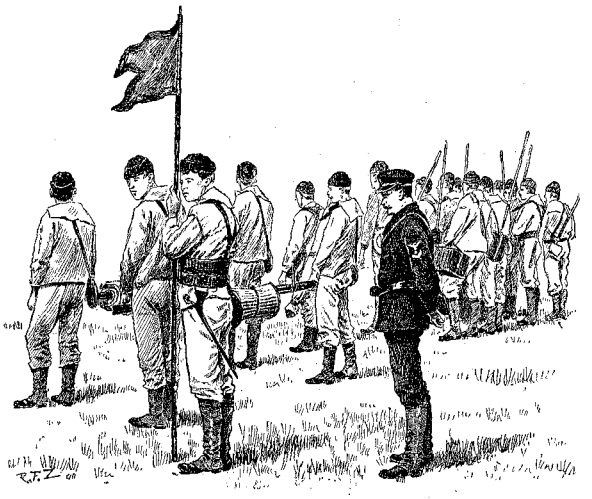
pushing them aside with their mighty rams, their black sides now rising to the light, now falling in shadow, as they roll heavily and slowly on the seas. Nearer and nearer they come in silent grandeur, when, as the scout flashes by us, and the leading ship is abreast of the Chicago, a burst of flame darts from her iron sides, and the stars and stripes wave at her fore, as her guns give greeting to the American cruisers, and the blue powder smoke envelops her and her consorts in masses of drifting vapor. Promptly the answering thunder of the Chicago's ordnance fills the air, and as promptly the French flagship of the rear division sweeping by — as the five vessels in the van wheel to the left in column — booms out a salute to our admiral's flag.



A Detachment of Pioneers, and Hospital Corps.

On we speed, parting company with our French friends, rapidly steaming away from us. Antibes, Cannes, are passed, until rising boldly from the sea the headland behind which our harbor lies looms into view and the houses of Nice show up all gray and dismal in the drizzle of the rain. We round the point and enter slowly in between the tree-clad hills of Villefranche Bay, where, with hospitable courtesy, the French admiral in command of the ships lying here has sent boats out to meet our fleet and to conduct each vessel to her moorings. The French men-of-war in the harbor form the first division of the Mediterranean squadron of evolution, the other divisions of which we met on our run along the coast, and we have as our neighbor again the Amiral Duperré, the giant battle-ship encountered on our arrival at Toulon, which, with the other ships of this division, has remained in port to receive our fleet. Something like a "squadron of evolution," this magnificent fleet of French men-of-war—nine great battle-ships, two powerful cruisers, two despatch vessels carrying torpedoes, one torpedo cruiser, and three regular torpedo-boats. The battle-ships are the Amiral Baudin, Formidable, Amiral Duperré, Courbet, Trident, Redoutable, Vauban, Bayard, and the Duguesclin—the three last-named being so-called cuirassés decroisières, or iron-clad cruisers, and are of the same class of ships as the Triomphante, whose departure for Asiatic waters we witnessed. The three first-named are among the largest and most powerful ships of the French navy. The total number of guns carried in both principal and secondary batteries on the vessels composing this squadron reaches three hundred and one pieces of artillery, from the enormous 37 cm. rifles of the Baudin and Formidable to the various rapid-fire and revolving cannon with which all the ships are armed. Besides this, sixty torpedo-tubes are distributed throughout the fleet. The speed attained by individual vessels runs from fourteen knots by the Bayard, to twenty knots by the Agile, one of the torpedo-boats, and the crews to man them all make up a force of five thousand seven hundred and fifty men. Note the Amiral Duperré, the Courbet, the great Formidable—well-named indeed—lying near where the Chicago is moored, graceful, white, and almost fragile in comparison with the black monster her neighbor; see the gray, long, narrow Milan, the only ship in port that any of our squadron would stand much chance in fighting with. Not that it is intend-

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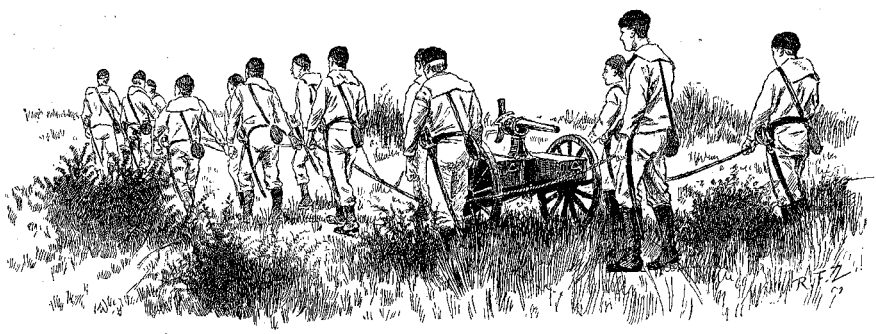
ed to cast any slur on our fine new ships; splendid specimens of their class they are, equal to, if not better than, any others of their kind afloat, and commanded and manned by American seamen, who time and again have proved their valor and their skill, and who have upheld the honor of the flag in every quarter of the globe, by sea and by land, in the fire of battle and in dread tropic hurricane, ever since an American warship first floated on salt water.

While it will never be necessary, let us hope, for us to maintain anything like the enormous fleets of the great maritime powers of Europe, still a comparison of the actual naval strength of some of these powers with the two or three armored cruisers in process of construction, the battle-ships — not yet even planned—for which Congress has just voted an appropriation; the handful of monitors—most of them out of repair; the pitifully inadequate number of torpedo-boats; the new cruisers, all splendid ships but few in number, and the twoscore of antiquated wooden vessels that go to make up the present naval force of the United States, may not be inappropriate at the present time, when the four cruisers that compose our little squadron are the first ships of a new navy that we hope is to rise, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of the old, and should be considered but as the commencement of a fleet, greater, stronger, and more powerful than any our government has planned.

Great Britain maintains a fleet of sixty-eight great armored ships, about two hundred torpedo-boats, ninety cruisers, and over one hundred gunboats; France has ready for war forty-four battleships, coast-defence vessels, and the like, about one hundred cruisers of various classes, twenty-five iron-clad gunboats —very formidable vessels—thirty-nine other gunboats, fifteen torpedo cruisers and despatch boats, eighteen sea-going, and about one hundred and thirty other torpedo-boats; Italy has thirty-four battle-ships and iron-clads, forty cruisers, one hundred and twenty torpedo-boats, forty-eight of which are now building; the Russian eagle floats over about forty iron-clads, twenty or more cruisers, nearly two hundred torpedo and about thirty gunboats; while Germany's young Emperor commands twenty-seven battle and coast-defence ships, about thirty cruisers, and one hundred and fifty torpedo boats in commission and in process of construction. In these figures only the fighting ships are given; all the powers, notably Great Britain and France, which nations entertain large fleets of transports, have various other vessels, such as school-ships, yachts, tenders, and the like, to swell the grand total.

A more lovely spot of its kind than Villefranche Harbor it would be difficult to find. Nestling at the base of high hills, scarred with ravine and chasm, and dotted with groves of dark-leaved trees, the ancient town of Villafranca rises in gray embattled wall and tower from the very edge of the water. Old forts and defensive works line the bank, and narrow streets of steps climb the steep incline. A road, practicable for wheeled vehicles, winds up the height



Field Artillery.

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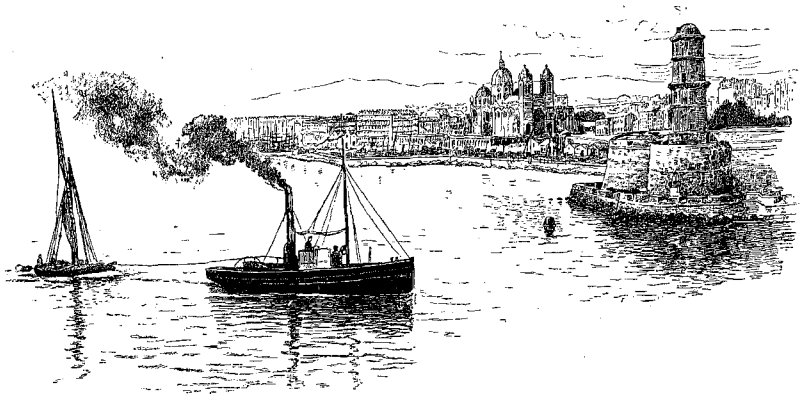
from the stone pier to the broad highway running around the promontory westward to Nice on the one hand, and on the other eastward along the Riviera. Directly south the harbor opens, its waters of a brilliant yet soft blue, transparent and reflecting objects floating upon it with startling vividness. To the east the shore sweeps around in graceful curve to another headland — fortress-topped and with light-tower on its brink — forming a little peninsula, covered with tree and bush, green from the water's edge. The air is soft and balmy, the sky without a cloud, and the sea, out from the harbor's entrance, stretches, glassy and shining bright, save where the long swell casts purple shadows in the hollows, as it rolls directly into the bay, and the Yorktown rocks slowly from port to starboard and from starboard back to port again, gently and softly as a cradle. But a cable's-length or two away from us the Atlanta's sides shine silvery white in the sunlight; while between us and the head of the harbor, where the high masts of the flagship and the Boston point upward, the black iron hulls of the Frenchmen are mirrored in the limpid depths. One or two fishing boats—dark specks on the glittering waves in the offing—are moving out; and here and there among the olive-trees on the steep hillsides, where pretty villas and farm-houses peep out, blue smoke from early fires, thin and hazy, rises straight upward and melts into the clear air.



The New Port, Marseilles.

Eight strokes on the bell of the French flagship tinkle out simultaneously with the deep-toned voice of that on the Chicago, and are responded to by all the other ships; while the trumpets sound, and, like so many firecrackers on the "glorious Fourth," rifles pop on the Frenchmen, as the flags are raised on both fleets.

The "first lieutenant" has his sword on as he stands by the hatch leading below, giving some directions to the ship's writer, and one or two of the other officers are coming up the ladder, buckling their belts or drawing on their white gloves. In duck working clothes and watchcaps the men are gathering forward; the bo's'n's-mate on the forecastle is superintending the rigging up of a whip, while some of the men are taking apart the carriages of the field-pieces which stand on either side of the deck. The marines—belts on, rifles in hand—stand together near the port gangway; from the armory apprentices are bringing up firearms and equipments; some of the sailors are putting on their brown leggings or strapping their cartridge or cutlass belts around their waists; while in such of the boats as are still hanging from the davits one or two of the men of their crews are busied getting them ready for the day's work, and all hands are bustling about not to be behindhand when the signal to embark comes from the flagship—a brigade from our squadron being ordered to land for shore drill.

Soon the bugles sound, the whistles pipe, away go the boats' crews. The

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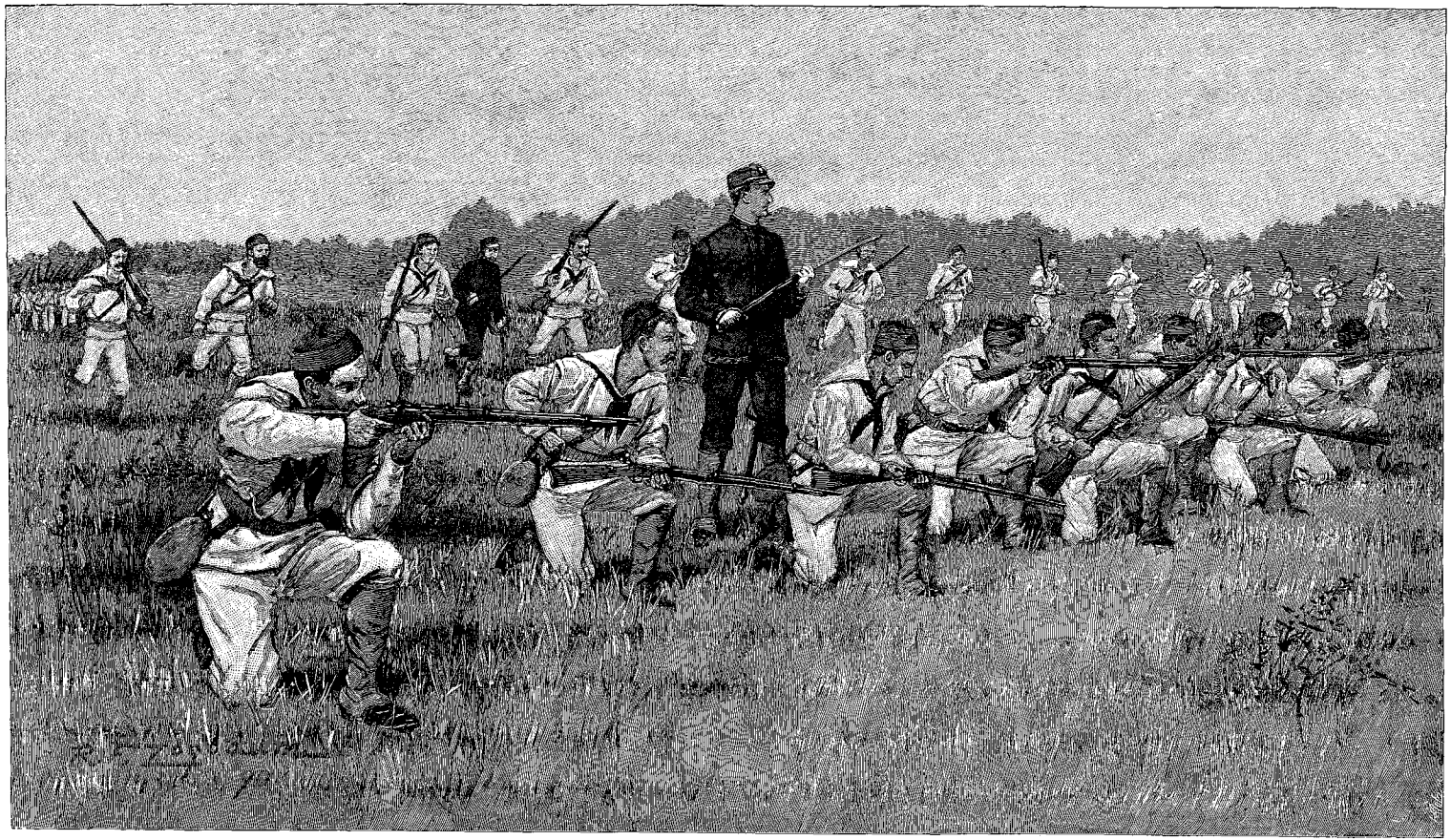

Shore Drill.
"Pegging away at an imaginary enemy."

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steam launch lies smoking at the starboard ladder; the guns—Hotchkiss and Gatling—hoisted up by the whip, are lowered into the boats in the water alongside, and in a jiffy the men, armed as infantry and artillery, have taken their places, and we are soon gliding along, one boat after the other, towed toward the shore by the little steamer. We pass the Atlanta, her crew swarming over the sides; and, coming from the Chicago and Boston, we see the long lines of cutter, launch, and whaleboat, flags flying, well-armed crews filling them, swiftly crossing the harbor to the landing-place on the eastern side, a lovely little cove, where an old stone pier juts out into the water, and where, by the courtesy of the French Government, our forces are permitted to land. As we come up to the pier, one after the other the boats discharge their loads. The cannon are lifted out, the long drag-ropes manned, and the batteries formed; the infantry companies "fall in" quickly and move off along the shore toward a winding path leading up the precipitous hillsides. Quite a respectable force it is, too, with the blue-coated marines and white-clad sailormen, making up a body of infantry several hundred strong, four batteries of artillery with the best and newest types of ordnance, and a detachment of pioneers and hospital corps.

Drums rattling, trumpets sounding, the infantry advances in long, solid columns, winding up the hillside between dark green hedges and stone walls, wheeling to the right on the hard macadam of the highway, until, out from under the overhanging branches of the trees by the high walls that surround the lovely gardens of a pretty villa, the troops debouch on to a breezy, brush-covered plateau that forms the top of the peninsula. The artillery follows close behind; Jackie is used to hauling, and the heavy little fieldpieces are jumped along up the steep hillsides like nothing at all.

What a glorious picture, as stretching in front of us, where the land beyond there stops abruptly, the sea sparkles and ripples in the sunshine, royally purple in hue, in glowing contrast with the sapphire sky, which, cloudless, rises like a dome above. To the left and rear, sweeping in a bold curve eastward, the coast trends away; Beaulieu clusters in garden and olive groves, orange and rose trees, palms gracefully drooping feathery branches over green hedges; huge cliffs tower, naked and grand, from the white curving road on the strand, and high mountain-tops raise mighty crests heavenward. Down below, every stitch of canvas spread, "a bark is speeding over the sea," and far on the distant horizon to the southward a hazy streak of smoke marks the passage of some steamer bound for Corsican harbors.

Off to the right and left of the road the batteries wheel. Away go lines of skirmishers, dotting the dark plain with spots of snowy white; bugle-calls ring out, commands are shouted, the artillery carriages rattle on the stony road. Jackie is "soldiering" with a vengeance, not in his signification of the term, by which he would imply that "soldiering" means shirking hard work, but in true military style scrambling over rock and bush in the advance or retreat, or prone upon the ground on the skirmish line, pegging away at an imaginary enemy, on the whole, it seems, rather enjoying the novelty of his work than otherwise. To be sure Jackie's methods—his careless air, his loose movements, his flowing garments—contrast with the trim appearance and the precision and regularity with which the soldier does his work; but there is a devil-may-care recklessness about the man-of-war's-man—an activity and vim in "getting there"—that is purely his own, and will probably serve its purpose, as far as the sailorman is concerned, fully as well as if he were compelled to observe every nicety of detail of the drill. Be that as it may, it is a fine lot of fighting material that composes this brigade, and the admiral may well be proud of his command—as no doubt he is—as he stands there by the roadside, taking no active part in the proceedings, but with his keen eyes closely observing the progress of the manœuvres and noting every movement for future blame or praise.

Drums rattling, trumpets sounding again, the brigade returns to the shore and the men are speedily embarked

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once more, one detachment after the other entering the boats, quietly and in excellent order, and pulling back to the ships. Although there is no "let up" to the drills and duties on the squadron, carnival time has come, and every afternoon sees boatloads of liberty men leaving the war-vessels for the shore. The railway at the head of the bay, where the tunnel enters into the mountain's side, is alive all day long with trains, every carriage filled with passengers; on the road leading around the point to Nice equipages and wayfarers are moving. The streets of the city are crowded with people from all classes of society, rich and poor, with representatives of every civilized nation in Europe and beyond. The beautiful Promenade des Anglais, with its border of palms running between the roadway and the beach, is covered from end to end with a dense, slowly moving crowd. The windows of the hotels and clubs, gayly festooned and decorated stands by the walls of the gardens, are filled with fashionably dressed men and women in beautiful toilets, while in the throng on the sidewalks below, railed in from the drive, "all sorts and conditions" of men, women, and children vie with one another in enjoyment of the day. Long lines of carriages, flower-bedecked, move slowly up one side and down the other, the occupants exchanging volleys of flowers with the surrounding crowd, and the air is heavy with the perfume of roses, geraniums, and violets. To and fro the people surge; laughter and music from the military bands, stationed at intervals on the street, shouts and cries, song and applause, the clapping of hands at some dexterous hit or as some beautifully decorated carriage passes, rise in a confused roar from the multitude, while everywhere the utmost good-humor and hilarity prevail, as high and low, mistress and maid, master and man, prince and plebeian meet together for the nonce on a common footing of equality. Here and there in the crowd the broad blue collar and flat-topped caps of our sailors form conspicuous targets for fair flower-throwers, and Jackie, ever ready for fun, enters thoroughly into the spirit of the day, and throws his flowers and jokes with his neighbors as happy and hilarious as any Frenchman in the crowd. Several honest fellows among our men, mounted on tricycles they have hired somewhere, and puffing at black cigars in long holders, ride calmly along with the carriages, totally unconscious of anything unusual or odd in their appearance, and oblivious of the attention they are attracting.

On the last days of King Carnival's reign fun and merrymaking run riot in the streets of Nice. The battle of the confetti rages, and from end to end of the Quai Massena and the Promenade des Anglais, on all the squares and the adjacent streets, the mob of maskers hold supreme sway. Woe to the luckless wight who, in his innocence mingles with the crowd in his ordinary everyday dress, and his head unprotected by the wire masks to be bought at every street corner. The confetti flies in showers, and, hard as stones and of the size of peas, sting mercilessly when they strike uncovered face and ears. It is all very well when the attacking party is some bright-eyed girl, muffled from head to foot in her domino; but when, as is too often the case, some ruffianly fellow in the crowd takes evil delight in sending a handful of miniature grape-shot straight into your face with all the force he is capable of, it must be confessed that to control one's temper is not always an easy matter, and I am not surprised to see one too obtrusive masker clutched by the powerful hand of an American from the squadron—a tall, big, quiet man—and shaken, as a Newfoundland dog would shake a rat, until his teeth rattled in his head. However, "do in Rome as Romans do," and if you will be tempted to mingle with the crowd on a "confetti" day at Nice, wear your oldest clothes, put a wire cage over your head, and keep your hands in your pockets; or else throw cold Anglo-Saxon reserve "to the winds," dress yourself in a ridiculous costume of some sort or other and join in the mad folly of the time.

And now one evening I stand on the shore looking over the water to the shapely cruisers floating there, and feel-

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ing truly like "a stranger in a strange land" for the first time since leaving home; for the time has come for me to part from the "White Squadron," and I wave regretful farewell to my sailor friends, taking with me kindly recollections of sailor ways and sailor hospitality, and leaving hearty good wishes for the welfare of one and all, fore and aft, from fo'c's'le to cabin.

IN BROCELIANDE.

MERLIN, Merlin, wizard Merlin,
Days are now like days of old:
I believe the spells they told
Cast by thee for Vivien, Merlin;
Merlin, wizard, hear me now!

Tall the green oaks rise to heaven
In thy forest, Broceliande;
Still they grow and whisper, Merlin,
In the summer Breton land:

Cast thy spell upon me, Merlin,
In the forest Broceliande;
Bear me to thy couch of bracken,
Touch me with thy magic hand,

Where the million leaflets utter
Hidden secrets, mystic names,
And the tall oaks, where they flutter
Rise to heaven like green flames.

Like green flames they rise to heaven—
Circlewise the Druids stand:
Cast their spell upon me, Merlin,
In the forest Broceliande;

With the tall trees ranged above me,
Standing sentry where I lie—
While I dream her soul could love me
I may not live, I would not die.

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Then ten-hundred years pass o'er me;
(Oaks net shadows by my head)
Then, a thousand years before me
(When I wake), has she been dead.

Then, O Merlin, waken, waken,
Loose mine eyes from thy deep spell;
As I waken, listen—listen—
Hear what tale my lips shall tell:

If I look upon the dawning—
Mark the bird upon the wing—
Smile to sunlight, greet the morning,
Hail like any youth the spring

If with joy I see the heavens,
Where the tall oaks toss, 'tis well;
Then, O Merlin, wizard Merlin,
Loose my heart the mystic spell!

But, O Merlin, wizard Merlin,
If, when thou dost lift thy hand,
If mine eyes turn down from heaven
In thy forest Broceliande;

Nor the magic oak-tree hideth
Heaven from me, but a tear;—
If I ask thee where she bideth,
She that's dead that thousandth year—

Then, O Merlin, wizard Merlin,
Cast thy spell on me once more;
Net thy shadows oaken-woven
Closer round me than before;

Weave their branches with the sunlight
Shadow of forgetfulness;
Weave with oak-leaves nor with moonlight
Dreams, no dreams of happiness:

But, 'till earth shall pass in fire,
Fire sink dying into night,
Night shall brood no dawn-desire,
Nor God say, Let there be light,—

Merlin, Merlin, never waken!
Let thy death-oaks guard my head,—
Lest, by life and by death unshaken,
My love shall live and the world be dead!

Even now, for my love, Merlin
Work this spell at my command,
Where thy tall oaks rise to heaven
Like green flames, in Broceliande.

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NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA.

THIRD (CONCLUDING) PAPER.

By N. S. Shaler.

WE have now to consider the section of English North America which lies to the west of the Mississippi River, a region where the under-structure, the topography, and, to a great extent, the physiographic conditions which affect the advance of man, are determined by the Cordilleran system of mountains. First, let us note the fact that this western section of the continent, at least the part of it which is south of the Canadian region, is generally characterized by a scanty rainfall. Only on the Pacific coast, north of California, do we find anything like the annual share of moisture which comes to the earth in the regions east of the Mississippi. East of the Mississippi the annual supply of rain amounts on the average to about fifty inches, a share of precipitation probably unsurpassed in any equally extensive area in the same latitude, unless it be in China. Moreover, the seasonal distribution of rain in the part of North America east of the Mississippi is, on the whole, favorable to the interests of agriculture. The greater part of the annual fall, it is true, takes place in the winter half of the year, when it is of the least value to vegetation; still almost all the territory is entitled by the regimen of the air to receive abundant showers during the growing season.

West of the Mississippi the average rainfall, though not yet well determined, probably does not exceed twenty inches, and may in the end prove even less in quantity. Moreover, in this section the rain is ill distributed; nearly the whole falls in the time between the first of January and the first of May, the summer and autumn being, in a large part of the area, times of continued drought. From the Mississippi River westward this diminution of the rainfall goes on rapidly as we approach the Rocky Mountains. The most arid section lies within the mountainous belt; on the western borders of that district we have a narrow strip of country extending from southern California, widening to the north, wherein the rainfall is sufficient for the needs of a vigorous vegetation. In the mountain districts local circumstances cause the rainfall to vary greatly in amount. There are considerable territories tolerably well provided with rain, but, as a whole, the region is arid.

The trans-Mississippian portion of North America is, from the point of view of economic interests, divided into several distinct sections. On the east we have a strip of country including eastern Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, eastern Kansas, Arkansas, and eastern Texas. In this section the annual rainfall is sufficient to promote the development of grain and the other staples appropriate to the soil and temperature. Throughout this belt the surface is, except in the Ozark district of Arkansas and Missouri, substantially unaffected by mountain-building forces. The whole of the area affords excellent soils. This section is in the main fitted for agriculture. There are, however, at several points, as in the lead district of Iowa, the lead and zinc country of Missouri, the iron district of the Ozark, considerable sources of mineral wealth. Throughout this section of States bordering upon the Mississippi, but west of its line, the climatal conditions are apparently favorable to the development of our race; though the summers are, in the southern section of this district, extremely hot, the winter is sharp enough to maintain the physical energy of the people.

West of the country just considered, and thence to the eastern boundary of the Cordilleras, we have a section where the diminished rainfall renders ordinary agriculture unprofitable. Now and then

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a season favors the tillage of grain over the most of this vast expanse; but the annual supply of water varies too much to make agriculture trustworthy. Along the streams irrigation is possible, and a small portion of the land may be made fertile by this expedient. Still, after all such engineering works are constructed, at least nine-tenths of the surface will remain unsuited to ordinary husbandry. Its only use will be for the pasturage of herds.

A great portion of this Cordilleran Piedmont district is destitute of mountain ranges. The Black Hills form a curious outlier on the north, and one or two slight disturbances have affected other parts of the field. The result is that no important mineral resources are revealed in this country, except in the detached mountain mass of the Black Hills.

The facts above stated make it plain that this great section of the continent has a limited future, save by a change of climate which it is unreasonable to expect, and we fail to see, how it can ever be made to afford a dwelling-place for large bodies of people. The absence of fuel, of timber, and water powers excludes manufactures. The dryness renders extensive agriculture impossible, and there remains only the chance of the scanty industry which comes with a pastoral life.

North of the above-described section, within the limits of Canada, and in the drainage area where the waters flow the north pole toward, we have a large territory in the Saskatchewan, the Red River, and the other valleys, including an area of about 150,000 square miles, where the rainfall is considerably greater than it is in the Piedmont district of the southern Cordilleras of North America. In this section the surface of the country is more diversified; it contains a great many lakes; the larger rainfall is marked by the greater number and size of the rivers, and there is a brief season of growth in which the smaller grains and root-crops prosper exceedingly. Although the surface of the country is generally level, the rocks are sufficiently disturbed to reveal a considerable amount of mineral resources, the value of which is not yet known. There is no question that this Hudson Bay area, as we may term it because its waters drain into that basin, is in many ways, of agricultural importance. As before remarked, it is exceedingly well fitted for the growth of certain staples, viz., the smaller grains. Unfortunately, the region is too far north for the extensive growth of Indian corn. Moreover, the length and severity of the winters make it too cold to profit by the rearing of horned cattle or of sheep. At present the cultivation of small grains secures this section a fair measure of prosperity. It is to be feared, however, that this is but a temporary success, for the reason that all the wheat fields in the central part of the continent are prone to rapid exhaustion from the rude tillage to which they are subjected. When the primary fertility of the ground is exhausted, it is necessary to have recourse to mixed farming, to artificial fertilizers, and other expedients which are not likely to prove profitable in this high northern realm, where the population must mainly depend on one class of crops.

As far as the matter of climate is concerned, this region appears suitable to the people derived from the more northern countries in Europe. Scotch, English, North Germans, and Scandinavians appear to be well accommodated by their bodily habits to the rigors of the climate. There remains, however, the fact, that for nearly one-half the year work in the fields of this district is impossible, and this with a purely agricultural country is a grave economic disadvantage. Therefore, despite the present success of this high northern settlement, it seems likely that it is in the end to become a country of the second order, in which, though the population may maintain itself and attain to a certain diversity, the fullest development of life will not be secured because of the unvaried nature of the industries.

We turn next to the territories contained within the vast area of the Rocky Mountains, extending from the Western pastoral lands to the border district, which lies upon the Pacific Ocean. For nearly two and a half centuries after the advent of the English settlers upon our shores the Cordilleran region remained a practically impassable barrier between

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the settlements of the Atlantic coast and Mississippi Valley and the western sea. For two hundred years of this period the idea that this great natural barrier to commerce would ever be broken down does not seem to have entered into the minds of our people. Even after California was settled and the prospective importance of the group of States on the Pacific coast became evident, few dared to hope that the great American desert and the mysterious mountains which lay beyond it would ever be made as readily passable as the Alleghanies. Nothing shows so well the swift advance of man's control over terrestrial conditions within the lifetime of our generation as the speed with which these barriers have been overcome. The journey from New York or Boston to San Francisco is to us a much less serious undertaking than it was to our fathers to go from the sea-coast to the Ohio Valley.

In northern Mexico, and thence northward to the farthest point where the Cordilleras have been explored, the Cordilleran mountain district has an average width of about one thousand miles. The topography of this region differs considerably from that of most other important mountain ranges. In the first place, the mountains proper rest upon an elevated pedestal, so that the greater valleys and inclosed table-lands often have a height of six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. This feature causes the climate of the region to be generally more rigorous than its latitude alone would cause it to be. The form of the mountains gives a curious type to the topography. The predominant ranges extend in a general north and south direction, as do those of the Appalachian system; but in the Rocky Mountains we have a feature unobserved in the Appalachian elevations, in that there are many subordinate ranges having a general east and west course. The consequence is that the Cordilleran district contains many extensive elevated valleys, great surfaces sometimes of tolerably level floors of many thousand square miles in extent. Striking examples of these inclosed areas are found in the well-known parks of Colorado.

In the last glacial period, when the rainfall of this country was far greater than at present, this range of mountains was by its condition calculated to afford a great number of isolated areas having a high order of fertility, as is shown by the fact that it had great lakes in many of its basins, water areas rivalling the Laurentian fresh-water seas in extent. The Rocky Mountains were probably at that time a verdant country, and would have been wonderfully well suited to the uses of man. At present, however, no considerable portion of this region is fitted for agriculture, save where it is artificially irrigated.

Although a large part of the Rocky Mountain section consists of mountainous peaks, probably nearly one-third the total area is well covered by soil which, owing to the fact that its resources have not been drained by vegetation, is of exceeding fertility. The researches of the United States Geological Survey have made it plain that over a hundred thousand square miles of this Cordilleran area can be won to tillage by storing the winter rains in convenient reservoirs and using the husbanded waters for irrigation. The Mormons have proved in a remarkable way the success which attends the application of water to the soil, and there is every reason to believe that in all the important valleys of this country there will be extensive areas of land in this way won to agriculture. The irrigated lands of the Rocky Mountains have a very great fertility, and are singularly enduring to tillage. We may fairly assume the arable value of these redeemable soils as at least three times as great as that afforded by the State of Illinois.

Owing to the great north and south range of this Cordilleran system, we have within it a vast range of climate, so that the products of the artificially watered fields may have a great diversity. Thus in Montana and Idaho the natural products are grains, grass, and the other ordinary tillage crops of this country; while in New Mexico and Arizona the finer fruits may be advantageously cultivated. There can be no question that the development of the irrigation system in the Rocky Moun-

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tains is sure to give rise to a great many definitely limited agricultural populations, each separated from the other by broad fields of arid mountains, which here and there will afford employment to miners. When this condition of culture is instituted, we shall thus have a singular localization of life and industry, the like of which cannot exist in the other parts of the continent, where there are no barriers of a distinct sort between the several fertile districts.

The principal economic basis of the Cordilleran life must for many centuries rest upon the mining industry. The geological development of this section from the time the rocks were laid down on the old sea-floors, through the periods when they were deeply buried and finally uplifted by the mountain foldings, has served to prepare a vast range of mineral wealth by nature and position well suited to the needs of man. So far the mining industry of this section is in the main turned to the precious metals, and we have come to associate the idea of mining in this district with the winning of gold and silver. Although we as yet know comparatively little concerning the under-earth resources of this district, it is evident that it contains a wide range of mineral products, perhaps a greater variety than is known to exist in any other country, all of which will, with the progress of exploration and the cheapening of mining costs, become the bases of industries. Coal, iron, and various alkaline salts, the varieties of bitumen, quicksilver, lead, zinc, and a host of other substances which have a place in our industries, exist in profitable quantities in this region. The fact that a large part of the country can be made fertile by irrigation, will afford a basis for food-supply to the mining population without the distant carriage now required to bring it to this field.

Great as is the measure of man's dependence on the resources of the under-earth in the present condition of his development, there is every reason to believe that this dependence will be manifolded within a century from our day. We are evidently nowhere near the end of the growth in our mineral industries. The underground workers are evidently to be, in the century to come, something like as numerous as the soil tillers. Therefore, in our forecast, we must reckon on the development of a body of population in the regions of the Cordilleras which cannot readily be imagined by the traveller who hastens through their apparently sterile wastes.

The general climatal conditions of this section give promise that it will afford an admirable field for the nurture of northern Europeans. Although newcomers in the highlands generally suffer from certain maladies attendant on the change of station, the children born in the region seem very vigorous, and the acclimatized man finds little in his surroundings to contend with. The generation of success which our race has secured in the Cordilleras is a matter of no small interest to the philosophical student of our country. Until the settlement of this district our Anglo-Saxon folk had never come to occupy a region of highlands. They were characteristically lowlanders in their origin and history, and it was an open question whether the blood would prosper in such countries. It might have been feared that it would have proved unfit for mountain life, as it has proved unfit for the conditions of the tropics. The sight of vigorous children, and young men and women of admirable physique, who have been bred in the Cordilleran highlands, is most satisfactory to those who have a keen interest in the future of our race.

On the Pacific slope we have three areas which are open to our race—the Californian, Oregonian, and Alaskan. The Californian section, extending from the peninsula of southern California to the northern borders of California proper, is a region of mountain valleys, lying in the foot-hill district of the Cordilleran province. In this section the rainfall is sufficient to make an extensive and varied agriculture possible; the climate is in general of an admirable quality, and the soil, which occupies perhaps one-half the total area, of a great fertility. Although such a long shore, the coast is poorly provided with harbors. The fishing-grounds are not very good, and the maritime life is likely to be less considerable than along any equally extended part of the American

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coast. On the other hand, the mining districts are blended with the tillage grounds in such a manner that they complement each other. So far the under-earth resources which have been won have been mainly those of the precious metals; there is every reason to believe, however, that in the future the grosser earth products are to play a very large part in the economic success of the district and in the diversification of its industries. A high grade of agriculture, exceedingly varied mining, under a climate which is on the whole favorable in its effects on the human frame, give promise of admirable conditions for the development of a powerful people.

The district of Oregon, including the western portion of that State and the neighboring sections of the State of Washington, as well as a considerable part of the Frazer River district on the north, differs from California in its more humid climate, the proportionately wider extent of its tillage grounds, but most markedly in the great extent of its inland maritime waters, the abundance of its harbors and straits, the nurseries of seamen. Here, too, the fisheries attain a marked value, so that there is a great foundation for ocean industries.

The mining opportunities of the Oregonian district, though perhaps less considerable than those of the central Cordilleras or of California, are still great. In this section, from the Frazer River to the Columbia, extending back two or three hundred miles from the sea, we have the most varied opportunities for industries which are afforded by any portion of the American continent. Coal is probably abundant; there are numerous excellent water-powers, and the soil within the limits of the humid area is very fertile. The forests are of good quality and of great extent, and the maritime resources appear to have a value unequalled on any portion of the American continent. The region has been blessed by the character of its settlers, for they have been derived from the most vigorous portion of the race. Taking it for all and all, the physiographer is more disposed to foretell greatness for this section than for any other equally extensive area on the western border of the continent.

North of the Frazer River, and thence to the Yukon, we have a district which by its physiography is peculiarly suited for a maritime life. In general the character of the surface, soil, and climate of this region more clearly resembles the Scandinavian peninsula than any other part of the American continent; save that the area open to tillage is less considerable than in Sweden and Norway, the general conditions very closely reproduce those of our race's cradle-land. In this field, which is destined to have a peculiar place in the development of our race, agriculture can have but a small part in the activities of the people. Indeed, with the development of any considerable population, they must depend upon the Oregonian and Californian districts for their grain-supply. Mining and fishing are the natural occupations for the populations which are to be developed in this interesting region.

We have now completed our proposed rapid survey of the physiographic conditions which determine, in a general way, the development of our race on the continent of North America. It will be observed that we have excluded from consideration the whole of Mexico and Central America, the archipelago of the Antilles, as well as all the wide expanse of lands neighboring to the Arctic Ocean. The Arctic region does not interest us because in the present condition of its climate these territories are sterilized by cold, and are therefore without the province of our people. The southern parts of the continent, though offering regions of delightful climate and great fertility, are also unsuited to our race.

Much has been said concerning the change which the European population has undergone in the course of generations from life upon this continent. Many persons have maintained that the British portion of our population has been greatly altered by its experience on the continent of North America. There has been a good deal of talk about the American type of man. He is supposed to be a thinner and more angular creature than his cousins of the parent isle. It has been held that, though quicker witted, readier to fit himself to circumstances, he has less

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solidity, less endurance than his ancestors from beyond the seas. There can be no question that our climate, as a whole, differs considerably from the conditions of northern Europe, whence our race came. It is generally drier, the alternating seasons cooler and hotter; it has, because of its relatively unclouded sky, more sunlight. There is a natural presumption that such variations would lead to considerable alteration of the race. It may be that a certain measure of physical change has taken place.

I propose at once to set forth the reasons which lead me to the opinion that the change, if it has occurred, has been small in amount, and that it has not injuriously affected the qualities of the people. It is worth while, at the outset of our inquiry, to note the evidence which serves to show that racial qualities are not always the playthings of climate. Fortunately for our argument we have in this country some striking bits of evidence on this point. A large part of our population is of African descent, mostly derived from the Guinea coast, from conditions of climate very different from those which prevail in the Southern States of North America—from a social as well as a physical environment differing vastly from what exists in this country. The African race has by its transplanting undergone a vast change in its conditions. The Africans have been, so to speak, on the average, upon this soil for nigh two hundred years—that is, they are as Americans about as ancient as the white population. So far as we can determine, the several generations of this race's life in a totally foreign climate has not affected any of their original peculiarities. The form, color of the skin, character of the hair, the mental qualities still remain, so far as we can determine, essentially unchanged, except so far as the blood has become mingled with that of the whites. This stubbornness of race characters is all too little appreciated. We commonly neglect it in our political considerations, but the naturalist cannot omit to consider it in his reckonings.

Although the history of British settlements in torrid regions shows that the population of northern Europe is not suited to equatorial conditions, there is nothing in the experience of the race which would lead us to suppose that the measure of change undergone in passing from the parent country to the portion of the United States north of the region about the Mexican Gulf should produce any marked alteration in the racial qualities. It is a difficult matter to compare the condition of two bodies of people on opposite sides of the sea. We cannot trust to the impressions of travel, for no man can retain sufficiently accurate memories for such judgments. Here and there, however, we find certain data which serve as indices, and perhaps afford a sufficient basis for an opinion on this point. The most important of these facts are those pertaining to longevity, as determined by the experience of life insurance companies, those obtained by the measurements of soldiers and sailors, and the endurance which such men exhibit in their callings. The results of surgical operations serve also to indicate the vitality of the patient, and the success attained in games of a sort which demand a higher measure of mental and bodily vigor, shows something concerning the essential qualities of the men. It would be desirable to add to this list the measurement derived from the intellectual accomplishment of the two countries, the success in various walks of a learned and imaginative work. Unfortunately, this last measurement cannot be justly applied, for the reason that intellectual accomplishment depends not so much on native ability as on peculiar circumstances of scholarly environment, on education, and on the competence of the social conditions to stimulate the creative mind. . . . Shakespeares or Bacons possibly may remain with their genius unknown even to themselves, unless there is the stimulating air to quicken the native spark into a flame.

Taking the conditions which I have mentioned in the order in which they are presented, we note in the first place the conviction on the part of our actuaries, the computers who determine the measure of insurance risk on human life, that the longevity of people in America is at least as great as in Europe,

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and this despite the fact that men's lives in this country are more seriously taxed than in the Old World. We are supposed to be dying of overwork, but the fact is that, witnessed by the duration of life in the case of men who have appeared on the records of insurance companies, there is no indication that the term allowed to man is growing less in this country than it is across the seas. On the contrary, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the American man lives longer than those of the same race in the Old World.

We have next to consider the endurance of American bodies to grave surgical operations. It is a well-known fact that in this country, during our civil war, there was a surprising percentage of recoveries from gunshot and other lesions incurred in battle. I believe it is a fact that in no European campaigns has the percentage of recoveries ever been as great as it was during our civil war. Although our surgeons were devoted, and the noble auxiliary corps of nurses untiring in their efforts to assuage the ills of battle, we cannot, it seems to me, attribute this remarkable percentage of recoveries to remedial measures alone. Our surgeons and physicians employed in the civil war were not in general so well instructed as those of Europe, and the means of succor on our battle-fields were probably no better than they are in modern days in the Old World. It seems to me that this fact of ready recovery from wounds cannot be explained save by the supposition that, on the whole, the American's body has more recuperative power than that of the European. It may possibly be that this advantage is due to better food, less average consumption of alcohol, and in part to the mental activity and courage in adversity which is bred in our men by their varied activities. Be this as it may, the rude experience of war seems to indicate that our men are as enduring as any from other countries. The probability that the survival from wounds is due in part to the innate condition of our people finds some support in the observations of Dr. Brown-Séquard, which were communicated to me personally some years ago. This gentleman, as is well known, is a distinguished physician, as well as a physiologist of the foremost rank, having a place among the famous experts in this branch of science who are now the glory of France. Dr. Brown-Séquard had observed that American animals generally—not only men, but the lower mammals down to the level of the rabbit—are much more enduring to wounds than the kindred forms of the Old World. He regarded this peculiar endurance to lesions as the result of a difference in the nervous system, which made the creatures of this country feel the effect of shock much less considerably than those of Europe. He stated that, in order to produce a given amount of destructive effect in experimenting on a rabbit, he had to make the wounds of the nervous system much more severe than in the case of European animals upon which he was performing the same experiment. In his opinion the American man had something of the same element of resistance to injuries.

The next point of evidence is that which is afforded by the record of field sports in this country and of Europe. While the conditions of higher intellectual accomplishment differ so in the two countries as to make comparison impossible, the field sports, especially those which require at once, as most of them do, the effective co-operation of mind and body, afford an excellent test as to the general condition of our folk in comparison with our English kindred—a comparison which includes not only the human kind, but extends also to the companions of man. It is now pretty well established that the American horse is as good as any of his kindred in the world, as is proved not only by the race-course, but by the wonderful cavalry marches made during the civil war, marches in which the sorest part of the contest came upon the *mounts* of the soldiery. Our ordinary field sports have, except lacrosse, been derived from England. Even base-ball, which appears as a distinctively American game, is but a modification of an English form of sport, which is really of great antiquity. The field sports which we may compare in England and America are the games of ball, in which base-ball, because of our customs, must take the place of cricket,

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and foot-ball, which is identical in the two countries; rifle shooting, rowing, and the ordinary group of athletic sports in which single contestants take part. We may add to this the amusement of sailing, wherein, however, the quality of the structure as well as the nerve and skill in management play an important part.

It is not worth while in this writing to make an accurate comparison between the success attained in the two countries in these several out-door amusements. It is now clear, however, that in them all the American is not a bit behind his trans-Atlantic cousins. The most of the people have the same spontaneous interest in sports as their forefathers, and they pursue them with equal success. It is unnecessary to do so, but we might fairly rest the conclusion as to the undecayed physical vigor of our population on that spontaneous activity of mind without which games are impossible. There are, however, two divisions of the proof to which we have yet to attend. Among its many beneficent deeds the United States Sanitary Commission, which did so much to relieve the miseries of our civil war, did a remarkable service to anthropology by measuring, in as careful a manner as the condition of our knowledge at the time permitted, about 250,000 soldiers of the Federal army.

The records of these measurements are contained in the admirable work of Dr. B. A. Gould, a distinguished astronomer, who collated the observations and presented them in a great volume. Similar measurements exist which present us with the physical status of something like an equally large number of European soldiers, particularly those of the British army. From Dr. Gould's careful discussion of these statistics, it appears that the American man is on the whole quite as well developed as those who fill the ranks of European armies. As Dr. Gould's book was printed in but a small edition, and is not ordinarily accessible to most readers, I venture to give some of the important conclusions which I derive from it. From these records it appears that there is a considerable difference in the men born in different parts of the United States. Unfortunately the results include only a small part of the Southern troops, and for various reasons these measurements are less trustworthy in the case of troops from those fields. The measurements appear to show that the size of man increased, in a general way, as we go from the seaboard into the Mississippi Valley.

About fifty thousand men who were subjected to these measurements were from the States of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It is a fact well known to those who are acquainted with the history of these commonwealths during the civil war, that the Federal army did not receive an even share of the most vigorous element of their population; those grown upon the richest soils of these commonwealths, men from the blue-grass district regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, regions where it only needs a little local observation to show to be most prolific in well-developed specimens of humanity, went in the main to the Confederate army, for the reason that these fertile lands were slave-holding districts. Despite this cause, which doubtless serves to lower somewhat the average measurements of the troops, these two States furnished about the best-developed native soldiers who appeared in the Federal army. This last point is of much importance, for the reason that the white population of this district derived almost all its blood from Britain, in perhaps somewhere nearly equal measure from the Scotch and the dwellers in the southern portion of that island. Moreover, it has been longer upon the soil than perhaps any other part of the American English. New England has been so far affected by the immigration of Irish and other Europeans, that it would be difficult to recruit 50,000 men in that region with as small an admixture of other than British blood as was secured in the troops of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the neighboring States. The admirable development of these soldiers has completely proved that something like two centuries of Americanizing does not debilitate the race.

Last of all, we have the test afforded by the trials of the struggle between North and South. War has ever been the rudest and the most effective gauge

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of certain important qualities. The actual advance to which the living beings have attained has been in large part determined by the measure of resistance which creatures have been enabled to make against adverse circumstances, not the passive inertia of inanimate things, but the active and long-continued contest in which all the latent powers are applied in determined action. The military struggles of men are but an advanced and complicated form of the immemorial rivalry of lower creatures, out of which, through infinite pain, infinite good has been won. There is no more searching test of the moral and physical development of a people than that which is afforded by a great and long-continued civil war. That such a strife affords a measure of the physical endurance, the power which is in the people of maintaining determinations is manifest. The contact of armies in the field gives, moreover, an excellent measure as to the moral state of the people. Nothing so tests the firmness with which the motives of sympathy, of justice are rooted in men as the temptations which campaigns expose them to.

It is hard, in our ordinary well-regulated societies, to ascertain how far men are held to right doing by the machinery of the law, how far their relations to their fellows are fixed by their own motives. The ratio of compulsion to spontaneous motives becomes evident when the men of the State are marshalled into armies. This test was made thoroughgoing by the circumstances of our civil war. In the first place, the combatants fought for more ideal issues than men commonly do. It was not for the love of chieftains or for conquest, but for theories of institutions, of plans for States that they contended. No war was ever so humanely conducted as this. There were grievous things about it; all war is a succession of griefs; but the conduct of the armies in the field was more humane than in any other similar campaigns which the world has known. The interests of women and children were almost invariably considered. The soldiers born upon the soil generally carried the civic sense, the order of peaceful society, with them in march and battle. Good-nature and sympathy were written on their banners. We have but to compare the struggles between the French and Spaniards in Florida, or the wars between the American colonies of the British and French, to see how humanized our armies were under circumstances which, in other lands and times, have awakened the devil in men. The issue of the combat, the perfect accord and loving humor which now marks the men who met on battle-fields, shows this in the clearest possible manner. I take it to be plain that the rebellion proves our people to have lost nothing in the moral gains which the race won in the Old World. If we compare the issue of the contest with the chronic conditions of dispute between Great Britain and Ireland, I think we may claim that we have gained in the moral qualities which appear in the conduct of public affairs.

The conduct of our armies in the field shows clearly that the combination of physical vigor and moral earnestness which make a good soldier exist in unsurpassed measure in the men whose ancestors dwelt long upon the American soil.

Some years ago I sought carefully to find a body of troops whose ancestors had been for many generations upon our soil, and whose ranks were essentially unmixed with foreigners, or those whose forefathers had been but a short time upon this continent. It proved difficult to find in the Northern armies any commands which served the needs of the inquiry which I desired to make. It seemed necessary to consider a force of at least five thousand men in order to avoid the risks which would come from imperfect data. In our Federal army it was the custom to put in the same brigade regiments from different districts, thus commingling commands of pure American blood with those which held a considerable percentage of foreigners, or men of foreign parents. I found in my limited inquiry but one command which satisfied the needs of the investigation, and this was the First Brigade of Kentucky troops in the rebel army. In the beginning of the war this brigade was recruited mostly in the slave-holding district of Kentucky, its ranks being filled mainly with farmers' sons. It is

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possible to trace the origin of the men in this command with sufficient exactitude by the inspection of the muster-rolls. Almost every name upon them belongs to well-known families of English stock, mainly derived from Virginia. It is possible, in a similar way, to prove that, with few, unimportant exceptions, these soldiers were of ancient American lineage. Speaking generally, we may say that their blood had been upon the soil for a century and a half; that is, they were about five generations removed from the parent country.

When first recruited this brigade contained about five thousand men. From the beginning it proved as trustworthy a body of infantry as ever marched or stood in the line of battle. Its military record is too long, too varied, to be even summarized here. I will only note one hundred days of its history in the closing stages of its service. On May 7, 1864, this brigade, then in the army of General Joseph Johnston, marched out of Dalton 1,140 strong, at the beginning of the great retreat upon Atlanta before the army of Sherman. In the subsequent hundred days, or until September 1st, the brigade was almost continuously in action or on the march. In this period the men of the command received 1,860 death or hospital wounds, the dead counted as wounds, and but one wound being counted for each visitation of the hospital. At the end of this time there were less than fifty men who had not been wounded during the hundred days. There were 240 men left for duty, and less than ten men deserted.

A search into the history of warlike exploits has failed to show me any endurance to the worst trials of war surpassing this. We must remember that the men of this command were at each stage of their retreat going farther from their firesides. It is easy for men to bear great trials under circumstances of victory. Soldiers of ordinary goodness will stand several defeats, but to endure the despair which such adverse conditions bring for a hundred days demands a moral and physical patience which, so far as I have learned, has never been excelled in any other army. I doubt not that as satisfactory evidence can be obtained from the records of our Northern troops; indeed my inquiries have clearly indicated that if our men from the districts settled with purely English blood could be made the subject of careful study, we would find that the best Federal soldiers were generally as good as these Confederates.

The foregoing considerations, as well as many other points which cannot be traced in this brief study concerning the effects of climatal and social conditions on the American man, have satisfied me —as I think they will satisfy any other unprejudiced inquirer—that our race is safe upon this continent; that we need have no apprehensions concerning the effect of the existing conditions upon its development.

We may safely presume that the climate and other conditions of our continent, with perhaps the exception of the district about the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic country, are, on the whole, as well fitted for the uses of northern Europeans as any part of the mother-country. We may reasonably conclude that it suits the whole Teutonic branch of the Aryan race. As to the Latin peoples, the case is not so clear. The Canadian French are doubtless in the main descended from the people of northern France. It is likely that a large part of their blood is derived from the Northmen. There can be no question that, with certain limitations, this population has been thoroughly successful on American soil. The fact that they speak a foreign language, and have been deprived of education, may account for their failure to advance in the intellectual field. They are, however, people of vigorous minds and enduring bodies. They have developed a fecundity now unparalleled in France. They take naturally to laborious occupations, which is a proof of physical vigor. We may therefore consider the northern Frenchman as well fitted to the conditions of northern America. The Latin peoples about the Gulf of Mexico have not been equally successful. The upper class has maintained something of its pristine quality, but the peasant has not taken hold on the soil in a successful way. How much of this failure of the Spanish and French to attain a high development in the region about the Gulf of

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Mexico and the Caribbean is due to climate, and how much to the institution of slavery, it is impossible to say.

There remains one important inquiry as to the effect of geographic conditions on the development of races from beyond the sea on the surface within the limits of North America, a question of the utmost importance to our political and social future. We have in this country a very large African population. Within the limits of the United States, the number of people of this blood probably exceeds that of any other stock, save that from the British Isles. As we have previously remarked, this race, on the whole, appears to have remained substantially unchanged by the conditions of the new field. Intellectual contact with the white has doubtless led to a certain development in the general status of the African, but except so far as his blood has been mingled with that of Aryan or Indian people, the bodily form, and in general the moral and mental characteristics, have remained substantially what they were on the parent continent of this people. There are two questions concerning this race which are of the utmost importance to the future of our nation—indeed, to that of all our own people in North America. The first concerns the natural fecundity of the population, their rate of increase from decade to decade; and the second, the limitations which climate may put upon the extension of the folk.

The rate of increase of the negro has not yet been ascertained. During the conditions of slavery, a satisfactory census was impossible. The slaves were subject to taxation, and the owners had a sinister interest in reducing the numbers which were given to the accounting officers. The census of 1870, the first taken after the overthrow of slavery, partly intentionally or by neglect, served to underestimate the total number of negroes. The next accounting, that of 1880, was careful, and doubtless gave us the first accurate knowledge as to the ratio of this element of our population to those of European blood. It will not be until we obtain returns of the census, which has just been taken, that we shall know whether the negro is more or less prolific than the white. In case it should appear that in the extreme southern States the negro increases in a greater ratio than the whites, the regions in which this increase is marked have a doubtful future before them, for unless the black population can be quickly lifted to a higher intellectual and moral plane than now characterizes it, those parts of the South will be apt to relapse into barbarism. The advance of the negro to a satisfactory grade in development still depends upon his remaining in close contact with the superior race. If he increases in numbers more rapidly than the whites, he is sure to create massive communities of his own stock in which there can be no certainty as to the maintenance of our race motives.

As to the distribution of the African population in this country, though the evidence is not clear, it seems that the negro is not likely, in the immediate future at least, to extend for any considerable distance beyond the limits in which his race at present is fixed. There is now no distinct movement of the blacks toward the North. The scanty African population in the old non-slaveholding States has mainly accumulated in the cities, and would probably die out were it not for the occasional accessions it receives from the South. Unless the rate of increase of the negroes should be so great as to crowd them from the extreme southern States, we may be pretty sure that this population will remain in good part limited to a small part of our country, to a region which, though not unfitted for the occupation of our race, is the most undesirable part of the country for its development.

Our review of the physiographic conditions which environ our race on this continent makes it tolerably plain that North America is well suited for the development of northern Europeans. We may dismiss the fear that our race is to deteriorate in this country. We may further put aside the notion that we are to be a massive, unvaried people, destitute of those differences which by their reaction bring about the advance of man. It is true that the continent is not divided into the separate areas which have constituted the cradle-lands of the Old World, but it is evident that

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the wide diversities in occupation will institute and maintain variations in the character of the people probably in time to be as great as those which in the more natural state of man depended on purely geographic conditions. At present, while the open structure of our social and economic life permits a rapid change in the occupations of men, the effect of industries dependent on physiographic conditions is not much felt; but with the increase and consolidation of our population, we may be sure that vocations will become more hereditary. Men will follow the occupations of the plough, the mine, or the mill from generation to generation, and so the communities will receive the individualized stamp which comes only through ancestral habit.

In the beginning mankind was dependent for culture and diffusion mainly upon geographic conditions. Each tribe was environed by rigid customs which fended off its neighbors. The movements were necessarily massive, for they were to result in displacements of pre-existing peoples. Therefore the first stages of man's development resemble, as regards the conditions of increase and diffusion, those of his lower-kindred in the ranks of life. The progress of intellectual capacity has given to certain races a larger measure of control over their circumstances. Still, even in our own centuries, the implantation of our race in new lands already possessed by men has proved a task of exceeding difficulty. The would-be colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, on the eastern coast of America, found something of the difficulty in gaining their foothold which stray plants or animals from one flora or fauna find when they are cast within a foreign field. Even in the present state of their development the most advanced races of men are limited by the climate, and can only dwell where the larger nature permits.

For all that we can foresee of the future, this dependence of man upon the conditions of his environment is of an insuperable nature. The good he wins he secures by obedience to the commands of his mother-earth. Looking back over the history of life upon the earth's surface, the physiographer is forced to the conclusion that its highest estate embodied in the moral and intellectual qualities of man has been, in the main, secured by the geographic variations which have slowly developed through the geological ages. Thus our continents and seas cannot be considered as physical accidents in which, and on which, organic beings have found an ever-perilous resting-place, but as great engines operating in a determined way to secure the advance of life.

FUGITIVES.

By Graham R. Tomson.

They say our best illusions soonest fly—
  Bright, many-tinted birds on rainbow wing,
  Adown the dim dawn-valleys vanishing
Long ere our noon be white upon the sky:
Nay, never so, in sooth; ourselves go by,
  Leaving the sun that shines, the birds that sing,
  The hazy, golden glamours of the spring,
The summer dawning's clear obscurity.

O woven sorceries of sun and shade!
O bare brown downs by grasslands glad and green!
Deep, haunted woods, with shadows thick between;
Young leaves, with every year, new-born, remade;
Fair are ye still, and fair have ever been—
While we, ephemera, but fail and fade.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE immediate cause of these reflections will be an old story by the time they are in print; their primary cause is an old story already, so old that only men of a certain age will altogether understand it.

Whoever went for an August vacation to northern New England—and it is curious to see how large a proportion of the rest and pleasure-seekers the gaunt old *arida nutrix* gathers home in the summer—met everywhere groups of men of fifty and beyond, almost always with faces of some character, and bearing marks of that indefinable something which is nevertheless the native American type, going to or from the meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic. Dressed in clothes as closely reminiscent of the old army blue as the current wardrobe would furnish, and wearing the black felt hat which is the last relic of that præsthetic uniform; now and then with a wife and complement of well-grown children, but oftenest in squads of three or four, with cigars or brier-wood pipes, and a general aspect of temporarily unattached masculinity, they made knots at the country railway stations, breaking up, as their trains started in different directions, with deep-voiced laughter over the re-told campaign story of old date, and with much hand-shaking and slapping on the back; carrying off who knows how much of a revived consciousness of the meaning of an American man, and of the great epic in which they had played a part a quarter of a century before.

To those of us who live in political centres, and are used to seeing too much of the type of veteran who developed from the bounty-jumper and parades an exaggerated Grand Army dress for the same purely pecuniary reasons, the sight of these men is a healthy reminder. The newspapers and public opinion generally are, rightly, constantly pointing out to us and them—if they will only hear it—that their organization is in danger of becoming one of the most dangerous tools of demagogues; and the wine of their own memories, which is a strong drink for the hardiest, gets into their heads when they are together, and makes them easily led collectively into things which individually they would repudiate. But it is hard to believe that these men who have stood for the core of a healthy Americanism, with a finer past than even they themselves realize, have yet made up their minds to sell their birthright for any mess of pottage wherewith they can be tempted; or that there will not somewhere come out from them a renovating movement that will cast off the Tartuffes and Stigginses who have taken advantage of their cloak.

But this is matter for another chapter. What I began to say that the sight of the Grand Army men recalled was of more purely sentimental sort. They were a reminder of what comes over a somewhat younger man now and then with uncommon force—that close to him, and indeed among his very companions, lies the line of demarcation between those who do and do not remember the war; and a curiously sharp line in some respects it is. The actual veterans stand altogether apart from it; it is easy for everyone to understand *their* feeling, who were actors. But what

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man of forty-two or three has not found some difficulty in making the man of thirty-five or less understand precisely how he looks at things, just because of this line of difference, which means that one of them was a half-grown boy, and the other a child during those years between 1860 and 1865? It is the whole difference between the historic and the reminiscent point of view.

Sometimes it seems possible that the boy of fifteen or sixteen may have received a more vivid general impression than the actors themselves, who were busy with detail and even with drudgery, while to him everything was idealized into clear and large outlines—unobscured right and wrong, large issues and no compromises. How with this kind of memory are you going to make the younger man understand just how real the whole of it all is to you? On whichever side of Mason and Dixon's line you lived, there will always seem to him something fanatical in your way of looking at the past, and he will have a certain pity, such as one might have for a person now liberally enough educated who still has lingering in him the bias of some early narrow training.

Of course it is infinitely better so; and he has the fuller inheritance in the very thing the war was fought for—a country in which sectionalism should be a word almost incomprehensible. All of which does not alter the fact that just behind the actual fighters of the battle comes a generation whose special legacy of memories is a thing not often defined or taken account of, so that thinking over it prompted this writing; a generation who remember as boys the long hot Sunday of Bull Run, when the elders came home from church with grave or scared faces; who went out with an awe much greater than men's into the hushed streets on the day of Lincoln's death. If you are one of them, you will have a feeling not quite like that of either the veterans or your junior, when the country doctor—the quietest now and most professional of men—takes you in a moment of confidence into his study to show you his sword hanging between the pictures of his corps and brigade commanders; you will have something more than the historic sense when the old man in the corner of the club—they are rare now—takes you home to see the painting of his twenty-one-year old youngster who was killed in the Wilderness. You did nothing; your generation belongs in a kind of limbo—*ce n'est pas magnifique; mais c'était toujours la guerre!*

THE art of criticism is such a fine thing that one must regret its present tendency to formulary. It has, I think, such a tendency among us, curiously enough at the very moment when elsewhere—in France, at least—it has emancipated itself into the license of a mere record of irresponsible impressions; in England, possibly, it is equally irresponsible, but certainly not impressionist. With us the novel mainly seems to be the victim of this tendency. Our critics—do not inquire too closely who they are—are at the present moment nearly unanimous in their preoccupation with prescribing to the novelist from the old rules of French unity and German objectivity. This would be all very well if they were professors in a conservatory where novel-writing was taught; but it savors distinctly rather of pedagogy than of criticism. And though pedagogy may be more important than criticism, it is at any rate a different thing. The great distinction perhaps between the two is that one is mechanical and the other spiritual.

Mr. Henry James is just now suffering at the hands of this mechanical and pedagogic criticism. His "The Tragic Muse" is acknowledged by those who are at all up to it to be, if not a masterpiece, a very distinguished accomplishment. But it is objected to on the ground that it lacks unity and objectivity, that it is two disparate and discordant stories in one; that British politics and the stage have nothing in common, and that the work is full of *obiter dicta* proffered by the author instead of—if they must appear at all, rather than be relegated to some future essay—being put into the mouths of the personages of the novel. It would be interesting to know what Mr. James himself would reply to these objections, which are, of course, as abstractions, familiar to him. But it may be assumed that he would find their source in a lack of imagination, a comfortable repose in the literal, a contentment with formulary, with a contracted view holding out to indolence the deceitful promise of certainty. In point of fact the noticeable thing

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about "The Tragic Muse" is its freedom, its largeness, its comprehensiveness, the size of its canvas. To wish to bring a picture of these dimensions to one focus, to insist on one vanishing point, is merely to wish for another sort of a picture—to exhibit one's own limitations in appreciation, in fine. It is identical with the literalness which objects to the lack of unity in Raphael and Tintoretto—which finds "The Transfiguration" a hodge-podge, and "The Marriage of St. Catherine" an absurdity. They are—from one point of view. The main thing in criticism, however, is to get the proper point of view.

And in art of any elevation—such as that illustrated by "The Tragic Muse," for example—it is far more pertinent to take the spiritual than the mechanical point of view. A work may seem "in pieces" to the mechanical critic, to the devotee of formularies, which really has a spiritual unity of very high interest. Perhaps it would be well to have both; but the rational critic knows that art as well as life is an affair of compromises. The main consideration is to secure the essential. In "The Tragic Muse" the essential unity of the picture is the contrast, in fact the warfare between and the relations of the actual and the æsthetic world. There is more than one strand to the thread of the story; but there is, all the same, a thread. Furthermore, what is a picture of life, notably of modern life, at least of any group of people whose interests and occupations are so highly differentiated as those of modern civilization, but a picture of heterogeneous elements? And, indeed, if one chose to be as paradoxically literal as the literalists, one might insist that in order to represent modern life coherently and truthfully, it is positively necessary to convey the impression of heterogeneity.

As to "objectivity," the other shibboleth of the mechanical critics, it is equally limited to insist too perfunctorily on this. The question here is surely one of degree. Mr. Howells struck the key-note of the current criticism some years ago in saying that the art of fiction was a finer art to-day than it was in the time of Thackeray. This deliverance has been much criticised and very unjustly misinterpreted, but probably what exactly Mr. Howells meant by it is conveyed in a recent remark of his, objecting to Thackeray's habit of "standing around in his scene." Now if one were lecturing to a class of rising young novelists no counsel could be more pertinent than to warn them against standing around in their scenes. One may imagine the figure they would cut there. The scene itself would perhaps lose—so preponderant is their special cleverness over the synthesis of the qualities which make up their personality. But this order of reflection has very little to do with intelligent criticism of Thackeray. What is legitimately censurable in Thackeray was formulated long ago—some time in the sixties, was it not?—by Taine, who, in singling out "Henry Esmond" for praise regretted that so great an artist as its author should have, elsewhere, proved so much of a preacher, and thus sacrificed art to morals when the question was one of art. But preaching is one thing, and the presence—even very palpably—of the author's personal point of view is quite another. And if one enjoys the *obiter dicta* of Colonel Henry Esmond relating the story of his life, or of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., chronicling the Newcome annals, why should not one tolerate those of Thackeray himself describing the adventures of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley or of Mr. Philip Firmin? The drama and the novel are quite distinct literary forms. To compel the latter to conform to the conditions of the former is to require it to forego one of its greatest advantages over the drama, namely, of appealing directly to the mind instead of to the eye. What criticism has a right to insist upon is that the author shall concentrate himself upon his subject, instead of, as Thackeray far too often did, flying afield after some new game temporarily soliciting his caprice. That understood, let him illuminate it in whatever way is most consonant with his instinct and feeling, if he be a real artist like Mr. Henry James, however advisable it may be to prescribe "unity" and "objectivity" to beginners in his art.

If the cynic's doctrine that we derive pleasure from the sorrows of a friend contains the element of injustice to human nature characteristic of most cynicisms, it is still incontestably true that a recital of woes, real or fancied, from the sufferer's

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own lips annoys the friendly listener more than it touches him. The very genial and gentle French philosopher, Xavier de Maistre, remarked that a man in confessing himself to be unhappy must sooner or later become ridiculous. Who does not know at least one unconscious humorist of this sort, standing always in his own light, and failing to perceive that the shadow he casts is comically distorted? Unhappiness is the common lot of man. Each one of us, by the date of arrival at the middle of the dark wood, has suffered misfortunes enough to fill a volume. But he is wise who refrains from publishing such a book, even at the request of friends.

We live in an age of self-importance, sustained and promoted by methods unknown to the simple minds of our ancestors. The interviewer and the recorder of social gossip have artfully created a daily want which they themselves supply. If A., the millionaire, adds an acre to his estate, we ascertain the price paid for it almost as soon as he does. We could pass a creditable examination upon the habits of Z., the essayist, during working hours; we are thrice familiar with the arrangement of his furniture, and have even learned what pens he uses. The harm in dwelling upon these things is not at first apparent, since we burn to know them. This weakness of mind induces the belief that our friends are eager for similar details about ourselves, and as a natural consequence, when it is our cue to talk, the personal nominative does not lack advancement. Egotism, spoken and written, is the fashion as well as the failing of our waning day.

But there is a vast difference between the cheerful egotism which is our own, and the egotism of discontent from the lips of another man. Black Care has perched upon the horseman's saddle for centuries, and with feminine persistence she will probably continue her tiresome journey on the croup unto the end of time. She is the Wandering Jewess whom we never encounter, our Old Woman of the Sea, insisting upon transportation, though satisfied to ride behind. But with all due respect to her sex, she should always be left in the stable to care for herself as best she may. When the rider dismounts to enter the world's doors he is the world's guest, and must remember the obligation. He has no sort of right to bring an unwelcome companion with him. I, on the contrary, may justly complain when X. and Y., for example, borrow my ear only to use it as a receptacle for their own misery. Of these two the former is a bachelor, still young, apparently in the best of health, certainly with the best of appetites. Yet we never dine together that he does not play the part of spectre at our feast. For him this is the worst of all possible worlds, in which nothing can go right; as all by-ways of talk lead to the inevitable conclusion, even to speak of sunshine is to be warned that rain may be expected shortly; chill follows chill, and at length we seem to be sitting in a crypt where daylight never comes. Y., who is of a certain age, with an equally depressing result tries his utmost to make a hypochondriac of me, regaling me with his ailments and symptoms, clutching me at street corners to impart the name of some new remedy. Both men are honest, worthy citizens, good friends of mine alike; but I am human, and now at the approach of either I slink into a cross-street, or absorb myself in the delusive contents of a shop-window.

Do such people, with all their introspection, ever study themselves? one wonders. Do they ever wonder in silent moments what other people think of them? Probably not; for their defect is one of thoughtlessness which a very little consideration for others might remove. Such consideration is a pebble flung into the water, drawing notice to itself in an ever-widening circle. A few of us only are granted the opportunity to perform high exploits in the sight of all the world. But everyone may do daily and hourly deeds of sacrifice, which is the finest thing in the world, after all. The youth who held the gnawing fox under his robe is remembered merely because he kept his anguish to himself; and self-repression is a long step toward the love for his fellow-men that made Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest. He who begins by practising that Spartan virtue may easily end by having a greater concourse of mourners at his funeral than the builder of the church which holds them.

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THE STORY OF A MAGAZINE

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F the many successful magazine ventures of to-day, none is perhaps more remarkable than that of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, which has now attained an actual circulation larger than any magazine in the world.

The *Journal* was started in 1883, by Cyrus H. K. Curtis, as an eight-page paper, at twenty-five cents per year. The first year's result was 25,000 yearly subscriptions. During the next six months it doubled this circulation. In 1886, when it had reached a circulation of 400,000 copies, the price was increased to fifty cents per year, and as its price was doubled so again in a year increased the subscription list, until last year it averaged 542,500 copies per month, eclipsing, in the short period of seven years, the largest circulation ever attained by any periodical in the world.

On July 1, 1889, it raised its subscription-price to $1 per year. Only a trifling effect was felt at first, while since that time, during the first six months of the present year, exactly double the number of subscriptions have been received to that of a corresponding time last year. It is doubtful whether the history of any periodical of to-day can show an equally wonderful result. It is more than likely that with the end of 1890 it will close its books with 600,000 paid subscribers, while its news-stand sales, which last month amounted to 57,000 copies, will, by liberal advertising, probably be doubled.

From a modest 20 x 25 loft room, it has grown to occupy eight stories of the two buildings at 433–435 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The statistics of such a magazine are interesting.

For example, it requires nine presses running an entire month to print a single edition. It consumes, during a year, more than 30,000 reams of paper. It employs over 5000 agents and canvassers, and has an actual working force of over 300. Of the sixty civilized countries of the globe, it has paid-subscribers in forty-six. It goes into over 35,000 post-offices of the United States, and into nearly 1000 additional in foreign lands.

In its editorial department it employs sixteen salaried editors, and has a special force of over eighty-two editorial contributors. It uses the material of forty authors in a single issue. These authors include the best-known names in literature, as, for example, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Burnett, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Margaret Deland, "Josiah Allen's Wife," Marion Harland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Alexander, Dr. Talmage, Mary J. Holmes, Edward Bellamy, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Anna Katharine Green, Max O'Rell, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Robert J. Burdette, Edna Lyall, and almost every popular author of note in the literary world.

The *Journal's* staff of regular salaried editors include Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Eben E. Rexford, Kate Upson Clark, Kate Tannatt Woods, Mrs. Louisa Knapp, Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, Mary F. Knapp, Emma M. Hooper, Elizabeth R. Scovil, with Mr. Edward W. Bok as Editor-in-Chief.

It employs over thirty of the most famous artists in a year; artists like W. L. Taylor, W. St. John Harper, Alice Barber, Frank T. Merrill, W. Hamilton Gibson, and others of equal skill and fame.

In its literature it appeals, as its name implies, to women and home, and its tone is kept high and pure. It is found alike in the boudoir of New York's most fashionable women and in the cabin of the far Western rancher's wife, and by editorial dexterity caters and satisfies both of these extreme tastes. Its widely-extended influence has been judged by travellers who have found copies of the *Journal* in the border towns of Asia, in the villages of the Russian Steppes, and on the coast of Africa. Probably no other magazine penetrates so thoroughly into the furthermost parts of the earth.

The *Journal* is thoroughly optimistic, and as its publisher says: "We believe in a cheerful life, a bright spirit, and a happy home."

With such a motto as its guiding star, it is not strange that *The Ladies' Home Journal* is happy with its half-million subscribers, and its two and a-half million of readers each month.

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THE "JOURNAL'S" PROPRIETOR

IT seems only natural to associate a number of men in connection with the ownership of such a prosperous property plant as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and it is a continual matter of surprise in the business world when it is stated that the *Journal* is the sole property of one man. This man is Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who founded the *Journal* and is its present owner and publisher. Mr. Curtis is a typical, energetic "Down-Easter," being born in Portland, Maine, just forty years ago, on the 18th of June last.

His career is one of the best modern instances of success won by energy and hard work.

He was twelve years of age when he turned his attention to the world of periodical literature. He was a school-boy, but outside of those hours when not laboring with problems of geography and arithmetic, he sold newspapers. "Extras" were numerous in those war-days, and young Curtis took advantage of the times. He soon built up for himself a lucrative "news route," and success in this led him to try his hand at publishing a paper of his own. The result was a unique production. It was 6 x 3 inches in size; consisted of four pages; its title was *The Young America*, and it styled itself "the best and cheapest monthly in America." Its price was 2 cents per month, and the name of Cyrus H. K. Curtis blazoned forth as "editor and publisher."

MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS.

In 1868, he removed to Boston and entered the advertising business, and subsequeutly became engaged in the publication of several periodicals. He had now fully set out in the business most congenial to him, and although success had crowned his work thus far, he regarded what he was passing through as simply experience for further and larger ventures.

A desire to bring himself closer into contact with New York business men and houses led him to remove to Philadelphia in 1876. He chose this city with the shrewd observation that a man can throw a stronger light on a great metropolis from a short distance than by actual residence within its borders.

His first Philadelphia venture was a weekly periodical, called *The Tribune and Farmer*. This periodical he conducted successfully until the idea of *The Ladies' Home Journal* occurred to him, and, as stated on the preceding page, on December 1, 1883, the first number was issued of the periodical which in seven years was destined to astonish the literary world.

Mr. Curtis is a firm believer in generous advertising, and no magazine of to-day is advertised on such a large and extensive basis. He makes his advertisements attractive, gives them plenty of space, and he may be said to be one of the best advertisement writers of the present time. As he says himself: "I believe in taking my own medicine in this respect. I want business men to advertise with me, and to show them that I believe in the principles I advance, I advertise largely myself."

His business principles commend themselves to every believer of honesty in commercial transactions. For any form of deception he has the most sincere hatred, and believes that not only is honesty the best policy in business, but that it is the only one which a man can follow with any hope of *permanent* success. While his circulation figures are large, they are always strictly in accord with what his books will reveal to any one who chooses to verify them. Personally, Mr. Curtis is popular in the best sense of that word. His open principles attract all who come in contact with him, and there is with them ever present a feeling of security in all their transactions with him.

He is thoroughly a domestic man and loves his home above all social pleasures. He is a member of the Union League Club, of Philadelphia, and of the Manufacturers' Club.

His early profits from the *Journal* were invested in a magnificent home on Cooper Avenue, Camden, N. J., which was only recently completed. In its appointments it is one of the most elegant residences within a radius of many miles. Its cost was $65,000. In this home, surrounded by every comfort, Mr. Curtis lives with his wife, one daughter and his mother. Mrs. Curtis is a thoroughly practical housekeeper, devoted to the interests of her husband, and to the education of her daughter. The mother is naturally proud of the success which has come to her son, and in this delightful atmosphere of domestic happiness lives the owner of *The Ladies' Home Journal*—a man loved by his family, repected by his friends, and the wonder of the business world at large.

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THE "JOURNAL'S" EDITOR.

IT was one of the best-known American authors who recently remarked to a literary group in New York: "I believe that in Edward W. Bok we have the most probable successor to the late Dr. J. G. Holland of any man sitting in an editorial chair to-day"; while it was of Mr. Bok that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said: "He seems to understand authors perfectly, and knows how to get their best work better than any one I know of."

These opinions said of a young man who has not yet reached the age of twenty-seven, are certainly remarkable. It is undoubtedly true that no young man is better known in literary circles to-day than is Edward W. Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. He is perhaps the foremost of the young literary leaders of the times, and few young men have before them a future more clearly defined or so full of promise.

MR. EDWARD W. BOK.

To find so young a man occupying the position of editor-in-chief of the magazine having the largest circulation in the world, and commanding one of the largest salaries paid to an American magazine editor, seems almost incredible. Yet this success, although it has been won early in life, has come only by hard work and persistent endeavor.

Edward William Bok was born in the seaport town of Den Helder, near Amsterdam, in Holland, October 9, 1863, and he is, therefore, in his twenty-seventh year. He was reared amid wealth and luxury. His father occupied diplomatic positions at the Royal Court of the Netherlands, and was considered one of the richest men in Holland. But reverses came, and Edward was brought to America at the age of six, unable to speak a word of the English language which he was destined to write so fluently.

Young Bok was first heard of at the age of fifteen, making a wonderful collection of autograph letters and documents of famous personages, which soon, from its uniqueness, attracted the attention of the newspapers of America and Europe. The fame of the young collector quickly spread, and he became known as "The Prince of Autograph Collectors." This collection now numbers over 20,000 pieces.

At nineteen, he started *The Brooklyn Magazine* with not enough money to pay the printer for one printed page. He struggled against all obstacles, however, and made the magazine a success in little more than a year, selling it at a good price to a Brooklyn millionaire. Mr. Bok's editorial management of *The Brooklyn* was so fresh and original that his work brought the magazine into public notice from the start.

Henry Ward Beecher soon after this became attracted to the young man, and the great preacher put much of his literary work into his hands. The closest confidence existed between Mr. Beecher and his alert protege, At Mr. Beecher's death, Mr. Bok compiled and edited a "Beecher Memorial" for the family, which attracted wide attention. Some weeks previous to Mr. Beecher's death, Mr. Bok conceived the idea of a series of weekly newspaper letters by the eminent divine. Of these the young literary manager made a success, and both Mr. Beecher and he reaped large profits. From this grew the idea of a literary syndicate, which to-day is known as "The Bok Syndicate Press," one of the most powerful literary influences in New York. These ventures were but side issues with Mr. Bok, as all were conducted during his evening hours. During the daytime he held a position with the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co., which he resigned in a year to connect himself with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons. In four years he graduated through several positions until he was made chief of the advertising department.

After receiving and declining several lucrative offers, he accepted, in October last, the position of editor-in-chief of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. He has already proved one of the most enterprising and successful men now occupying an editorial chair, and his feat of quickly lifting the *Journal* into the public eye has perhaps not an equal in literary annals.

The secret of Mr. Bok's editorial success unquestionably lies in his singularly accurate knowledge of what the public wants and will read. This he knows remarkably well. He is also as good a business man as he is an editor. Perhaps no literary man has the friendship and confidence of so many celebrities. He has the name of every author of note at the ends of his fingers, knows them all personally, and can secure their best work where others will fail.

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THE FUTURE OF A GREAT SUCCESS.

THE future of the *Ladies' Home Journal* must naturally be a matter of curiosity to all interested in big successes. Can such a success be carried further?—is often asked. Has not the *Journal* reached its zenith? One thing must not be forgotten in periodical ventures: the first 100,000 subscribers are always the most difficult to secure; after that, the sailing becomes plainer and easier. The great mass of the people follow a success. They like, even as a modest subscriber, to be identified with it. This is a potent fact in the history of all successful ventures, literary or otherwise.

The aim of the *Journal's* publisher is to secure a subscription list of one million names. The undertaking is a large one, but so was the one he has already successfully compassed. The *Journal* has passed the half-million post; that it will reach the end of its journey—the full million goal—is almost certain. It may take a few years. The *Journal* is better and stronger to-day than it ever was. Its advertising patronage is larger, even in the face of a recent increase of rates; its editorial staff is stronger; its position in the world of periodicals is more fixed; thousands know of it to-day where six months ago it was never heard of, and, altogether, its future holds out more certainties than at its start.

It has a generous and far-seeing publisher who is not afraid to use printer's ink; a bright and creative editor is at its head, and with the go-aheadedness and push evident in all its departments, the *Journal* is destined to be, in every respect, the literary wonder of the nineteenth century.

As late as two years ago it was generally regarded as a "bubble," which the slightest financial friction would explode. To-day such a remark is never heard in connection with it. The *Journal* has the thorough confidence of the entire business and reading public.

It is an established success. More than that—it is a success which has not a parallel in the periodical world, and its future seems precisely what its publisher and editor choose to make it. Its history constitutes a literary marvel.

With such a rapidly developing country as ours, and a population wonderfully increasing, there exists no plausible reason why a home magazine catering to every pure and legitimate taste, should not reach a paid circulation of one million copies, and no periodical is in a better way of realizing this than is *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Perhaps no magazine published to-day has so many peculiarities distinctly its own. It has been conceded, by readers and advertisers alike, to have, without doubt, the most responsive constituency ever enjoyed by a periodical. A single biographical sketch of some prominent person, for example, will bring forth from its readers as many as a thousand letters. Two years ago a sketch of a prominent woman was published, and letters are still being received by her in relation to the sketch.

A single request on the part of one of its readers for some piece of domestic information, printed in three lines agate type, brought forth, in that instance, over 800 letters. And what is true of its reading columns, seems equally true of the advertisements. A writer in *Printer's Ink*, of New York, recently stated that from a five-line advertisement inserted once in the *Journal*, over 15,000 responses were received. Cassell & Company, the New York publishers, received 6,000 answers in reply to their advertising.

The secret of all this is not difficult to find. No distance exists between those who read the *Journal* and those who make it. The closest relations seem to exist between the publisher and editor and their readers, and the interchange of letters, in this manner alone, runs up into the thousands each year.

Thus it is understood by the *Journal* readers that an article or advertisement in its pages carries with it the personal recommendation of editor or publisher. And it undoubtedly does, for one part of the periodical is as carefully guarded as the other. A doubtful advertisement would no more pass the eye of the publisher than would an article of immoral tendency receive the approval of the editor.

These are some of the points which make the *Journal* unique, and in this uniqueness lies the secret of the close relations which seem to bind this immense literary family together.

The *Journal* undoubtedly goes into tens of thousands of homes where no other periodical penetrates. In these families it furnishes the reading for every member, from the youngest child to the oldest grandparent. The beneficial influence thus exerted is well nigh incalculable, it being decidedly for the good of all.

THE Subscription Price to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

—IS—

One Dollar per Year;

Single Copies, 10 Cents Each.

Subscriptions should be sent directly to the Home Office of the JOURNAL

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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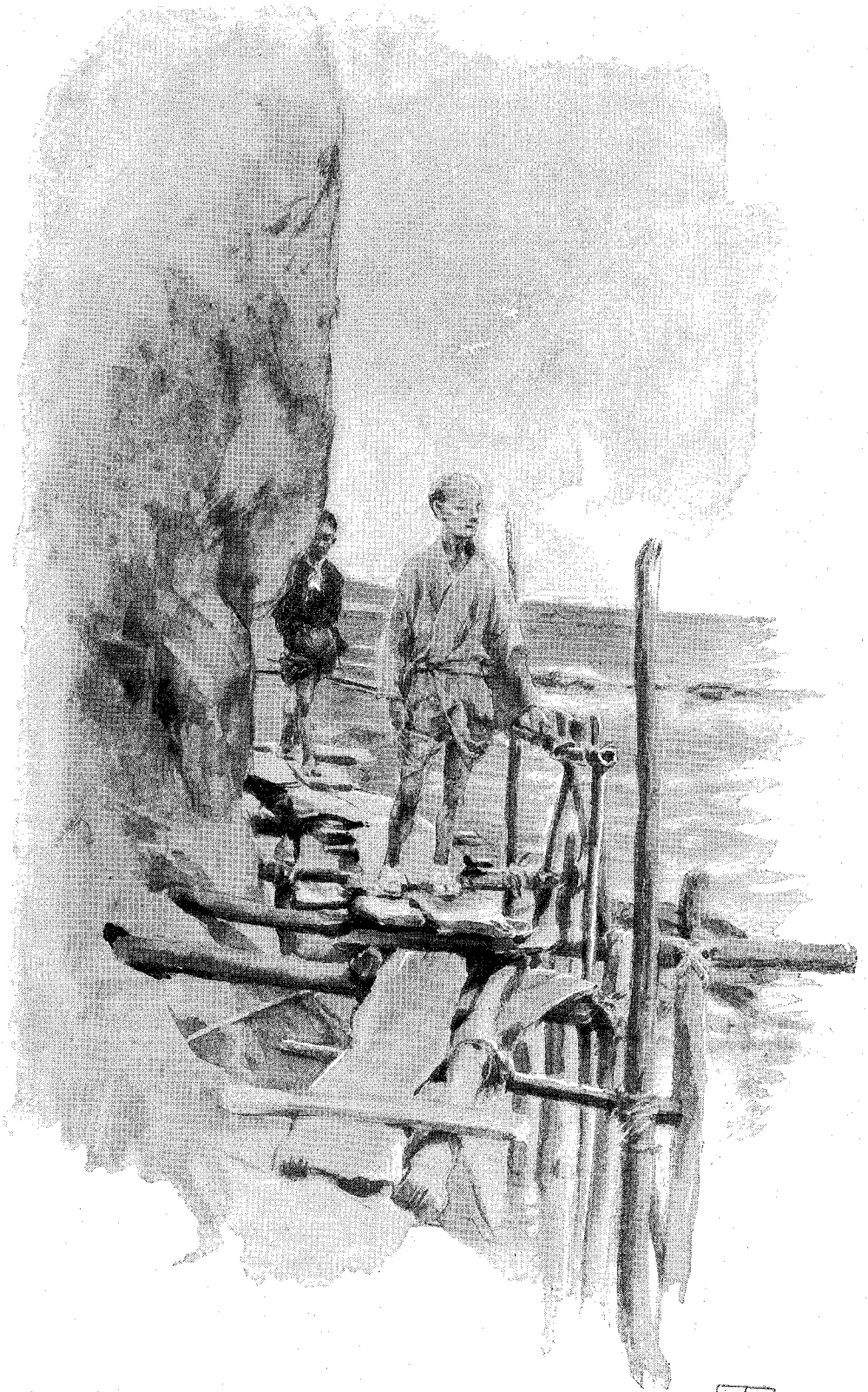

THE PLANK-WAY TO BENTEN CAVE—ENOSHIMA, JAPAN.
[Drawn by Robert Blum.]

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